THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XXXVIII.—DECEMBER, 1876.—No. CCXXX.

## THE AMERICAN.

### XV.

VALENTIN DE BELLEGARDE'S announcement of the secession of Mademoiselle Nioche from her father's domicile, and his irreverent reflections upon the attitude of this anxious parent in so grave a catastrophe, received a practical commentary in the fact that M. Nioche was slow to seek another interview with his late pupil. It had cost Newman some disgust to be forced to assent to Valentin's somewhat cynical interpretation of the old man's philosophy, and, though circumstances seemed to indicate that he had not given himself up to a noble despair, Newman thought it very possible he might be suffering more keenly than was apparent. M. Nioche had been in the habit of paying him a respectful little visit every two or three weeks, and his absence might be a proof quite as much of extreme depression as of a desire to conceal the success with which he had patched up his sorrow. Newman presently learned from Valentin several details touching this new phase of Mademoiselle Noémie's career.

"I told you she was remarkable," this acute investigator declared, "and the way in which she has managed this performance proves it. She has had other chances, but she was resolved to take none but the best. She did you the honor to think for a while that you might be such a chance. You were not; so she gathered up her patience and waited a while longer. At last her occasion came along, and she made her move with her eyes wide open. I am very sure she had no innocence to lose, but she had all her respectability. Dubious little damsel as you thought her, she had kept a firm hold of that; nothing could be proved against her, and she was determined not to let her reputation go till she had got her equivalent. About her equivalent she had high ideas. Apparently her ideal has been satisfied. It is fifty years old, bald-headed, and deaf, but it is very easy about money."

"And where in the world," asked Newman, "did you pick up this valuable information?"

"In conversation. Remember my frivolous habits. In conversation with a young woman engaged in the humble trade of glove-cleaner, who keeps a small shop in the Rue St. Roch. M. Nioche lives up six pair of stairs, across the court, in and out of whose ill-swept doorway Miss Noémie has been flitting for the last five years. The little glove-cleaner was an old acquaintance; she used to be the friend of a friend of mine, whose follies, poor fellow, have been quenched in matrimony. I often saw her in his society. As soon as I espied

Copyright, H. O. HOUGHTON & Co. 1876

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her behind her clear little window-pane, I recollected her. I had on a spotlessly fresh pair of gloves, but I went in and held up my hands, and said to her, 'Dear mademoiselle, what will you ask me for cleaning these?' 'Dear count,' she answered immediately, 'I will clean them for you for nothing.' She had instantly recognized me, and I had to hear her history for the last six years. But after that, I put her upon that of her neighbors. She knows and admires Noémie, and she told me what I have just repeated."

A month elapsed without M. Nioche reappearing, and Newman, who every morning read two or three suicides in the Figaro, began to suspect that, mortification proving stubborn, he had sought a balm for his wounded pride in the waters of the Seine. He had a note of M. Nioche's address in his pocket-book, and finding himself one day in the *quartier*, he determined in so far as he might to clear up his doubts. He repaired to the house in the Rue St. Roch which bore the recorded number, and observed in a neighboring basement, behind a dangling row of natty inflated gloves, the attentive physiognomy of Bellegarde's informant — a sallow person in a dressing-gown — peering into the street as if she were expecting that amiable nobleman to pass again. But it was not to her that Newman applied; he simply asked of the portress if M. Nioche were at home. She replied, as the portress invariably replies, that her lodger had gone out barely three minutes before; but, then, through the little square hole of her lodge-window taking the measure of Newman's fortunes, and seeing them, by an unspecified process, refresh the dry places of servitude to occupants of fifth floors on courts, she added that M. Nioche would have had just time to reach the Café de la Patrie, round the second corner to the left, at which establishment he regularly spent his afternoons. Newman thanked her for the information, took the second corner to the left, and arrived at the Café de la Patrie. He felt a momentary hesitation to go in; was it not rather mean to "follow up" poor old Nioche at that rate? But there passed across his vision an image of a haggard little septuagenarian taking measured sips of a glass of sugar and water, and finding them quite impotent to sweeten his desolation. He opened the door and entered, perceiving nothing at first but a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. Across this, however, in a corner, he presently descried the figure of M. Nioche, stirring the contents of a deep glass, with a lady seated in front of him. The lady's back was turned to Newman, but M. Nioche very soon perceived and recognized his visitor. Newman had gone toward him, and the old man rose slowly, gazing at him with a more blighted expression even than usual.

"If you are drinking hot punch," said Newman, "I suppose you are not dead. That 's all right. Don't move."

M. Nioche stood staring, with a fallen jaw, not daring to put out his hand. The lady, who sat facing him, turned round in her place and glanced upward with a spirited toss of her head, displaying the agreeable features of his daughter. She looked at Newman sharply, to see how he was looking at her; then — I don't know what she discovered — she said graciously, "How d' ye do, monsieur? won't you come into our little corner?"

"Did you come — did you come after me?" asked M. Nioche, very softly.

"I went to your house to see what had become of you. I thought you might be sick," said Newman.

"It is very good of you, as always," said the old man. "No, I am not well. Yes, I am *seek*."

"Ask monsieur to sit down," said Mademoiselle Nioche. "*Garçon*, bring a chair."

"Will you do us the honor to *seat*?" said M. Nioche, timorously, and with a double foreignness of accent.

Newman said to himself that he had better see the thing out, and he took a chair at the end of the table, with Mademoiselle Nioche on his left, and her father on the other side. "You will take something, of course," said Miss Noémie

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was sipping a glass of madeira. Newman said that he believed not, and then she turned to her papa with a smile. "What an honor, eh? he has come only for us." M. Nioche drained his pungent glass at a long draught, and looked out from eyes more lachrymose in consequence. "But you did n't come for me, eh?" Mademoiselle Noémie went on. "You did n't expect to find me here?"

Newman observed the change in her appearance. She was very elegant and prettier than before, she looked a year or two older, and it was noticeable that, to the eye, she had only gained in respectability. She looked "lady-like." She was dressed in quiet colors, and she wore her expensively inobtrusive toilet with a grace that might have come from years of practice. Her present self-possession and *aplomb* struck Newman as really infernal, and he inclined to agree with Valentin de Bellegarde that the young lady was very remarkable. "No, to tell the truth, I did n't come for you," he said, "and I did n't expect to find you. I was told," he added in a moment, "that you had left your father."

"*Quelle horreur!*" cried Mademoiselle Nioche with a smile. "Does one leave one's father? You have the proof of the contrary."

"Yes, convincing proof," said Newman, glancing at M. Nioche. The old man caught his glance obliquely, with his faded, deprecating eye, and then, lifting his empty glass, pretended to drink again.

"Who told you that?" Noémie demanded. "I know very well. It was M. de Bellegarde. Why don't you say yes? You are not polite."

"I am embarrassed," said Newman.

"I set you a better example. I know M. de Bellegarde told you. He knows a great deal about me — or he thinks he does. He has taken a great deal of trouble to find out, but half of it is n't true. In the first place, I have n't left my father; I am much too fond of him. Is n't it so, little father? M. de Bellegarde is a charming young man; it is impossible to be cleverer. I know a good deal about him too; you can tell him that when you next see him."

"No," said Newman, with a sturdy grin; "I won't carry any messages for you."

"Just as you please," said Mademoiselle Nioche. "I don't depend upon you, nor does M. de Bellegarde either. He is very much interested in me; he can be left to his own devices. He is a contrast to you."

"Oh, he is a great contrast to me, I have no doubt," said Newman. "But I don't exactly know how you mean it."

"I mean it in this way. First of all, he never offered to help me to a *dot* and a husband." And Mademoiselle Nioche paused, smiling. "I won't say that is in his favor, for I do you justice. What led you, by the way, to make me such a queer offer? You did n't care for me."

"Oh yes, I did," said Newman.

"How so?"

"It would have given me real pleasure to see you married to a respectable young fellow."

"With six thousand francs of income!" cried Mademoiselle Nioche. "Do you call that caring for me? I 'm afraid you know little about women. You were not *galant;* you were not what you might have been."

Newman flushed, a trifle fiercely. "Come!" he exclaimed, "that 's rather strong. I had no idea I had been so shabby."

Mademoiselle Nioche smiled as she took up her muff. "It is something, at any rate, to have made you angry."

Her father had leaned both his elbows on the table, and his head, bent forward was supported in his hands, the thin white fingers of which were pressed over his ears. In this position he was staring fixedly at the bottom of his empty glass, and Newman supposed he was not hearing. Mademoiselle Noémie buttoned her furred jacket and pushed back her chair, casting a glance charged with the consciousness of an expensive appearance first down over her flounces and then up at Newman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You had better have remained an honest girl," Newman said, quietly.

M. Nioche continued to stare at the bottom of his glass, and his daughter got up, still bravely smiling. "You mean that I look so much like one? That 's more than most women do nowadays. Don't judge me yet a while," she added. "I mean to succeed; that 's what I mean to do. I leave you; I don't mean to be seen in cafés, for one thing. I can't think what you want of my poor father; he 's very comfortable now. It is n't his fault, either. *Au revoir*, little father." And she tapped the old man on the head with her muff. Then she stopped a minute, looking at Newman. "Tell M. de Bellegarde, when he wants news of me, to come and get it from *me!*" And she turned and departed, the white-aproned waiter, with a bow, holding the door wide open for her.

M. Nioche sat motionless, and Newman hardly knew what to say to him. The old man looked dismally foolish. "So you determined not to shoot her, after all," Newman said, presently.

M. Nioche, without moving, raised his eyes and gave him a long, peculiar look. It seemed to confess everything, and yet not to ask for pity, nor to pretend, on the other hand, to a rugged ability to do without it. It might have expressed the state of mind of an innocuous insect flat in shape and conscious of the impending pressure of a boot-sole, and reflecting that he was perhaps too flat to be crushed. M. Nioche's gaze was a profession of moral flatness. "You despise me terribly," he said, in the weakest possible voice.

"Oh no," said Newman, "it is none of my business. It 's a good plan to take things easily."

"I made you too many fine speeches," M. Nioche added. "I meant them at the time."

"I am sure I am very glad you did n't shoot her," said Newman. "I was afraid you might have shot yourself. That is why I came to look you up." And he began to button his coat.

"Neither," said M. Nioche. "You despise me, and I can't explain to you. I hoped I should n't see you again."

"Why, that 's rather shabby," said Newman. "You should n't drop your friends that way. Besides, the last time you came to see me I thought you particularly jolly."

"Yes, I remember," said M. Nioche, musingly; "I was in a fever. I did n't know what I said, what I did. It was delirium."

"Ah, well, you are quieter now."

M. Nioche was silent a moment. "As quiet as the grave," he whispered softly.

"Are you very unhappy?" asked Newman.

M. Nioche rubbed his forehead slowly, and even pushed back his wig a little, looking askance at his empty glass. "Yes — yes. But that 's an old story. I have always been unhappy. My daughter does what she will with me. I take what she gives me, good or bad. I have no spirit, and when you have no spirit you must keep quiet. I shan't trouble you any more."

"Well," said Newman, rather disgusted at the smooth operation of the old man's philosophy, "that 's as you please."

M. Nioche seemed to have been prepared to be despised, but nevertheless he made a feeble movement of appeal from Newman's faint praise. "After all," he said, "she is my daughter, and I can still look after her. If she will do wrong, why, she will. But there are many different paths, there are degrees. I can give her the benefit — give her the benefit" — and M. Nioche paused, staring vaguely at Newman, who began to suspect that his brain had softened — "the benefit of my experience," M. Nioche added.

"Your experience?" inquired Newman, both amused and amazed.

"My experience of business," said M. Nioche, gravely.

"Ah, yes," said Newman, laughing, "that will be a great advantage to her." And then he said good-by, and offered the poor, foolish old man his hand.

M. Nioche took it and leaned back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the wall, holding it a moment and looking up at him. "I suppose you think my wits are going," he said. "Very likely; I have always a pain in my head. That 's why I can't explain, I can't tell you. And she 's so strong, she makes me walk as she will, anywhere! But there 's this — there 's this." And he stopped, still staring up at Newman. His little white eyes expanded and glittered for a moment like those of a cat in the dark. "It 's not as it seems. I have n't forgiven her. Oh, no!"

"That 's right; don't," said Newman. "She 's a bad case."

"It 's horrible, it 's terrible," said M. Nioche; "but do you want to know the truth? I hate her! I take what she gives me, and I hate her more. To-day she brought me three hundred francs; they are here in my waistcoat pocket. Now I hate her almost cruelly. No, I have n't forgiven her."

"Why did you accept the money?" Newman asked.

"If I had n't," said M. Nioche, "I should have hated her still more. That 's what misery is. No, I have n't forgiven her."

"Take care you don't hurt her," said Newman, laughing again. And with this he took his leave. As he passed along the glazed side of the café, on reaching the street, he saw the old man motioning the waiter, with a melancholy gesture, to replenish his glass.

One day, a week after his visit to the Café de la Patrie, he called upon Valentin de Bellegarde, and by good fortune found him at home. Newman spoke of his interview with M. Nioche and his daughter, and said he was afraid Valentin had judged the old man correctly. He had found the couple hobnobbing together in all amity; the old gentleman's rigor was purely theoretic. Newman confessed that he was disappointed; he should have expected to see M. Nioche take high ground.

"High ground, my dear fellow," said Valentin, laughing; "there is no high ground for him to take. The only perceptible eminence in M. Nioche's horizon is Montmartre, which is not an edifying quarter. You can't go mountaineering in a flat country."

"He remarked, indeed," said Newman, "that he had not forgiven her. But she 'll never find it out."

"We must do him the justice to suppose he does n't like the thing," Valentin rejoined. "Mademoiselle Nioche is like the great artists whose biographies we read, who at the beginning of their career have suffered opposition in the domestic circle. Their vocation has not been recognized by their families, but the world has done it justice. Mademoiselle Nioche has a vocation."

"Oh, come," said Newman, impatiently, "you take the little baggage too seriously."

"I know I do; but when one has nothing to think about, one must think of little baggages. I suppose it is better to be serious about light things than not to be serious at all. This little baggage entertains me."

"Oh, she has discovered that. She knows you have been hunting her up and asking questions about her. She is very much tickled by it. That 's rather annoying."

"Annoying, my dear fellow," laughed Valentin; "not the least."

"Hanged if I should want to have a little adventuress like that know I was giving myself such pains about her!" said Newman.

"A pretty woman is always worth one's pains," objected Valentin. "Mademoiselle Nioche is welcome to be tickled by my curiosity, and to know that I am tickled that she is tickled. She is not, by the way, so much."

"You had better go and tell her," said Newman. "She gave me a message for you, of some such drift."

"Bless your quiet imagination," said Valentin, "I have been to see her — three times in five days. She is a charming hostess; we talk of Shakespeare and the musical glasses. She is extremely clever and a very curious type; not at all coarse nor wanting to be coarse; determined not to be. She means to take very good care of herself. She is extremely perfect; she is as hard and clear-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cut as some little figure of a sea-nymph in an antique *intaglio*, and I will warrant that she has not a grain more of sentiment or heart than if she were scooped out of a big amethyst. You can't scratch her even with a diamond. Extremely pretty, — really, when you know her, she is wonderfully pretty, — intelligent, determined, ambitious, unscrupulous, capable of looking at a man strangled without changing color, she is, upon my honor, extremely entertaining."

"It's a fine list of attractions," said Newman; "they would serve as a police-detective's description of a favorite criminal. I should sum them up by another word than 'entertaining.'"

"Why, that is just the word to use. I don't say she is laudable or lovable. I don't want her as my wife or my sister. But she is a very curious and ingenious piece of machinery; I like to see it in operation."

"Well, I have seen some very curious machines, too," said Newman; "and once, in a needle factory, I saw a gentleman from the city, who had stepped too near one of them, picked up as neatly as if he had been prodded by a fork, swallowed down straight, and ground into small pieces."

Reëntering his domicile, late in the evening, three days after Madame de Bellegarde had made her bargain with him — the expression is sufficiently correct — touching the entertainment at which she was to present him to the world, he found on his table a card of goodly dimensions bearing an announcement that this lady would be at home on the 27th of the month, at ten o'clock in the evening. He stuck it into the frame of his mirror and eyed it with some complacency; it seemed an agreeable emblem of triumph, documentary evidence that his prize was gained. Stretched out in a chair, he was looking at it lovingly, when Valentin de Bellegarde was shown into the room. Valentin's glance presently followed the direction of Newman's, and he perceived his mother's invitation.

"And what have they put into the corner?" he asked. "Not the customary 'music,' 'dancing,' or 'tableaux vivants'? They ought at least to put 'An American.'"

"Oh, there are to be several of us," said Newman. "Mrs. Tristram told me to-day that she had received a card and sent an acceptance."

"Ah, then, with Mrs. Tristram and her husband you will have support. My mother might have put on her card 'Three Americans.' But I suspect you will not lack amusement. You will see a great many of the best people in France. I mean the long pedigrees and the high noses, and all that. Some of them are awful idiots; I advise you to take them up cautiously."

"Oh, I guess I shall like them," said Newman. "I am prepared to like every one and everything in these days; I am in high good-humor."

Valentin looked at him a moment in silence and then dropped himself into a chair with an unwonted air of weariness. "Happy man!" he said with a sigh. "Take care you don't become offensive."

"If any one chooses to take offense, he may. I have a good conscience," said Newman.

"You are really in love, then, with my sister."

"Yes, sir!" said Newman, after a pause.

"And she also?"

"I guess she likes me," said Newman.

"What is the witchcraft you have used?" Valentin asked. "How do *you* make love?"

"Oh, I have n't any general rules," said Newman. "In any way that seems acceptable."

"I suspect that, if one knew it," said Valentin, laughing, "you are a terrible customer. You walk in seven-league boots."

"There is something the matter with you to-night," Newman said in response to this. "You are vicious. Spare me all discordant sounds until after my marriage. Then, when I have settled down for life, I shall be better able to take things as they come."

"And when does your marriage take place?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"About six weeks hence."

Valentin was silent a while, and then he said, "And you feel very confident about the future?"

"Confident. I knew what I wanted, exactly, and I know what I have got."

"You are sure you are going to be happy?"

"Sure?" said Newman. "So foolish a question deserves a foolish answer. Yes!"

"You are not afraid of anything?"

"What should I be afraid of? You can't hurt me unless you kill me by some violent means. That I should indeed consider a tremendous sell. I want to live and I mean to live. I can't die of illness, I am too thundering tough; and the time for dying of old age won't come round yet awhile. I can't lose my wife, I shall take too good care of her. I may lose my money, or a large part of it; but that won't matter, for I shall make twice as much again. So what have I to be afraid of?"

"You are not afraid it may be rather a mistake for an American man of business to marry a French countess?"

"For the countess, possibly; but not for the man of business, if you mean me! But my countess shall not be disappointed; I warrant the article!" And as if he felt the impulse to celebrate his happy certitude by a bonfire, he got up to throw a couple of logs upon the already blazing hearth. Valentin watched for a few moments the quickened flame, and then, with his head leaning on his hand, gave a melancholy sigh. "Got a headache?" Newman asked.

"*Je suis triste*," said Valentin, with simplicity.

"You are sad, eh? Is it about the lady you said the other night that you adored and that you could n't marry?"

"Did I really say that? It seemed to me afterwards that the words had escaped me. Before Claire it was bad taste. But I felt gloomy as I spoke, and I feel gloomy still. Why did you ever introduce me to that girl?"

"Oh, it 's Mademoiselle Nioche, is it? Lord deliver us! You don't mean to say you are lovesick about her?"

"Lovesick, no; it 's not a grand passion. But the cold-blooded little demon sticks in my thoughts; she has bitten me with those even little teeth of hers; I feel as if I might turn rabid and do something crazy, in consequence. It 's very low; it 's disgustingly low. She 's the most mercenary little jade in Europe. Yet she really affects my peace of mind; she is always running in my head. It 's a striking contrast to your noble and virtuous attachment, — a vile contrast. It is rather pitiful that it should be the best I am able to do for myself at my present respectable age. I am a nice young man, eh, *en somme?* You can't warrant my future, as you do your own."

"Drop that girl, short," said Newman; "don't go near her again, and your future will do. Come over to America and I will get you a place in a bank."

"It is easy to say drop her," said Valentin, with a light laugh. "You can't drop a pretty woman like that. One must be polite, even with Mademoiselle Nioche. Besides, I 'll not have her suppose I am afraid of her."

"So, between politeness and vanity, you will get deeper into the mud? Keep them both for something better. Remember, too, that I did n't want to introduce you to her; you insisted. I had a sort of uneasy feeling about it."

"Oh, I don't reproach you," said Valentin. "Heaven forbid! I would n't for the world have missed knowing her. She is really extraordinary. The way she has already spread her wings is amazing. I don't know when a woman has amused me more. But excuse me," he added in an instant; "she does n't amuse you, at second hand, and the subject is an impure one. Let us talk of something else." Valentin introduced another topic, but within five minutes Newman observed that, by a bold transition, he had reverted to Mademoiselle Nioche, and was giving pictures of her manners and quoting specimens of her *mots*. These were very witty, and, for a young woman who six months before had been painting the most artless madonnas, startlingly cynical. But at last, abrupt-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly, he stopped, became thoughtful, and for some time afterwards said nothing. When he rose to go it was evident that his thoughts were still running upon Mademoiselle Nioche. "Yes, she 's a frightful little monster!" he said.

## XVI.

The next ten days were the happiest that Newman had ever known. He saw Madame de Cintré every day, and never saw either old Madame de Bellegarde or the elder of his prospective brothers-in-law. Madame de Cintré at last seemed to think it becoming to apologize for their never being present. "They are much taken up," she said, "with doing the honors of Paris to Lord Deepmere." There was a smile in her gravity as she made this declaration, and it deepened as she added, "He is our seventh cousin, you know, and blood is thicker than water. And then, he is so interesting!" And with this she laughed.

Newman met young Madame de Bellegarde two or three times, always roaming about with graceful vagueness, as if in search of an unattainable ideal of amusement. She always reminded him of a painted perfume bottle with a crack in it; but he had grown to have a kindly feeling for her, based on the fact of her owing conjugal allegiance to Urbain de Bellegarde. He pitied M. de Bellegarde's wife, especially since she was a silly, thirstily-smiling little brunette, with a suggestion of an unregulated heart. The small marquise sometimes looked at him with an intensity too marked not to be innocent, for coquetry is more finely shaded. She apparently wanted to ask him something or tell him something; he wondered what it was. But he was shy of giving her an opportunity, because, if her communication bore upon the aridity of her matrimonial lot, he was at a loss to see how he could help her. He had a fancy, however, of her coming up to him some day and saying (after looking round behind her), with a little passionate hiss, "I know you detest my husband; let me have the pleasure of assuring you for once that you are right. Pity a poor woman who is married to a clock-image in *papier-mâché!*" Possessing, however, in default of a competent knowledge of the principles of etiquette, a very downright sense of the "meanness" of certain actions, it seemed to him to belong to his position to keep on his guard; he was not going to put it into the power of these people to say that in their house he had done anything unpleasant. As it was, Madame de Bellegarde used to give him news of the dress she meant to wear at his wedding, and which had not yet, in her creative imagination, in spite of many interviews with the tailor, resolved itself into its composite totality. "I told you pale blue bows on the sleeves, at the elbows," she said. "But to-day I don't see my blue bows at all. I don't know what has become of them. To-day I see pink — a tender pink. And then I pass through strange, dull phases in which neither blue nor pink says anything to me. And yet I must have the bows."

"Have them green or yellow," said Newman.

"*Malheureux!*" the little marquise would cry. "Green bows would break your marriage — your children would be illegitimate!"

Madame de Cintré was calmly happy before the world, and Newman had the felicity of fancying that before him, when the world was absent, she was almost agitatedly happy. She said very tender things. "I take no pleasure in you. You never give me a chance to scold you, to correct you. I bargained for that, I expected to enjoy it. But you won't do anything dreadful; you are dismally inoffensive. It is very stupid; there is no excitement for me; I might as well be marrying some one else."

"I am afraid it 's the worst I can do," Newman would say in answer to this. "Kindly overlook the deficiency." He assured her that he, at least, would never scold her; she was perfectly satisfactory. "If you only knew," he said, "how exactly you are what I wanted! And I am beginning to understand why

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I wanted it; the having it makes all the difference that I expected. Never was a man better pleased with his bargain; never was a man more certain of having secured a 'high class of goods.'"

"Ah, I'm a high class of goods?" said Madame de Cintré.

"You are the best thing in the market. That was what I wanted. You have been holding your head for a week past just as I wanted my wife to hold hers. You say just the things I want her to say. You walk about the room just as I want her to walk. You have just the taste in dress that I want her to have. In short, you come up to the mark, and, I can tell you, my mark was high."

These observations seemed to make Madame de Cintré rather grave. At last she said, "Depend upon it, I don't come up to the mark; your mark is too high. I am not all that you suppose; I am a much smaller affair. She is a magnificent woman, your ideal. Pray, how did she come to such perfection?"

"She was never anything else," Newman said.

"I really believe," Madame de Cintré went on, "that she is better than my own ideal. Do you know that is a very handsome compliment? Well, sir, I will make her my own!"

Mrs. Tristram came to see her dear Claire after Newman had announced his engagement, and she told our hero the next day that his good fortune was simply absurd. "For the ridiculous part of it is," she said, "that you are evidently going to be as happy as if you were marrying Miss Smith or Miss Thompson. I call it a brilliant match for you, but you get brilliancy without paying any tax upon it. Those things are usually a compromise, but here you have everything, and nothing crowds anything else out. You will be brilliantly happy as well." Newman thanked her for her pleasant, encouraging way of saying things; no woman could encourage or discourage better. Tristram's way of saying things was different; he had been taken by his wife to call upon Madame de Cintré, and he gave an account of the expedition.

"You don't catch me giving an opinion on your countess this time," he said; "I put my foot in it once. That's a d—d underhand thing to do, by the way — coming round to sound a fellow upon the woman you are going to marry. You deserve anything you get. Then of course you rush and tell her, and she takes care to make it pleasant for the poor, spiteful wretch the first time he calls. I will do you the justice to say, however, that you don't seem to have told Madame de Cintré; or if you have she's uncommonly magnanimous. She was very nice; she was tremendously polite. She and Lizzie sat on the sofa, pressing each other's hands and calling each other *chère belle*, and Madame de Cintré sent me with every third word a magnificent smile, as if to give me to understand that I too was a handsome dear. She quite made up for past neglect, I assure you; she was very pleasant and sociable. Only in an evil hour it came into her head to say that she must present us to her mother, — her mother wished to know your friends. I didn't want to know her mother, and I was on the point of telling Lizzie to go in alone and let me wait for her outside. But Lizzie, with her usual infernal ingenuity, guessed my purpose and reduced me by a glance of her eye. So they marched off arm in arm, and I followed as I could. We found the old lady in her arm-chair, twiddling her aristocratic thumbs. She looked at Lizzie from head to foot; but at that game Lizzie, to do her justice, was a match for her. My wife told her we were great friends of Mr. Newman. The marquise stared a moment, and then said, 'Oh, Mr. Newman! My daughter has made up her mind to marry a Mr. Newman.' Then Madame de Cintré began to fondle Lizzie again, and said it was this dear lady that had planned the match and brought them together. 'Oh, 't is you I have to thank for my American son-in-law,' the old lady said to Mrs. Tristram. 'It was a very clever thought of yours. Be sure of my gratitude.' And then she began to look at me and presently said, 'Pray, are you en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gaged in some species of manufacture?' I wanted to say that I manufactured broomsticks for old witches to ride on, but Lizzie got in ahead of me. 'My husband, Madame la Marquise,' she said, 'belongs to that most unfortunate class of persons who have no profession and no business, and do very little good in the world.' To get her poke at the old woman she did n't care where she shoved me. 'Dear me,' said the marquise, 'we all have our duties.' 'I am sorry mine compel me to take leave of you,' said Lizzie. And we bundled out again. But you have a mother-in-law, in all the force of the term."

"Oh," said Newman, "my mother-in-law desires nothing better than to let me alone."

Betimes, on the evening of the 27th, he went to Madame de Bellegarde's ball. The old house in the Rue de l'Université looked strangely brilliant. In the circle of light projected from the outer gate a detachment of the populace stood watching the carriages roll in; the court was illumined with flaring torches and the portico carpeted with crimson. When Newman arrived there were but a few people present. The marquise and her two daughters were at the top of the staircase, where the sallow old nymph in the angle peeped out from a bower of plants. Madame de Bellegarde, in purple and fine laces, looked like an old lady painted by Vandyke; Madame de Cintré was dressed in white. The old lady greeted Newman with majestic formality, and, looking round her, called several of the persons who were standing near. They were elderly gentlemen, of what Valentin de Bellegarde had designated as the high-nosed category; two or three of them wore cordons and stars. They approached with measured alertness, and the marquise said that she wished to present them to Mr. Newman, who was going to marry her daughter. Then she introduced successively three dukes, three counts, and a baron. These gentlemen bowed and smiled most agreeably, and Newman indulged in a series of impartial handshakes, accompanied by a "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir." He looked at Madame de Cintré, but she was not looking at him. If his personal self-consciousness had been of a nature to make him constantly refer to her, as the critic before whom, in company, he played his part, he might have found it a flattering proof of her confidence that he never caught her eyes resting upon him. It is a reflection Newman did not make, but we may nevertheless risk it, that in spite of this circumstance she probably saw every movement of his little finger. Young Madame de Bellegarde was dressed in an audacious toilet of crimson crape, bestrewn with huge silver moons — thin crescents and full disks.

"You don't say anything about my dress," she said to Newman.

"I feel," he answered, "as if I were looking at you through a telescope. It is very strange."

"If it is strange it matches the occasion. But I am not a heavenly body."

"I never saw the sky at midnight that particular shade of crimson," said Newman.

"That is my originality; any one could have chosen blue. My sister-in-law would have chosen a lovely shade of blue, with a dozen little delicate moons. But I think crimson is much more amusing. And I give my idea, which is moonshine."

"Moonshine and bloodshed," said Newman.

"A murder by moonlight," laughed Madame de Bellegarde. "What a delicious idea for a toilet! To make it complete, there is the silver dagger, you see, stuck into my hair. But here comes Lord Deepmere," she added in a moment. "I must find out what he thinks of it." Lord Deepmere came up, looking very red in the face, and laughing. "Lord Deepmere can't decide which he prefers, my sister-in-law or me," said Madame de Bellegarde. "He likes Claire because she is his cousin, and me because I am not. But he has no right to make love to Claire, whereas I am perfectly *disponible*. It is very wrong to make love to a woman who is engaged,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it is very wrong not to make love to a woman who is married."

"Oh, it 's very jolly making love to married women," said Lord Deepmere, "because they can't ask you to marry them."

"Is that what the others do, the spinsters?" Newman inquired.

"Oh dear, yes," said Lord Deepmere; "in England all the girls ask a fellow to marry them."

"And a fellow brutally refuses," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"Why, really, you know, a fellow can't marry every girl that asks him," said his lordship.

"The countess won't ask you. She is going to marry Mr. Newman."

"Oh, that 's a very different thing!" laughed Lord Deepmere.

"You would have accepted *her*, I suppose. That makes me hope that after all you prefer me."

"Oh, when things are nice I never prefer one to the other," said the young Englishman. "I take them all."

"Ah, what a horror! I won't be taken in that way; I must be kept apart," cried Madame de Bellegarde. "Mr. Newman is much better; he knows how to choose. Oh, he chooses as if he were threading a needle. He prefers Madame de Cintré to any conceivable creature or thing."

"Well, you can't help my being her cousin," said Lord Deepmere to Newman, with candid hilarity.

"Oh no, I can't help that," said Newman, laughing back. "Neither can she!"

"And you can't help my dancing with her," said Lord Deepmere, with sturdy simplicity.

"I could prevent that only by dancing with her myself," said Newman. "But unfortunately I don't know how to dance."

"Oh, you may dance without knowing how; may you not, milord?" said Madame de Bellegarde. But to this Lord Deepmere replied that a fellow ought to know how to dance if he did n't want to make an ass of himself; and at this same moment Urbain de Bellegarde joined the group, slow-stepping and with his hands behind him.

"This is a very splendid entertainment," said Newman, cheerfully. "The old house looks very bright."

"If *you* are pleased, we are content," said the marquis, lifting his shoulders and bending them forward.

"Oh, I guess every one is pleased," said Newman. "How can they help being pleased when the first thing they see as they come in is your sister, standing there as beautiful as an angel?"

"Yes, she is very beautiful," rejoined the marquis, solemnly. "But that is not so great a source of satisfaction to other people, naturally, as to you."

"Yes, I am satisfied, marquis, I am satisfied," said Newman, with his protracted modulation. "And now tell me," he added, looking round, "who some of your friends are."

M. de Bellegarde looked about him in silence, with his head bent and his hand raised to his lower lip, which he slowly rubbed. A stream of people had been pouring into the *salon* in which Newman stood with his host, the rooms were filling up, and the spectacle had become brilliant. It borrowed its splendor chiefly from the shining shoulders and profuse jewels of the women, and from the voluminous elegance of their dresses. There were no uniforms, as Madame de Bellegarde's door was inexorably closed against the myrmidons of the upstart power which then ruled the fortunes of France, and the great company of smiling and chattering faces was not graced by any very frequent suggestion of harmonious beauty. It is a pity, nevertheless, that Newman had not been a physiognomist, for a great many of the faces were irregularly agreeable, expressive, and suggestive. If the occasion had been different they would hardly have pleased him; he would have thought the women not pretty enough and the men too simpering; but he was now in a humor to receive none but agreeable impressions, and he looked no more narrowly than to perceive that every one was brilliant, and to feel that the sum of their brilliancy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a part of his credit. "I will present you to some people," said M. de Bellegarde after a while. "I will make a point of it, in fact. You will allow me?"

"Oh, I will shake hands with any one you want," said Newman. "Your mother just introduced me to half a dozen old gentlemen. Take care you don't tackle the same parties again."

"Who are the gentlemen to whom my mother presented you?"

"Upon my word, I forget them," said Newman, laughing. "The people here look very much alike."

"I suspect they have not forgotten you," said the marquis. And he began to walk through the rooms. Newman, to keep near him in the crowd, took his arm; after which, for some time, the marquis walked straight along, in silence. At last, reaching the farther end of the suite of reception-rooms, Newman found himself in the presence of a lady of monstrous proportions, seated in a very capacious arm-chair, with several persons standing in a semicircle round her. This little group had divided as the marquis came up, and M. de Bellegarde stepped forward and stood for an instant silent and obsequious, with his hat raised to his lips, as Newman had seen some gentlemen stand in churches as soon as they had entered their pews. The lady, indeed, bore a very fair likeness to a reverend effigy in some idolatrous shrine. She was monumentally stout and imperturbably serene. Her aspect was to Newman almost formidable; he had a troubled consciousness of a triple chin, a small piercing eye, a vast expanse of uncovered bosom, a nodding and twinkling tiara of plumes and gems, and an immense circumference of satin petticoat. With her little circle of beholders this remarkable woman reminded him of the Fat Lady at a fair. She fixed her small, unwinking eyes at the new-comers.

"Dear duchess," said the marquis, "let me present you our good friend Mr. Newman, of whom you have heard us speak. Wishing to make Mr. Newman known to those who are dear to us, I could not possibly fail to begin with you."

"Charmed, dear marquis; charmed, monsieur," said the duchess in a voice which, though small and shrill, was not disagreeable, while Newman executed his obeisance. "I came on purpose to see monsieur. I hope he appreciates the compliment. You have only to look at me to do so, sir," she continued, sweeping her person with a much-encompassing glance. Newman hardly knew what to say, though it seemed that to a duchess who joked about her corpulence one might say almost anything. On hearing that the duchess had come on purpose to see Newman, the gentlemen who surrounded her turned a little and looked at him with sympathetic curiosity. The marquis with supernatural gravity mentioned to him the name of each, while the gentleman who bore it bowed; they were all what are called in France *beaux noms*. "I wanted extremely to see you," the duchess went on. "*C'est positif*. In the first place, I am very fond of the person you are going to marry; she is the most charming creature in France. Mind you treat her well, or you shall hear some news of me. But you look as if you were good. I am told you are very remarkable. I have heard all sorts of extraordinary things about you. *Voyons*, are they true?"

"I don't know what you can have heard," said Newman.

"Oh, you have your *légende*. We have heard that you have had a career the most checkered, the most bizarre. What is that about your having founded a city some ten years ago in the great West, a city which contains to-day half a million of inhabitants? Is n't it half a million, messieurs? You are exclusive proprietor of this flourishing settlement, and are consequently fabulously rich, and you would be richer still if you did n't grant lands and houses free of rent to all new-comers who will pledge themselves never to smoke cigars. At this game, in three years, we are told, you are going to be made president of America."

The duchess recited this amazing "legend" with a smooth self-possession which gave the speech, to Newman's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mind, the air of being a bit of amusing dialogue in a play, delivered by a veteran comic actress. Before she had ceased speaking he had burst into loud, irrepressible laughter. "Dear duchess, dear duchess," the marquis began to murmur, soothingly. Two or three persons came to the door of the room to see who was laughing at the duchess. But the lady continued with the soft, serene assurance of a person who, as a duchess, was certain of being listened to, and, as a garrulous woman, was independent of the pulse of her auditors. "But I know you are very remarkable. You must be, to have endeared yourself to this good marquis and to his admirable mother. They don't bestow their esteem on all the world. They are very exacting. I myself am not very sure at this hour of really possessing it. Eh, marquis? To please you, I see, one must be an American millionaire. But your real triumph, my dear sir, is pleasing the countess; she is as difficult as a princess in a fairy tale. Your success is a miracle. What is your secret? I don't ask you to reveal it before all these gentlemen, but come and see me some day and give me a specimen of your talents."

"The secret is with Madame de Cintré," said Newman. "You must ask her for it. It consists in her having a great deal of charity."

"Very pretty!" said the duchess. "That's a very nice specimen, to begin with. What, marquis, are you already taking monsieur away?"

"I have a duty to perform, dear friend," said the marquis, pointing to the other groups.

"Ah, for you I know what that means. Well, I have seen monsieur; that is what I wanted. He can't persuade me that he is n't very strong. Farewell."

As Newman passed on with his host, he asked who the duchess was. "The greatest lady in France," said the marquis. M. de Bellegarde then presented his prospective brother-in-law to some twenty other persons of both sexes, selected apparently for their typically august character. In some cases this character was written in a good round hand upon the countenance of the wearer; in others Newman was thankful for such help as his companion's impressively brief intimation contributed to the discovery of it. There were large, majestic men, and small, demonstrative men; there were ugly ladies in yellow lace and quaint jewels, and pretty ladies with white shoulders from which jewels and everything else was absent. Every one gave Newman extreme attention, every one smiled, every one was charmed to make his acquaintance, every one looked at him with that soft hardness of good society which puts out its hand but keeps its fingers closed over the coin. If the marquis was going about as a bear-leader, if the fiction of Beauty and the Beast was supposed to have found its companion-piece, the general impression appeared to be that the bear was a very fair imitation of humanity. Newman found his reception among the marquis's friends very "pleasant;" he could not have said more for it. It was pleasant to be treated with so much explicit politeness; it was pleasant to hear neatly turned civilities, with a flavor of wit, uttered from beneath carefully-shaped mustaches; it was pleasant to see clever Frenchwomen — they all seemed clever — turn their backs to their partners to get a good look at the strange American whom Claire de Cintré was to marry, and reward the object of the exhibition with a charming smile. At last, as he turned away from a battery of smiles and other amenities, Newman caught the eye of the marquis looking at him heavily; and thereupon, for a single instant, he checked himself. "Am I behaving like a d—d fool?" he asked himself. "Am I stepping about like a terrier on his hind legs?" At this moment he perceived Mrs. Tristram at the other side of the room, and he waved his hand in farewell to M. de Bellegarde and made his way toward her.

"Am I holding my head too high?" he asked. "Do I look as if I had the lower end of a pulley fastened to my chin?"

"You look like all happy men, very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ridiculous," said Mrs. Tristram. "It 's the usual thing, neither better nor worse. I have been watching you for the last ten minutes, and I have been watching M. de Bellegarde. *He* does n't like it."

"The more credit to him for putting it through," replied Newman. "But I shall be generous. I shan't trouble him any more. But I *am* very happy. I can't stand still here. Please to take my arm and we will go for a walk."

He led Mrs. Tristram through all the rooms. There were a great many of them, and, decorated for the occasion and filled with a stately crowd, their somewhat tarnished nobleness recovered its lustre. Mrs. Tristram, looking about her, dropped a series of softly-incisive comments upon her fellow-guests. But Newman made vague answers; he hardly heard her; his thoughts were elsewhere. They were lost in a cheerful sense of success, of attainment and victory. His momentary care as to whether he looked like a fool passed away, and left him simply with a rich sense of contentment. He had got what he wanted. The savor of success had always been highly agreeable to him, and it had been his fortune to know it often. But it had never before been so sweet, been associated with so much that was brilliant and suggestive and entertaining. The lights, the flowers, the music, the crowd, the splendid women, the jewels, the strangeness even of the universal murmur of a clever foreign tongue, were all a vivid symbol and assurance of his having grasped his purpose and driven along his groove. If Newman's smile was larger than usual, it was not tickled vanity that pulled the strings; he had no wish to be shown with the finger or to achieve a personal success. If he could have looked down at the scene, invisible, from a hole in the roof, he would have enjoyed it quite as much. It would have spoken to him about his own prosperity, and deepened that easy feeling about life to which, sooner or later, he made all experience contribute. Just now the cup seemed full.

"It is a very pretty party," said Mrs. Tristram, after they had walked a while. "I have seen nothing objectionable except my husband leaning against the wall and talking to an individual whom I suppose he takes for a duke, but whom I more than suspect to be the functionary who attends to the lamps. Do you think you could separate them? Knock over a lamp!"

I doubt whether Newman, who saw no harm in Tristram's conversing with an ingenious mechanic, would have complied with this request; but at this moment Valentin de Bellegarde drew near. Newman, some weeks previously, had presented Madame de Cintré's younger brother to Mrs. Tristram, for whose merits Valentin professed a discriminating relish and to whom he had paid several visits.

"Did you ever read Keats's Belle Dame sans Merci?" asked Mrs. Tristram. "You remind me of the hero of the ballad: —

> 'Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
> Alone and palely loitering?'"

"If I am alone, it is because I have been deprived of your society," said Valentin. "Besides, it is good manners for no man except Newman to look happy. This is all to his address. It is not for you and me to go before the curtain."

"You promised me last spring," said Newman to Mrs. Tristram, "that six months from that time I should get into a monstrous rage. It seems to me the time 's up, and yet the nearest I can come to doing anything rough now is to offer you a *café glacé*."

"I told you we should do things grandly," said Valentin. "I don't allude to the cafés glacés. But every one is here, and my sister told me just now that Urbain had been adorable."

"He 's a good fellow, he 's a good fellow," said Newman. "I love him as a brother. That reminds me that I ought to go and say something polite to your mother."

"Let it be something very polite indeed," said Valentin. "It may be the last time you will feel so much like it!"

Newman walked away, almost disposed to clasp old Madame de Bellegarde

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

round the waist. He passed through several rooms and at last found the old marquise in the first saloon, seated on a sofa, with her young kinsman, Lord Deepmere, beside her. The young man looked somewhat bored; his hands were thrust into his pockets and his eyes were fixed upon the toes of his shoes, his feet being thrust out in front of him. Madame de Bellegarde appeared to have been talking to him with some intensity and to be waiting for an answer to what she had said, or for some sign of the effect of her words. Her hands were folded in her lap, and she was looking at his lordship's simple physiognomy with an air of politely suppressed irritation.

Lord Deepmere looked up as Newman approached, met his eyes, and changed color.

"I am afraid I disturb an interesting interview," said Newman.

Madame de Bellegarde rose, and her companion rising at the same time, she put her hand into his arm. She answered nothing for an instant, and then, as he remained silent, she said with a smile, "It would be polite for Lord Deepmere to say it was very interesting."

"Oh, I 'm not polite!" cried his lordship. "But it *was* interesting."

"Madame de Bellegarde was giving you some good advice, eh?" said Newman; "toning you down a little?"

"I was giving him some excellent advice," said the marquise, fixing her fresh, cold eyes upon our hero. "It 's for him to take it."

"Take it, sir, — take it," Newman exclaimed. "Any advice the marquise gives you to-night must be good. For to-night, marquise, you must speak from a cheerful, comfortable spirit, and that makes good advice. You see everything going on so brightly and successfully round you. Your party is magnificent; it was a very happy thought. It is much better than that thing of mine would have been."

"If you are pleased I am satisfied," said Madame de Bellegarde. "My desire was to please you."

"Do you want to please me a little more?" said Newman. "Just drop our lordly friend; I am sure he wants to be off and shake his heels a little. Then take my arm and walk through the rooms."

"My desire was to please you," the old lady repeated. And she liberated Lord Deepmere, Newman rather wondering at her docility. "If this young man is wise," she added, "he will go and find my daughter and ask her to dance."

"I have been indorsing your advice," said Newman, bending over her and laughing, "I suppose I must swallow that!"

Lord Deepmere wiped his forehead and departed, and Madame de Bellegarde took Newman's arm. "Yes, it 's a very pleasant, sociable entertainment," the latter declared, as they proceeded on their circuit. "Every one seems to know every one and to be glad to see every one. The marquis has made me acquainted with ever so many people, and I feel quite like one of the family. It 's an occasion," Newman continued, wanting to say something thoroughly kind and comfortable, "that I shall always remember, and remember very pleasantly."

"I think it is an occasion that we shall none of us forget," said the marquise, with her pure, neat enunciation.

People made way for her as she passed, others turned round and looked at her, and she received a great many greetings and pressings of the hand, all of which she accepted with the most delicate dignity. But though she smiled upon every one, she said nothing until she reached the last of the rooms, where she found her elder son. Then, "This is enough, sir," she declared with measured softness to Newman, and turned to the marquis. He put out both his hands and took both hers, drawing her to a seat with an air of the tenderest veneration. It was a most harmonious family group, and Newman discreetly retired. He moved through the rooms for some time longer, circulating freely, overtopping most people by his great height,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

renewing acquaintance with some of the groups to which Urbain de Bellegarde had presented him, and expending generally the surplus of his equanimity. He continued to find it all extremely agreeable; but the most agreeable things have an end, and the revelry on this occasion began to deepen to a close. The music was sounding its ultimate strains, and people were looking for the marquise, to make their farewells. There seemed to be some difficulty in finding her, and Newman heard a report that she had left the ball, feeling faint. "She has succumbed to the emotions of the evening," he heard a lady say. "Poor, dear marquise; I can imagine all that they may have been for her!" But he learned immediately afterwards that she had recovered herself and was seated in an arm-chair near the doorway, receiving parting compliments from great ladies who insisted upon her not rising. He himself set out in quest of Madame de Cintré. He had seen her move past him many times in the rapid circles of a waltz, but in accordance with her explicit instructions he had exchanged no words with her since the beginning of the evening. The whole house having been thrown open, the apartments of the *rez-de-chaussée* were also accessible, though a smaller number of persons had gathered there. Newman wandered through them, observing a few scattered couples to whom this comparative seclusion appeared grateful, and reached a small conservatory which opened into the garden. The end of the conservatory was formed by a clear sheet of glass, unmasked by plants, and admitting the winter starlight so directly that a person standing there seemed to have passed into the open air. Two persons stood there now, a lady and a gentleman; the lady Newman, from within the room and although she had turned her back to it, immediately recognized as Madame de Cintré. He hesitated as to whether he would advance, but as he did so she looked round, feeling apparently that he was there. She rested her eyes on him a moment and then turned again to her companion.

"It is almost a pity not to tell Mr. Newman," she said softly, but in a tone that Newman could hear.

"Tell him if you like!" the gentleman answered, in the voice of Lord Deepmere.

"Oh, tell me by all means!" said Newman, advancing.

Lord Deepmere, he observed, was very red in the face, and he had twisted his gloves into a tight cord, as if he had been squeezing them dry. These, presumably, were tokens of violent emotion, and it seemed to Newman that the traces of a corresponding agitation were visible in Madame de Cintré's face. The two had been talking with much vivacity. "What I should tell you is only to my lord's credit," said Madame de Cintré, smiling frankly enough.

"He would n't like it any better for that!" said my lord, with his awkward laugh.

"Come; what 's the mystery?" Newman demanded. "Clear it up. I don't like mysteries."

"We must have some things we don't like, and go without some we do," said the ruddy young nobleman, laughing still.

"It 's to Lord Deepmere's credit, but it is not to every one's," said Madame de Cintré. "So I shall say nothing about it. You may be sure," she added; and she put out her hand to the Englishman, who took it half shyly, half impetuously. "And now go and dance!" she said.

"Oh yes, I feel awfully like dancing!" he answered. "I shall go and get tipsy." And he walked away with a sort of gloomy guffaw.

"What has happened between you?" Newman asked.

"I can't tell you — now," said Madame de Cintré. "Nothing that need make you unhappy."

"Has the little Englishman been trying to make love to you?"

She hesitated, and then she uttered a grave "No! he 's a very honest little fellow."

"But you are agitated. Something the matter."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nothing, I repeat, that need make you unhappy. My agitation is over. Some day I will tell you what it was; not now. I can't now!"

"Well, I confess," remarked Newman, "I don't want to hear anything unpleasant. I am satisfied with everything — most of all with you. I have seen all the ladies and talked with a great many of them; but I am satisfied with you." Madame de Cintré covered him for a moment with her large, soft glance, and then turned her eyes away into the starry night. So they stood silent a moment, side by side. "Say you are satisfied with me," said Newman.

He had to wait a moment for the answer; but it came at last, low yet distinct: "I am very happy."

It was presently followed by a few words from another source, which made them both turn round. "I am sadly afraid my lady will take a chill. I have ventured to bring a shawl." Mrs. Bread stood there, softly solicitous, holding a white drapery in her hand.

"Thank you," said Madame de Cintré, "the sight of those cold stars gives one a sense of frost. I won't take your shawl, but we will go back into the house."

She passed back and Newman followed her, Mrs. Bread standing respectfully aside to make way for them. Newman paused an instant before the old woman, and she glanced up at him with a silent greeting. "Oh, yes," he said, "you must come and live with us."

"Well then, sir, if you will," she answered, "you have not seen the last of me!"

*Henry James, Jr.*

---

# INTERLUDES.

## I.

### *An Old Castle.*

I.

THE gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles;
The bat has built in the banquet hall.
In the donjon-keep
Sly mosses creep;
The ivy has scaled the southern wall.
No man-at-arms
Sounds quick alarms
Atop of the cracked martello tower,
The drawbridge chain
Is broken in twain;
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.
Not any manner
Of broidered banner
Flaunts at a blazoned herald's call.
Lilies float
In the stagnant moat;
And fair they are, and tall.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II.

Here, in the old
Forgotten springs,
Was wassail held by queens and kings;
Here at the board
Sat clown and lord,
Maiden fair and lover bold,
Baron fat and minstrel lean,
The prince with his stars,
The knight with his scars,
The priest in his gabardine.

III.

Where is she
Of the fleur-de-lys,
And that true knight who wore her gages?
Where are the glances
That bred wild fancies
In curly heads of my lady's pages?
Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here, and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter —
Where is the rafter, by the way?
Gone is the roof,
And perched aloof
Is an owl, like a friar of orders gray.
(Perhaps 't is the priest
Come back to feast —
He had ever a tooth for capon, he!
But the capon 's cold,
And the steward 's old,
And the butler 's lost the larder-key!)

The doughty lords
Sleep "the sleep of swords."
Dead are the dames and damosels.
The king in his crown
Hath laid him down,
And the jester with his bells.

IV.

All is dead here:
Poppies are red here,
Vines in my lady's chamber grow —
If 't was her chamber
Where they clamber
Up from the poisonous weeds below.
All is dead here,
Joy is fled here;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us hence. 'T is the end of all!
The gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles,
And Silence sits in the banquet hall.

II.

*Barberries.*

In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone wall
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air:
Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare,
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,
They come, to make the eye a festival!
Along the road, for miles, their torches flare
Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare
(The damask rose might envy it withal),
What bards had sung your praises long ago,
Called you fine names in honey-worded books, —
The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane,
September's blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,
Little Red Ridinghoods, — for your sweet looks!
But your plebeian beauty is in vain.

III.

*A Snow-Flake.*

Once he sang of summer,
Nothing but the summer;
Now he sings of winter,
Of winter bleak and drear:
Just because there 's fallen
A snow-flake on his forehead,
He must go and fancy
'T is winter all the year'

IV.

*To Launt Thompson in Florence.*

You by the Arno shape your marble dream,
Under the cypress and the olive trees,
While I, this side the wild, wind-beaten seas,
Unrestful by the Charles's placid stream,
Long once again to catch the golden gleam
Of Brunelleschi's dome, and lounge at ease
In those pleached gardens and fair galleries.
And yet, perhaps, you envy me, and deem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My star the happier, since it holds me here.
  Even so, one time, beneath the cypresses
    My heart turned longingly across the sea,
Aching with love for thee, New England dear!
  And I 'd have given all Titian's goddesses
    For one poor cowslip or anemone.

## V.

### *Epitaphs.*

"HONEST Iago." When his breath was fled,
  Doubtless those words were carven at his head.
  Such lying epitaphs are like a rose
  That in unlovely earth takes root and grows.

### *From the Spanish.*

To him that hath, we are told,
  Shall be given. Yes, by the Cross!
To the rich man fate sends gold,
  To the poor man loss on loss.

### *Grace and Strength.*

MANOAH'S son, in his blind rage malign,
  Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
  That day by day untired holds up a rose.

## VI.

### "*Even this will pass away.*"

TOUCHED with the delicate green of early May,
  Or later, when the rose unveils her face,
  The world hangs glittering in star-strewn space,
  Fresh as a jewel found but yesterday.
And yet 't is very old; what tongue may say
  How old it is? Race follows upon race,
  Forgetting and forgotten; in their place
  Sink tower and temple; nothing long may stay.
We build on tombs, and live our day, and die;
  From out our dust new towers and temples start;
    Our very name becomes a mystery.
What cities no man ever heard of lie
  Under the glacier, in the mountain's heart,
    In violet glooms beneath the moaning sea!

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MUNICIPAL INDEBTEDNESS.

PRIOR to the war of the rebellion the people of the United States, whether in their general collective capacity as a nation or in their more limited aggregations by States, counties, or local municipalities, scarcely knew either debt or taxation in the proper sense of those terms, as they were understood elsewhere, and as they are now understood by ourselves. The American statesman had little need to occupy himself with problems into which in other civilized countries these horrible factors entered, bringing in their train difficult and perplexing incidents of administration. For a long series of years the duties on imports furnished a more than ample revenue to the national treasury. The state governments generally found the means of covering their moderate expenditure by some special method of indirect taxation; at least this was the case in Massachusetts, where the "bank-tax," as it was called, an assessment of one per cent. on the amount of the capital stock of the incorporated banks in the State, collected as an equivalent for the privilege granted to those institutions of issuing notes for currency, was found in most years sufficient for the purpose. The ordinary sources of internal taxation were thus left at the exclusive disposal of the local municipal bodies, and the lightness of the burden of local taxation, resulting from the comparative insignificance of the sums necessary to be raised, allowed the crudities of the system to pass without attracting special attention.

The period of fifteen years since the outbreak of the war has almost wholly changed this state of things. The people of the United States have submitted, with an alacrity which has been the wonder of the world, to a burden of national expenditure of enormous magnitude. This expenditure involved the creation of an immense national debt. Within the last ten years more than five hundred millions of the capital of the debt has been extinguished. Within the same period three times this sum has been paid in interest on the debt. We have in these two items an aggregate exceeding two thousand millions of dollars required from the people of the country within the last ten years for national purposes, and this is almost precisely the amount which in the same period has been contributed to the national treasury by taxation within the country. With so heavy a strain placed upon sources of revenue formerly applicable exclusively to purposes of local taxation, we need not be surprised to find that to meet these latter (the necessary expenditure for which has at the same time been very largely enhanced) recourse has been had somewhat freely to financial expedients but little practiced previously, when the need for them was lightly felt.

It is not strange, therefore, that local debts have arisen in many of the cities and towns of the United States, most of which before the war of the rebellion had never found occasion to obtain money for municipal purposes by borrowing. Moreover, the process of borrowing, once resorted to under a pressure of seeming necessity, is by a well-known law of human nature easily repeated. From these causes has resulted an aggregate municipal indebtedness of formidable proportions. The frequency and light-heartedness with which cities and towns now resort to the expedient of borrowing, on occasions for which debts are unnecessary or improper, deservedly excites remark, and it is desirable that the disposition should be checked.

Perhaps in no other matter is there greater danger in dealing with aggregate sums. The debts of all the cities and towns of the country, as we have said, amount to a very formidable sum. So also is the aggregate wealth of the country, subject to taxation, very large;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and so also is the facility with which this property responds to taxation very great. It is only by a just comparison of these three elements, namely, the debt, the valuation, and the tax levy in any particular city or town, that a correct idea of the subject can be obtained. When these elements are aggregated, the proportions which they may bear to each other in particular cases are lost from view.

The aggregates, however, must be stated as a natural introduction to our discussion of the subject. But it is exceedingly difficult to obtain trustworthy figures for this purpose. The compilers of the national census of 1870, admitting this difficulty to the full, presented their statements with candid hesitation; according to their best information, they represented the three elements at that date by the following figures: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessed valuation of the property of cities and towns, subject to taxation . . . . . | $14,178,986,732 |
| Which they increased by estimate to allow for undervaluations to the sum of . . . . . | 30,068,518,507 |
| Town and city annual taxation | 134,794,108 |
| Town and city aggregate indebtedness . . . . | 40,233,534 |

There are no later figures which can be safely made the basis for any serious consideration of the subject, but it is necessary to admit that the aggregate municipal indebtedness has augmented out of all proportion to the other two elements with regard to which it should maintain a certain relation. According to one statement which has been put in circulation, this aggregate is now $687,342,570; according to another, affecting less precision, it is $823,000,000. Meantime the valuation of the cities and towns has probably not increased more than one quarter or one third; while the annual taxation has perhaps doubled on the whole, although in several of the great cities it has been increased in a larger proportion. These estimates are of course crude, but we use them as a basis for comparison. We assume, then, as the figures for the present time: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessed valuation . | $20,000,000,000 |
| Corrected valuation . . | 40,000,000,000 |
| Annual taxation . . | $270,000,000 |
| Municipal indebtedness . . | 823,000,000 |

With these figures it will be seen that the aggregate municipal indebtedness is now about four per cent. of the assessed valuation, or two per cent. of the true valuation, and that it is little more than three times the annual yield of municipal taxation. Moreover, assuming the whole of it to have been contracted since the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, it is considerably less than half the sum which has been contributed by the people in internal revenue and direct taxes to the United States government within the same period.

Those who propose to limit municipal indebtedness to a fixed proportion of the valuation generally admit that five per cent., or certainly three per cent., is a safe margin. Whether we adopt this criterion or, what is certainly more logical, that of fixing a proportion between the debt and the revenue annually derivable from taxation, the preceding figures, notwithstanding the crudeness of the estimates on which they are based, are enough to show that, so far as aggregates are concerned, the indebtedness of the cities and towns of the United States, although very large, is not so large as necessarily to cause alarm. It would be a mistake to assume as permanent the high rate of increase in the proportion of debt to valuation. The increase may be explained by the growing proneness among the cities and towns to adopt the expedient of borrowing. The enormous percentage of increase in the rate of population which a thriving town shows in the successive years of its infancy is not maintained afterwards; the population may continue to increase, but not at the same rate as at first.

Passing from the figures of the indebtedness of all the cities and towns in the United States, taken together, to examine those of the single State of Massachusetts, we find ourselves in possession of more exact statistics, of which we present a brief review, although this again illustrates the unsatisfactory nature of any consideration of the subject based upon aggregates. An attempt to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obtain a statement of the indebtedness of the several cities and towns of the State of Massachusetts was made by a legislative committee in 1865; and since 1870 an annual return has been required by law. These returns, at first, were probably somewhat incomplete and inexact, but those for the last two years have been more full and trustworthy. Each city and town now returns its debt according to a prescribed classification intended to show the objects for which the debt was incurred, and also returns a table of its assets according to the same classification of objects. Although the aggregate of these assets exceeds that of the indebtedness, it would be a mistake to suppose that the difference is a true statement of the surplus of the value of the municipal property of the cities and towns above their respective indebtedness. By including a valuation of property obtained before the system of borrowing was resorted to, the aggregate of assets would appear larger. This, however, is not material, as such assets for the most part are not available for the payment of debt. Meanwhile, beginning with the year 1861, every city or town in the State has made a return of its valuation of both real and personal property, the amount of money raised by taxation, and the rate of taxation in each year. There are means also of ascertaining the exact sums raised by taxation in each year for state and county purposes, and by deducting these it is easy to perceive what has been the precise burden of taxation for strictly municipal purposes in each city or town. These statistics possess a high degree of interest for the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and by reason of their completeness for a series of years might be studied with advantage by those of other States desirous of obtaining thorough information on the kindred subjects of municipal expenditure and municipal indebtedness, with the latter of which we are at present occupied. We must refrain, however, from crowding our pages with the mass of figures which would be necessary for a complete view,[1] and content ourselves with presenting some aggregates in which for the two years last past the classification of municipal assets and indebtedness is preserved.

VALUATION, TAXATION, ASSETS, AND LIABILITIES, AS RETURNED BY 340 CITIES AND TOWNS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

| | 1874. | 1875. |
|---|---|---|
| Valuation | $1,831,601,165 | $1,840,732,706 |
| Amount raised by Taxation . | 28,700,605 | 27,712,396 |
| *Assets.* | | |
| School-Houses | 17,612,657 | 20,613,789 |
| Public Library . | 1,557,465 | 1,583,865 |
| Other Public Buildings . . . | 12,866,404 | 15,270,427 |
| Public Grounds and Park . . | 1,914,720 | 1,875,650 |
| Cemeteries | 2,518,576 | 2,728,840 |
| Other Real Estate | 1,919,152 | 1,809,289 |
| Water Works | 21,777,018 | 27,690,245 |
| Sewerage . . | 1,784,527 | 2,508,796 |
| Fire Apparatus | 2,155,496 | 2,293,839 |
| Trust Funds | 1,677,845 | 2,438,099 |
| Other Assets | 23,393,831 | 23,015,680 |
| | $89,177,691 | $101,828,519 |
| *Liabilities.* | | |
| School-Houses . | 6,201,855 | 5,589,354 |
| Public Library | 142,400 | 78,000 |
| Other Public Buildings . . . | 4,098,061 | 3,871,778 |
| Public Grounds and Park . . . | 503,375 | 737,475 |
| Cemeteries . . | 74,846 | 129,058 |
| Other Real Estate | 388,073 | 96,941 |
| Water Works . | 19,408,055 | 20,786,774 |
| Sewerage . . | 87,086 | 275,086 |
| Fire Apparatus | 191,651 | 221,925 |
| Trust Funds | 880,109 | 1,879,510 |
| Other Debts | 48,529,392 | 54,396,507 |
| | $80,505,403 | $88,062,408 |

| | 1874. | 1875. |
|---|---|---|
| Towns having no indebtedness . . . | 48 | 51 |
| Debt less than 1 per cent. of valuation | 63 | 56 |
| Debt over 1 and less than 2 per cent. | 58 | 63 |
| " 2 " 3 " | 59 | 56 |
| " 3 " 4 " | 36 | 24 |
| " 4 " 5 " | 30 | 32 |
| " 5 " 6 " | 13 | 26 |
| " 6 " 7 " | 17 | 15 |
| " 7 " 8 " | 10 | 9 |
| " 8 " 9 " | 3 | 7 |
| " 9 " 10 " | 3 | 0 |
| " 12 " 13 " | 0 | 1 |

[1] The aggregates of polls, property, and taxes, as assessed each year, are printed in a document of the public series under the direction of the secretary of the commonwealth, and the statistics of municipal assets and indebtedness form each year a part of the annual report of the deputy tax commissioner, generally printed as a document of the House series.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMARY.

| | 1865. | 1875. |
|---|---|---|
| Valuation | $991,841,901 | $1,840,732,706 |
| Taxation | 16,800,332 | 27,712,396 |
| Debt | 34,691,348 [1] | 88,062,408 |

The amount of indebtedness as thus stated is excessive in the respect that it makes no allowance for the sinking funds, which in some of the cities and towns (and notably in the city of Boston) are maintained in a method expected to provide for all the indebtedness as it matures, and of which the present value at least might fairly be offset against the present amount of debt. The amount also includes water debts. Taking it, however, without deduction, it appears that the indebtedness of all the cities and towns in Massachusetts is four and eight tenths per cent. of the valuation, and that it represents something more than three times the amount raised by taxation in a single year. This result corresponds very nearly with that already obtained (from data much less exact) with reference to all the cities and towns in the United States. If allowance were made for sinking funds and water debts, the proportion of debt to valuation would be considerably reduced.

Although the figures for Massachusetts show an increase in aggregate indebtedness from the year 1874 to the year 1875, it appears from an examination of the separate particulars, for the details of which we have no space, that an absolute reduction was effected within the year in more than half the towns having debts at the former date; and this reduction, in many cases, was made in a proportion which if maintained will wipe out the whole municipal debt in a very short interval of time.[2] Indeed, in many cases the speedy extinction of the whole town debt is a mere question of increasing the rate of taxation to a degree by no means excessively burdensome. For a single illustration we may mention the little town of Westhampton, in Hampshire County, a town not growing in either population or wealth. This town had a debt of $3492 on the first of March, 1872. By the first of March, 1874, the debt had been reduced to $2700, and by the first of March, 1876, to $500. The valuation of the town for the year 1875, in which a reduction of the debt amounting to $1400 was effected, was $303,169, and the rate of taxation in that year was $1.40 in the hundred dollars.

It is held to be the law of Massachusetts that cities and towns, without any special authorization of the legislature, may incur debts for any purposes of public expenditure for which they may lawfully raise money by taxation, and that the individual inhabitants of each city and town are liable for the city or town debt. That this is the law has never been questioned within the State, and there has accordingly been no occasion for judicial decision to establish it. For the satisfaction of foreign capitalists, when resort to London has been had by the city of Boston in the negotiation of some of its larger loans, use has been made of the following opinions, to which we give place as appropriate to the subject: —

BOSTON, *May* 18, 1852.
Office of the City Solicitor.

In the opinion of the undersigned, the private estates of the citizens of Boston are liable for debts lawfully contracted by the city, and whenever judgment is rendered against the said city, on account of any such debt, the execution may be levied upon the property of any inhabitant.

[Signed] P. W. CHANDLER,
City Solicitor.

[Indorsed on the preceding.]

The foregoing opinion of Mr. Chandler, the city solicitor, is undoubtedly in conformity with the law of Massachusetts.

[Signed] DANIEL WEBSTER.

[1] This sum includes an amount of $8,554,113 of "war expenses unpaid" in the several cities and towns, together with $26,137,234, the amount of city and town debts then existing.

[2] These gratifying reductions should doubtless be ascribed, in large degree, to the attention called to the subject of municipal indebtedness in Massachusetts by the passage of an act relating thereto by the legislature of the State at the session of 1875.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOSTON, *October* 16, 1869.
City Solicitor's Office, 46 Court Street.

I certify that, by the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, all debts of any city or town in said commonwealth are a lien upon all the estate, real or personal, of every inhabitant of the debtor city or town; and all such estate may be levied upon to satisfy such debts if the city or town fail to make payment when it is due.

[Signed] JOHN P. HEALY,
City Solicitor.

It is, of course, the easiest thing in the world to lay down the general principle that debt is a thing to be avoided by communities as well as by individuals; that "Pay as you go" is in all respects a safe maxim. This principle is simple and safe, and most people readily give it their assent as a general rule.

But it cannot escape the most ordinary observation that the principle admits of very great qualifications. In the first place, it is one that certainly is not insisted upon in the transactions of private individuals. However loudly young men on their start in life are exhorted to avoid debt, nobody pretends that it is inconsistent with the highest prudence for a young man who has laid the foundation for a family by marrying, if he has accumulated only a very little money, to buy the house in which he lives, putting mortgages upon it for the greater part of the purchase-money. If he pays the installments of interest as they fall due, and succeeds at regular intervals in making deductions from the principal of his indebtedness, the transaction does not impair his character for integrity or for wise financial management, but the reverse. So in matters of business; if the dictum were to be insisted upon that no enterprises should be undertaken until the capital required in carrying them out had first been accumulated, the country would not show the wonderful progress it has made in material growth. When the proprietors of a newspaper find their circulation increasing, they may wisely borrow the money to buy the faster printing-press which will enable them to satisfy the public demand. It would be superfluous to multiply illustrations of the obvious exceptions which must be admitted in private affairs to qualify the general principle that debt is to be avoided.

This, however, is the smallest part of the argument. Although inferences from the analogy of private affairs, in treating of methods of dealing with public business, are so apparently conclusive that resort is constantly had to them, it is certain that such inferences are not always safe. The present case affords a good illustration. When an individual borrows money, it is the same man (or his heirs) who must pay the money, and that within a limited time. The credit of no individual is so strong as to enable him to make a loan for a long series of years, except by giving a permanent security, and a loan thus secured after all scarcely falls within the proper definition of debt. But when a city or town government creates a debt, at any rate under the system existing in Massachusetts, the term of payment may be deferred for a considerable interval, and the rate of interest is certainly no higher than that which individual tax-payers must pay in private transactions. If within this interval the city or town grows in population and in wealth, whether as a consequence of public improvements made by the expenditure of the money that is borrowed, or otherwise, the payment of the debt falls upon a more numerous as well as a more wealthy community than that which incurred it.

This is a consideration of no insignificant importance. If we are forced to recur to an analogy taken from private affairs, we might instance the case of a club having a reading-room or library. An addition to the conveniences of the club might be made within a single year of such a nature as would double the membership. The expense of this addition might be unduly heavy if borne by the present members exclusively; but if, as we have supposed, a twofold augmentation of the membership results from making the improvement, the borrowing of the money necessary to make it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would reduce by one half the cost to the original members.

The extraordinary growth in population and in wealth of our American towns and cities is a fact so conspicuous that it cannot be left out of sight in considering this subject of municipal indebtedness. It is scarcely safe to illustrate it by statistics, since the figures in many cases go far in advance of the inference which reasonable men would dare to ground on them. This is especially true with the growing towns at the West. Even in the older and more densely settled parts of the country, although, as is well known, there are great inequalities in this respect, the prosperous cities and towns show a rate of increase in population and in wealth that should tend in large degree to remove apprehensions on account of their local debts, if they adhere to sound principles in the management of such debts.

If we take as an illustration the city of Boston, the figures are certain and accessible, and the comparison is easy. The report of the auditor in that city, for several years past, contains each year a statement prepared by the assessors, showing the valuation of real and personal property in the city, taken as the basis of taxation on the first day of May in each year, from the year 1835, arranged in a table to show the amount and percentage of increase by periods of ten years, beginning with every successive year. A table thus constructed has the advantage of showing permanent averages, and is not subject to any uncertainty resulting from accidental or temporary circumstances. It is demonstrated that in the great majority of the decennial intervals thus exhibited, from 1835 to 1867 (in which latter year the annexations of adjoining cities and towns were begun), the increase in the old city was at a greater rate than fifty per cent.; in many of these intervals exceeding eighty per cent., and often approaching one hundred per cent.; while in a few only (those ending in the successive years 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864) is the average shown less than fifty per cent., and in these it is but little less than that rate. Since the annexations, partly of course by reason of the actual addition of territory, the increase in property has been at a rate always exceeding one hundred per cent. for each decennial period. It rose as high as one hundred and forty-seven per cent. for the ten years from 1862 to 1872. It appears, therefore, that (excepting a period of four years in which the rate of increase was slightly less) the wealth of the city in each year has been twice as much as it was twenty years previously; and the burden of any expenditure was accordingly reduced one half by the expedient of borrowing the money for the usual term of twenty years. In saying this of course interest is left out of the question, on the assumption that the rate paid by the city was a fair one, and lower than the rate at which individuals in the community could borrow separately for themselves.

The figures are not easily accessible for so exact a comparison with regard to the other growing cities and towns in Massachusetts, but we believe it to be quite within bounds to infer twenty years as a maximum average term for doubling the valuation of those cities and towns of which the growth in population and wealth has not already been arrested. It is frequently much shorter. In one of them (Somerville) the valuation has doubled in the short space of four years, from 1872 to 1876. It is not necessary for our present purpose to maintain that the increase of wealth in these places is due to particular improvements, whether carried out with borrowed money or otherwise. We merely call attention to the circumstance that the probable growth in the wealth of a prosperous city or town is an element deserving of weight in considering its ability to create or maintain a debt; cities and towns whose future growth is doubtful should hesitate to incur new debts, and should be seriously concerned to take due measures for the extinguishment of debts now outstanding.

On the other hand, of course, it must always be borne in mind that to those citizens whose taxes are paid out of cur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rent earnings, taxation for a payment deferred is augmented by the taxation meanwhile for interest. The taxes of such citizens, however, form an inconsiderable item in the whole contribution to the fund raised by taxation even under the present system, and under an improved system the proportion would be less.

It is obvious that it is a matter of the greatest possible consequence whether municipal debts are incurred for productive or unproductive purposes. We have already intimated that debts of the former class, undertaken to provide money for genuine public improvements, the expenditures for which are carefully measured, can scarcely be considered as properly included within the designation of debts. To this class, it is almost universally admitted, belong debts created for the construction of water works. An ample supply of pure water is not so much a luxury as a necessity of modern civilized life; and for people living in cities such a supply cannot be obtained except by the construction of costly works, to bring the water from a distance and to distribute it among the houses of the city. The construction of such works may be undertaken by a private company of share-holders, subscribing the necessary capital and looking to a profit on the investment. But a far more satisfactory method is the construction of the works by the municipal government itself.

The original cost of the Cochituate Water Works, bringing water a distance of about twenty miles for the supply of the city of Boston, was about four millions of dollars. Of this sum, two millions were borrowed in London for the term of twenty years, at four and a half per cent. annual interest, and an equal amount at home at five per cent. The annual interest on the original debt was accordingly $190,000. Within five years after the time when the distribution of water was begun, the annual rents for its use equaled this sum. The account has been complicated by the continual extension of the works, involving new expenditures of money, a great part of which has been obtained by additional loans; but the increase of water rents has more than kept pace, in due proportion, with the cost of these extensions. At the present time the receipts into the city treasury from the water works are more than a million of dollars annually ($1,013,483.27 in the year ended April 30, 1875), while the payment of interest on the portions of the water loans still outstanding, including considerable sums for the gold premium on payments made in London, was $540,858.77 in the year ended April 30, 1875.

A still more striking illustration of the wisdom of such undertakings, in a financial point of view, is afforded by the Mystic Water Works, which were constructed for the supply of the city of Charlestown, now merged in the city of Boston. By these works the water is brought a distance of about six and a half miles. Their cost was about a million and a half of dollars, for which the money was borrowed at five and six per cent. The receipts for the year ended April 30, 1875, were $284,897.61. The payments for interest during the same year were $101,856.33. It is easy to see that a debt of this character is not a burden, but a relief, to municipal finances.

It is almost superfluous to point out that the possession of a system of water works by any city or town is an object which justifies municipal expenditure to a certain degree, without reference to compensation in money derived from water rents. Considered merely as a protection against fire, water works may almost be regarded as essential to the existence of the place. In another point of view, it may be a condition making habitancy possible. This is the case, for instance, in all those parts of the city of Boston where land for houses has been obtained by reclamation from the sea. Some of the houses erected on such land are of the most expensive construction, and are assessed at a high valuation, making a large annual return in taxes. If the city government had not been prepared to furnish water to these houses, it is easy to see that they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would never have been built. It has not accorded with the prevalent ideas of public policy for the government of any city to make a considerable profit in dealing with the supply of water to the inhabitants, and in some of the cities and towns of Massachusetts an indifference is exhibited to obtaining a return in water rents sufficient to cover the current expenses of the maintenance of the works, after providing for the interest on their cost. When the deficiency is supplied from the annual taxes, it does not fall within the province of the present paper to criticise this policy. The legislative act of 1846, under which the original system of water works for the city of Boston was constructed, contained very careful provisions with a view to the maintenance of water rates on a scale which should not only render the works self-supporting, but should provide gradually for the extinguishment of the indebtedness incurred for their construction. Thus, it was provided that if the surplus income and receipts for the use of water at the prices established by the city council, after deducting all expenses and charges of distribution, should for any two successive years be insufficient to pay the accruing interest on the water loan, the supreme judicial court should have authority, on the petition of one hundred or more of the legal voters of the city, to appoint commissioners to "raise and increase" the prices, if proper in their judgment, so far as necessary for these purposes and no further. On the other hand, if the surplus income and receipts, computed in the same way, were found for any two successive years more than sufficient to pay the interest, a similar machinery might be set in motion for the reduction of the price. By way of safeguard against any frivolous attempt to set the machinery in motion for the purpose of either increasing or decreasing the prices, a provision was inserted in the act giving the court discretion to order the costs on such petitions to be paid in whole or in part by either of the parties. In point of fact, no action has been taken under these provisions of law. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that they have been useless. They have served to establish the principle which should control the city government in the management of water rates. Similar provisions have been inserted in many of the acts authorizing the construction of water works at public expense in other cities and towns of the commonwealth.

When municipal expenditure is incurred for objects of general concern and permanent value other than water works, and especially for those that require the disbursement at once of large sums, the policy of borrowing money to meet such expenditure might be defended by the experience which justifies water debts; but the number of such objects is comparatively small, and none of them, it is believed, possess in common with water works the feature of productiveness, in yielding an absolute revenue of money which can be applied directly to the payment of interest, or to the reduction of an outstanding debt. Expenditures for a comprehensive system of sewers, of street widening and extensions; for public parks when required by the concentration of large masses of population within narrow limits; for the erection of a city or town hall, of school-houses or other necessary public buildings, and perhaps a very few others, approach the nearest to water works in this respect, because such outlays once made with due foresight and prudence may save the necessity for current expenses for the same objects in following years. But it is clear that cautious use should be made of reasoning which would justify debts for such purposes, especially when the amount of disbursement necessary therefor in a single year is not very considerable.

But no respectable process of reasoning can justify the borrowing of money by cities and towns to make good a deficit, originating apparently by accident, but caused in fact by a neglect to assess in each year the full amount of tax required for current expenses, including with such expenses those which, although not exactly "ordinary," are such as ought to be covered by taxation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as soon as they arise. Carelessness or neglect in this respect is the true origin of most municipal debts, as it is also of the indebtedness of many private individuals. Those authors who undertake the instruction of the people by tales of fiction, "with a moral," are never tired of pointing out the mischief of debt; but they are too apt to make the falling into debt appear as an act of the will, more or less deliberate; arising, perhaps, from the imprudent indorsement of a note for a friend, from a foolish resolve to take a larger house and thus embark on a scale of personal and family expenditure larger than one's income justifies, or from some other cause that might have been avoided by a firm exercise of the will when the occasion arose. Such moral stories, however, omit to put their readers on their guard against the subtle advances of debts which result from a careless miscalculation of resources, whereby household bills paid promptly at first, from money already earned and in hand, come frequently to await payment until the period arrives when income is available, then fall hopelessly into arrears, and at last, perhaps, take the form of notes payable to tradesmen. Cities and towns drop accidentally into indebtedness in a similar way with still greater ease than individuals, because their credit enables them to borrow money without inconvenience to bridge over an emergency apparently temporary. There is always somebody very glad to take the town's note; and the manner in which municipal affairs are usually conducted contemplates the occasional borrowing of money for current expenses in anticipation of the current revenue. In our New England towns, the municipal year is almost universally the year extending from one annual town meeting to the next. The town meetings are held in the spring. The taxes are assessed as of the first day of May, but it is generally past midsummer when the valuation is settled, and the tax-bills are made out for distribution as soon thereafter as may be; payment of taxes is seldom exacted before the first day of September, more often not until the first of October, and, unless heavy penalties are attached to delay in payment, a considerable portion remains uncollected until nearly the close of the municipal year; indeed, there is always a balance that is not collected at all within the same municipal year, the magnitude of this balance depending in some degree upon "hard times;" for if the market rate of interest is high, there are sure to be some long-headed tax-payers who think it wise to defer to the most remote period possible a payment which is always disagreeable.

While the town revenue thus accrues almost wholly in the latter part of the municipal year, the town expenses for the most part are payable at regular intervals throughout the year; the borrowing of money to meet them as they become due is a matter of course. It follows that if there has been a failure to provide a sufficient tax, there will be a deficit at the end of the year, represented by town notes for "hired money," as with charming simplicity it is called in the town accounts. Such a deficit is the nucleus of a town debt. If the careless policy be maintained, — as it too often is, — if the tax for the next and following years is assessed with the same disregard of the actual amount necessary to maintain an equilibrium in the town finances, the deficit at the end of each year, represented by town notes outstanding, is of course larger and larger. The annual deficiency is really increasing against the town by compound interest, and before the people are really aware of it, they may find themselves saddled with a debt of somewhat formidable proportions; and yet they have never wittingly given a vote to authorize the creation of a town debt.

We have spoken of "towns" in the preceding paragraphs. Unfortunately in the larger communities, which have adopted the form of a "city" government, the process of insensibly running into debt is even easier. There is the same facility, arising from the same cause, as has been described in the case of the towns. In towns, however, the appropriations are generally voted at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the annual town meeting at the beginning of the municipal year, and the amount to be raised by taxation is — or ought to be — fixed with reference to the expenditures authorized at the same time; and unless one or more special town meetings are afterwards held within the year, there is no opportunity for augmenting the amount of expenditures thus expressly authorized. In cities, on the other hand, the two branches of the city council, in which the control of the public purse is vested, are in regular session throughout nearly the whole year. They take, perhaps, a short vacation in the summer months, but with that exception their meetings recur every week. It is almost impossible that occasions should not be found at these meetings for authorizing new expenditures; rarely for saving anything out of appropriations already made. When an occasion for new expenditure arises at any time within the municipal year after the amount to be raised by taxation has been fixed, the means of covering the expenditure can be found only in some general appropriation for "contingencies" that may have been providently made at the outset, or by a transfer from some appropriation, if there be any such, which appears to have been made larger than was necessary, that is to say, by reducing some previous appropriation. If neither of these resources is available (and except for inconsiderable sums, generally neither is available), there is nothing that can be done except to direct that the money be borrowed.

It is easy to see that in such cases the money ought to be borrowed temporarily, and, unless in a case of such a nature as to justify a permanent debt, the amount should be included in the amount raised by taxation in the following year. Unfortunately it has too often been the custom to put such loans in the form of permanent additions to the funded city debt.

In order that the system of meeting current expenses by current taxation may be faithfully carried out, the beginning and end of the municipal year should be exactly defined. Lack of precision in this particular conspires to make easy the insensible creation of debt. But if due care be taken, no city or town need have any debts except such as may be deliberately created for particular purposes; and these purposes should never be of a temporary or frivolous character. And if any city or town finds itself incumbered with a debt already incurred by previous neglect in any degree of the principles which ought to be observed in such matters, the inhabitants should steadily set themselves at work to provide for its extinguishment.

In the management of debts which are necessary, or which, having been already incurred, must be tolerated until they are extinguished, the institution of the sinking fund demands notice. There undoubtedly exists a prejudice against sinking funds, and it is often declared that the theory upon which they are founded has been disproved; "exploded" is the favorite word. Such wholesale denunciation is unreasonable and mischievous. It is generally derived from the failure of the well-intended experiments made in the last century for the reduction of the British national debt. These experiments failed, not from any fault in the theory of a sinking fund, but because the necessities of the government required the continued borrowing of more money than the aggregate of the savings that could be made available for the reduction of debt, whether used for a sinking fund or otherwise. The part which compound interest plays in the scheme of a sinking fund is always exaggerated. The accumulation at compound interest of money saved for the payment of debt no doubt produces wonderful results; but on the other side of the account, indebtedness, with the interest thereon, will also accumulate with equal rapidity, unless kept down by current payments. It is a mistake to regard a sinking fund as a contrivance which will in itself extinguish a debt; a debt cannot be paid unless money is found somewhere for its payment. The sinking fund is merely a convenient piece of machinery by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which whatever resources are possible for the payment of debt may be husbanded and rendered available to the greatest advantage.

That sinking funds, viewed in this light, have proved wise and useful instruments of finance is well illustrated by two conspicuous instances, that have been cited in the recent discussions of the subject. In 1836 the State of Massachusetts subscribed for ten thousand shares in the capital stock of the corporation established for the construction of the line of railroad westward from Worcester to Albany. The money to pay for these shares was obtained by borrowing a million of dollars, for twenty years, at five per cent. interest. At the same time provision was made for a sinking fund to meet this debt at maturity. The nucleus of the sinking fund was the premium received on the sale of the state scrip; the fund was also fed by whatever dividends were received upon the shares of stock; but besides these sources of revenue incident to the object for which the debt was incurred, one half the proceeds of sales of land in Maine belonging to the State was regularly paid into the fund. It accordingly resulted that, seven years before the maturity of the debt, the fund arising from these payments, together with the accumulations of interest thereon, was already as large as the amount of the debt it was established to redeem. After the year 1850 the annual income of the fund, instead of being added to the principal, was set at liberty, flowing into the treasury to be used as a part of the ordinary revenue of the State for current expenses; and on the 15th of July, 1857, when the debt of $1,000,000 became due, the fund amounted to $1,079,756.35, sufficient to extinguish the whole debt, leaving a handsome surplus available for other purposes.

In the other instance the sinking fund had less assistance from extrinsic contribution. Not content with the subscription for which means were obtained in the manner already described, in pursuit of the policy of aiding in the construction of the railroad throughout the length of the State, the legislature of Massachusetts, by a series of acts passed in the years 1838, 1839, and 1841, authorized loans to the railroad corporation amounting in the aggregate to four millions of dollars, by means of issues of state scrip redeemable in thirty years. The debt, although represented by state scrip, was really the debt of the corporation. In order to insure the ability of the corporation to meet it at maturity, provision was made for a sinking fund, of which the nucleus, as before, was the premium derived from the sale of the first issues of state scrip; but its chief source of nourishment was an annual payment into the fund by the corporation, after the railroad was opened for use, of an amount equal to one per cent. of the principal of the debt. The fund began with the amount of $55,550.35 on the 1st of January, 1839. On the 31st of December, 1844, the railroad having been opened for use, the sum of $40,000 was paid in by the corporation, and a similar payment was made annually thereafter for twenty-six years. These payments, with the accumulations of interest, made a fund from which the first portions of the debt, amounting to more than one half of the whole, were discharged as they became due in 1868. For the payment of the remaining portions of the debt it would have been necessary to continue the fund a few years longer than the term originally contemplated; but an arrangement was finally made with the corporation, under which, by the use of the residue of the sinking fund, the whole of the state scrip was canceled by the 31st of December, 1871. It is worthy of note that the commissioners in their final report were able to state, "No losses have occurred on any of the securities in which the fund was invested, for the last twenty years, and but a very small amount before that time; nor has the fund ever been subjected to any expenses whatever for its management." A similar sinking fund had been established with reference to a loan of one million of dollars made to the same railroad corporation by the city of Albany. Debts for which a state or city guarantee had been obtained, amounting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to five millions of dollars, a sum equal to the original capital stock of the corporation, were thus discharged from resources provided by the corporation itself, but husbanded and made available by the contrivance of the sinking fund.

The amount of annual contribution to a sinking fund necessary to insure the accumulation of a specific sum at a particular date in the future is a matter of exact calculation, depending of course upon the rate of interest assumed for the investments, and it is essential also that there should be no losses, and that no expenses chargeable to the fund should be incurred in its management. Such expenses should be provided for otherwise. It is therefore quite possible to establish and maintain a sinking fund which shall prove adequate for the extinguishment of any municipal debt of which the creation is justifiable. It is now generally held in Massachusetts, in the management of both state and city finances, that a sinking fund may best be invested in the same description of securities as those which it is established to cancel. In such case, the institution of the sinking fund amounts to little more than a very particular engagement to contribute a certain sum by annual taxation towards the extinction of the debt. Such an engagement is the very essence of integrity in the financial operations of cities and towns when they borrow, and, especially when the sums to be dealt with are comparatively small, the desired result may be attained without the cumbrous machinery of a sinking fund, if the city or town will take care to raise by taxation every year, and apply to the extinguishment of its indebtedness (in addition of course to the payment of all current interest), a stated proportion of the principal outstanding. In order to avoid too minute calculations, in cases in which the establishment of a regular sinking fund is deemed inadvisable, ten per cent. might very well be assumed as a convenient proportion. Any city or town which steadily effects a reduction of its debt to this extent, year after year, is not likely to find itself encumbered with a troublesome burden. Meanwhile the taxation must also be made sufficient to meet current expenditure, including each year any deficit coming forward from the preceding year.

If cities and towns will act upon this principle, there seems little occasion for adopting an arbitrary proportion between debt and valuation, although this may perhaps be regarded as an additional safeguard. The obvious objections to such a limit are the seeming authority that it gives to the creation of indebtedness within the limit, and the difficulty of establishing the valuation upon a certain and uniform basis. It must also be regarded as another objection that there is no logical reason for any particular proportion. Three per cent. or five per cent., which have been proposed as proper limits upon the indebtedness of cities and towns, are proportions of debt in some cases larger than cities or towns ought to assume, and, on the other hand, are proportions very much within the limits thought prudent for corporations of a different character. Thus, every railroad corporation in Massachusetts is authorized by law to issue bonds to the amount of one hundred per cent. of its capital, and by the law of Congress any national bank with half a million of capital may issue notes (secured, no doubt, by the pledge of government bonds) to the amount of ninety per cent. of its capital. With the aid of their deposits many national banks maintain their loans to an amount exceeding double their capital. Prudent financiers, in considering the security offered by municipal loans, will regard rather the proportion they bear to the annual tax-levy; not, of course, because it is supposed that the whole tax-levy for three or four years could be actually applied to the exclusive object of paying the municipal debt, but because the ability and willingness to bear taxation is an illustration likewise of the ability and willingness to pay off indebtedness. We have already seen that taken in the aggregate and measured by these tests the indebtedness of the cities and towns in the United States, although amounting to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a formidable sum, is not dangerous; and although some cities and towns have suffered debts to arise which are larger than could be desired, an examination of particular cases will show few, if any, in which the immediate adoption of safe and prudent measures will not enable the city or town to extricate itself promptly from a position likely to cause either present or future embarrassment.

*Charles Hale.*

---

## THE CANVASSER'S TALE.

Poor, sad-eyed stranger! There was that about his humble mien, his tired look, his decayed-gentility clothes, that almost reached the mustard-seed of charity that still remained, remote and lonely, in the empty vastness of my heart, notwithstanding I observed a portfolio under his arm, and said to myself, Behold, Providence hath delivered his servant into the hands of another canvasser.

Well, these people always get one interested. Before I well knew how it came about, this one was telling me his history, and I was all attention and sympathy. He told it something like this:

My parents died, alas, when I was a little, sinless child. My uncle Ithuriel took me to his heart and reared me as his own. He was my only relative in the wide world; but he was good and rich and generous. He reared me in the lap of luxury. I knew no want that money could satisfy.

In the fullness of time I was graduated, and went with two of my servants — my chamberlain and my valet — to travel in foreign countries. During four years I flitted upon careless wing amid the beauteous gardens of the distant strand, if you will permit this form of speech in one whose tongue was ever attuned to poesy; and indeed I so speak with confidence, as one unto his kind, for I perceive by your eyes that you too, sir, are gifted with the divine inflation. In those far lands I reveled in the ambrosial food that fructifies the soul, the mind, the heart. But of all things, that which most appealed to my inborn æsthetic taste was the prevailing custom there, among the rich, of making collections of elegant and costly rarities, dainty *objets de vertu*, and in an evil hour I tried to uplift my uncle Ithuriel to a plane of sympathy with this exquisite employment.

I wrote and told him of one gentleman's vast collection of shells; another's noble collection of meerschaum pipes; another's elevating and refining collection of undecipherable autographs; another's priceless collection of old china; another's enchanting collection of postage-stamps — and so forth and so on. Soon my letters yielded fruit. My uncle began to look about for something to make a collection of. You may know, perhaps, how fleetly a taste like this dilates. His soon became a raging fever, though I knew it not. He began to neglect his great pork business; presently he wholly retired and turned an elegant leisure into a rabid search for curious things. His wealth was vast, and he spared it not. First he tried cow-bells. He made a collection which filled five large *salons*, and comprehended all the different sorts of cow-bells that ever had been contrived, save one. That one — an antique, and the only specimen extant — was possessed by another collector. My uncle offered enormous sums for it, but the gentleman would not sell. Doubtless you know what necessarily resulted. A true collector attaches no value to a collection that is not complete. His great heart breaks, he sells his hoard, he turns his mind to some field that seems unoccupied.

Thus did my uncle. He next tried



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brickbats. After piling up a vast and intensely interesting collection, the former difficulty supervened; his great heart broke again; he sold out his soul's idol to the retired brewer who possessed the missing brick. Then he tried flint hatchets and other implements of Primeval Man, but by and by discovered that the factory where they were made was supplying other collectors as well as himself. He tried Aztec inscriptions and stuffed whales — another failure, after incredible labor and expense. When his collection seemed at last perfect, a stuffed whale arrived from Greenland and an Aztec inscription from the Cundurango regions of Central America that made all former specimens insignificant. My uncle hastened to secure these noble gems. He got the stuffed whale, but another collector got the inscription. A real Cundurango, as possibly you know, is a possession of such supreme value that, when once a collector gets it, he will rather part with his family than with it. So my uncle sold out, and saw his darlings go forth, never more to return; and his coal-black hair turned white as snow in a single night.

Now he waited, and thought. He knew another disappointment might kill him. He was resolved that he would choose things next time that no other man was collecting. He carefully made up his mind, and once more entered the field — this time to make a collection of echoes.

"Of what?" said I.

Echoes, sir. His first purchase was an echo in Georgia that repeated four times; his next was a six-repeater in Maryland; his next was a thirteen-repeater in Maine; his next was a nine-repeater in Kansas; his next was a twelve-repeater in Tennessee, which he got cheap, so to speak, because it was out of repair, a portion of the crag which reflected it having tumbled down. He believed he could repair it at a cost of a few thousand dollars, and, by increasing the elevation with masonry, treble the repeating capacity; but the architect who undertook the job had never built an echo before, and so he utterly spoiled this one. Before he meddled with it, it used to talk back like a mother-in-law, but now it was only fit for the deaf and dumb asylum. Well, next he bought a lot of cheap little double-barreled echoes, scattered around over various States and Territories; he got them at twenty per cent. off by taking the lot. Next he bought a perfect Gatling gun of an echo in Oregon, and it cost a fortune, I can tell you. You may know, sir, that in the echo market the scale of prices is cumulative, like the carat-scale in diamonds; in fact, the same phraseology is used. A single-carat echo is worth but ten dollars over and above the value of the land it is on; a two-carat or double-barreled echo is worth thirty dollars; a five-carat is worth nine hundred and fifty; a ten-carat is worth thirteen thousand. My uncle's Oregon echo, which he called the Great Pitt Echo, was a twenty-two carat gem, and cost two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars — they threw the land in, for it was four hundred miles from a settlement.

Well, in the mean time my path was a path of roses. I was the accepted suitor of the only and lovely daughter of an English earl, and was beloved to distraction. In that dear presence I swam in seas of bliss. The family were content, for it was known that I was sole heir to an uncle held to be worth five millions of dollars. However, none of us knew that my uncle had become a collector, at least in anything more than a small way, for æsthetic amusement.

Now gathered the clouds above my unconscious head. That divine echo, since known throughout the world as the Great Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Repetitions, was discovered. It was a sixty-five-carat gem. You could utter a word and it would talk back at you for fifteen minutes, when the day was otherwise quiet. But behold, another discovery was made at the same time: another echo-collector was in the field. The two rushed to make the purchase. The property consisted of a couple of small hills with a shallow swale between, out yonder among the back settlements of New York State. Both men arrived

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the ground at the same time, and neither knew the other was there. The echo was not all owned by one man; a person by the name of Williamson Bolivar Jarvis owned the east hill, and a person by the name of Harbison J. Bledso owned the west hill; the swale between was the dividing line. So while my uncle was buying Jarvis's hill for three million two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, the other party was buying Bledso's hill for a shade over three million.

Now, do you perceive the natural result? Why, the noblest collection of echoes on earth was forever and ever incomplete, since it possessed but the one half of the king echo of the universe. Neither man was content with this divided ownership, yet neither would sell to the other. There were jawings, bickerings, heart-burnings. And at last, that other collector, with a malignity which only a collector can ever feel toward a man and a brother, proceeded to cut down his hill!

You see, as long as he could not have the echo, he was resolved that nobody should have it. He would remove his hill, and then there would be nothing to reflect my uncle's echo. My uncle remonstrated with him, but the man said, "I own one end of this echo; I choose to kill my end; you must take care of your own end yourself."

Well, my uncle got an injunction put on him. The other man appealed and fought it in a higher court. They carried it on up, clear to the Supreme Court of the United States. It made no end of trouble there. Two of the judges believed that an echo was personal property, because it was impalpable to sight and touch, and yet was purchasable, salable, and consequently taxable; two others believed that an echo was real estate, because it was manifestly attached to the land, and was not removable from place to place; other of the judges contended that an echo was not property at all.

It was finally decided that the echo was property; that the hills were property; that the two men were separate and independent owners of the two hills, but tenants in common in the echo; therefore defendant was at full liberty to cut down his hill, since it belonged solely to him, but must give bonds in three million dollars as indemnity for damages which might result to my uncle's half of the echo. This decision also debarred my uncle from using defendant's hill to reflect his part of the echo, without defendant's consent; he must use only his own hill; if his part of the echo would not go, under these circumstances, it was sad, of course, but the court could find no remedy. The court also debarred defendant from using my uncle's hill to reflect *his* end of the echo, without consent. You see the grand result! Neither man would give consent, and so that astonishing and most noble echo had to cease from its great powers; and since that day that magnificent property is tied up and unsalable.

A week before my wedding day, while I was still swimming in bliss and the nobility were gathering from far and near to honor our espousals, came news of my uncle's death, and also a copy of his will, making me his sole heir. He was gone; alas, my dear benefactor was no more. The thought surcharges my heart even at this remote day. I handed the will to the earl; I could not read it for the blinding tears. The earl read it; then he sternly said, "Sir, do you call this wealth? — but doubtless you do in your inflated country. Sir, you are left sole heir to a vast collection of echoes — if a thing can be called a collection that is scattered far and wide over the huge length and breadth of the American continent; sir, this is not all; you are head and ears in debt; there is not an echo in the lot but has a mortgage on it; sir, I am not a hard man, but I must look to my child's interest; if you had but one echo which you could honestly call your own, if you had but one echo which was free from incumbrance, so that you could retire to it with my child, and by humble, painstaking industry cultivate and improve it, and thus wrest from it a maintenance, I would not say you nay; but I cannot marry my child to a beggar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leave his side, my darling; go, sir; take your mortgage-ridden echoes and quit my sight forever."

My noble Celestine clung to me in tears, with loving arms, and swore she would willingly, nay, gladly marry me, though I had not an echo in the world. But it could not be. We were torn asunder, she to pine and die within the twelvemonth, I to toil life's long journey sad and lone, praying daily, hourly, for that release which shall join us together again in that dear realm where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to look at these maps and plans in my portfolio, I am sure I can sell you an echo for less money than any man in the trade. Now this one, which cost my uncle ten dollars, thirty years ago, and is one of the sweetest things in Texas, I will let you have for —

"Let me interrupt you," I said. "My friend, I have not had a moment's respite from canvassers this day. I have bought a sewing machine which I did not want; I have bought a map which is mistaken in all its details; I have bought a clock which will not go; I have bought a moth poison which the moths prefer to any other beverage; I have bought no end of useless inventions, and now I have had enough of this foolishness. I would not have one of your echoes if you were even to give it to me. I would not let it stay on the place. I always hate a man that tries to sell me echoes. You see this gun? Now take your collection and move on; let us not have bloodshed."

But he only smiled a sad, sweet smile, and got out some more diagrams. You know the result perfectly well, because you know that when you have once opened the door to a canvasser, the trouble is done and you have got to suffer defeat.

I compromised with this man at the end of an intolerable hour. I bought two double-barreled echoes in good condition, and he threw in another, which he said was not salable because it only spoke German. He said, "She was a perfect polyglot once, but somehow her palate got down."

*Mark Twain.*

---

## CITY WINDOWS.

THROUGH many an evening, while my spirit gains,
  Amid the populous city's ebb and flow,
  A keener sense of solitude than they know
Who dwell on desolate hills or houseless plains,
I thrid long streets where flickering dimness reigns,
  Where bright inscrutable windows calmly glow,
  And with mysterious pleasure, as I go,
Shape weird conjectures from the illumined panes.

In yonder room two amorous hearts may thrill —
  Some fiery quarrel, here, may grow apace —
There may some vigilant mother, pale and still,
  Bend in deep agony o'er a wasting face —
And here a murderess by some bed may spill
  The deadly colorless drop that leaves no trace!

*Edgar Fawcett.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A COLORADO ROAD.

WHAT a new singer or a new play is to the city man, a new road is to the man of the wilderness.

I fancy the parallel might be drawn out and amplified, much to the exaltation of the new road, if the man of the wilderness chose to boast, and if people were sensible enough to value pleasures as they do other fabrics, by their wear. It would be cruel, however, to make the city man discontented. Poor fellow, he is joined to his idols of stone, buried alive above them now, and soon he will be buried dead below them. Let him alone! It is no part of my purpose in this paper to enter the lists in defense of my joys, or to make an attack upon his. It is merely to describe our new road, and my pronoun "our" is by no means a narrow one; it is a big plural, taking in some four thousand souls, all the dwellers in the town of Colorado Springs and its near neighborhood.

The "new road" is up and across Cheyenne Mountain. Cheyenne Mountain is the southernmost peak of the grand range which lies six miles west of our town. Only those who dwell at the feet of great mountain ranges know how like a wall they look, what sense of fortified security they give; people who come for a day to gaze and pass by, or even people who stay and paint the hills' portraits, know very little. A mountain has as much personality as a man; you do not know one any more than you know the other until you have summered and wintered him. You love one and are profoundly indifferent to another, just as it is with your feeling towards your neighbors, and it is often as hard to give good and sufficient reason for your preference in the one case as in the other. But no lover of Cheyenne was ever at loss to give reasons for his love. The mountain is so unique in its grandeur and dignity that one must be blind and stolid indeed not to feel its influence.

As I said, it is the southernmost peak of the range lying west of Colorado Springs. This is as if I said, it is the southern bastion of our western wall. It is only two or three thousand feet above the town (the town, be it remembered, lies six thousand feet above the sea). Pike's Peak, a few miles farther north, in the same range, is nearly twice as high, so it is not by reason of height that Cheyenne is so grand. Pausing now, with my pen in my hand, I look out of my south window at its majestic front, and despair of being loyal to the truth I would like to tell of this mountain. Is it that its eastern outline from the summit down to the plain is one slow, shady, in-curving slope, broken only by two rises of dark timber lands, which round like billows? and that this exquisite hollowing curve is forever outlined against the southern sky? Is it that the heavily cut and jagged top joins this eastern slope at a sharp angle, and stretches away to the northwest in broken lines as rugged and strong as the eastern slope is graceful and harmonious, and that the two lines together make a perpetual, vast triangulation on the sky? Is it that when white clouds in our heavens at noon journey south, they always seem to catch on its eastern slope, and hang and flutter there, or nestle down in an island-like bank, reaching half-way up the mountain? Is it that the dawn always strikes it some moments earlier than it reaches the rest of the range, turning it glowing red from plains to sky, like a great illumined cathedral? Is it that the setting sun also loves it, and flings back mysterious broken prisms of light on its furrowed western slopes, long after the other peaks are black and grim? Is it that it holds canyons where one can climb, among fir-trees and roses and clematis and columbine and bluebells and ferns and mosses, to wild pools and cascades in which snow-fed brooks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tumble and leap? These questions are only like the random answers of one suddenly hard pressed for the explanation of a mystery which has long since ceased to be a mystery to him; ceased to be a mystery not because it has been fathomed, but because it has become familiar and dear. No lover of Cheyenne but will say that Cheyenne is better than all these, that no one of all these is quite truly and sufficiently told; and I myself in the telling feel like one stammering in a language but half learned, the great mountain all the while looking down on me in serene and compassionate silence. At this moment it looks like a gigantic mountain of crystals, purple and white. Every smallest ridge slope fronting to the east or south is of a red purple like the purple of a Catawba grape overripe; every smallest ridge slope to the north or west is white like the white of alabaster, and soft with the softness of snow. The plains are a clear, pale yellow, and the space where the slope melts into the level, and the purple melts into the yellow, is a triumph of shape and color from which men who build and men who paint might well turn away sorrowful.

Knowing well, as I do, just where among these crystalline ridges our new road winds, I yet look up incredulous at the sharp precipices and ledges. But it is there, — bless it! — our new uplifter, revealer, healer, nearer link of approach to a nearer sky! The workmen know it as the road over to ——, and they think they have built it for purposes of traffic, and for bringing down railroad ties; it is a toll-road, and the toll-gatherer takes minute reckoning of all he can see passing his door. But I think there will always be a traffic which the workmen will not suspect, and a viewless company which will elude the toll-gatherer, on this new road of ours.

It was on one of our tropical midwinter days that I first climbed it. A mile southward from the town, then a sharp turn to the west, fronting the mountains as directly as if our road must be going to pierce their sides, across brooks where the ice was so thick that our horses' hoofs and our wheels crunched slowly through, up steep banks on which there were frozen glares of solid ice, and across open levels where the thin snow lay in a fine tracery around every separate grass stalk, — one, two, three miles of this and we were at the base of the mountain, and saw the new road, a faint brown track winding up the yellow slope and disappearing among the pines.

As we turned into the road we saw, on our right, two ranch-men leaning, in the Sunday attitude, against a fence, and smoking. As we passed, one of them took his pipe from his mouth and said, nonchalantly, "S'pose ye *know* this 'ere 's a toll-road." The emphasis on the word "know" conveyed so much that we laughed in his face. Clever monosyllable, it stood for a whole paragraph.

"Oh, yes," we said, "we know it. It 's worth fifty cents, is n't it, to get high up on Cheyenne Mountain?"

"Well, yes," he replied, reflectively, "s'pose 't is. It 's a mighty good road, anyhow. Found blossom rock up there yesterday," he added, with the odd, furtive, gleaming expression which I have so often seen in the eyes of men who spoke of a possible or probable mine; "true blossom rock. The assayer, he was up, an' he says it 's the real mineral, no mistake," he continued, and there seemed a fine and unconscious scorn in the way he fingered the dingy and torn paper half dollar with which we had paid for the right to drive over what might be chambers of silver and gold.

"Blossom rock," I said, "why 'blossom'?" To call this particular surface mineral the flower of the silver root lying below is a strange fancy, surely; it seems a needlessly poverty-stricken device for nature's realms to borrow names from each other.

A few rods' steep climb and we have left the foot-hill and are absolutely on the mountain. The road tacks as sharply as a ship in a gale; we are facing north instead of south, and are already on a ledge so high that we have the sense of looking over as well as of looking off. The plains have even now the pale pink flush which only distance gives,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and our town, though it is only four miles away, looks already like a handful of yellow and white pebbles on a sand beach, so suddenly and so high are we lifted above it. We are not only on the mountain, we are among the rocks, — towering rocks of bright red sandstone, thick-grown in spaces with vivid yellow-green lichen. They are almost terrible in spite of their beauty of color, so high, so straight, so many-pointed are they. The curves of the road would seem to be more properly called loops, so narrow are they, so closely do they hug the sharp projections round which they turn and wind and turn and wind. One is tempted to say that the road has lassoed the mountain and caught it, like a conquered Titan, in a tangle of coils. At every inner angle of the curves is a wide turn-out, where we wait to give the horses breath and to watch if there be any one coming down. Round the outer angles we go at a slow pace, praying that there may be no one just the other side. When we face northward, the mountain shuts off all sun and we are in cold shadow; the instant we double the outer point of the ridge and face southward, we are in full sunshine; thus we alternate from twilight to high noon and from high noon to twilight in a swift and bewildering succession. On our right we look down into chasms bristling with sharp rocks and pointed tops of fir-trees; on our left the mountain-side rises, now abruptly like a wall, now in sloping tiers. After a mile of these steep ascents we come out on a very promontory of precipices. Here we turn the flank of the mountain, and a great vista to the west and north opens up before us, peak rising above peak with softer hills crowding in between; below us, canyon after canyon, ridge after ridge, a perfect net-work of ins and outs and ups and downs, and our little brown thread of a road swinging along at easy levels above it all. There is no more hard climbing. There are even down slopes on which the horses trot, in the shade of high pine-trees on either hand, now and then coming upon a spot where the ridge has widened sufficiently for the trees to dispose themselves in a more leisurely and assured fashion like a lowland grove, instead of clinging at a slant on steep sides, as they are for the most part driven to do; now and then coming out on opens, where a canyon lies bare and yawning like a great gash in the mountain's side, its slopes of fine red or yellow gravelly sand seeming to be in a perpetual slide from top to bottom, only held in place by bowlders here and there, which stick out like grotesque heads of rivets with which the hill had been mended. Here we find the kinnikinnick in its perfection, enormous mats of it lying compact, glossy, green and claret-tinted, as if enameled, on the yellow sand. Painters have thought it worth while to paint over and over again some rare face or spot whose beauty perpetually eluded their grasp and refused to be transferred to canvas. Why should I not be equally patient and loyal to this exquisite vine, of which I have again and again, and always vainly, tried to say what it is like, and how beautiful is the mantle it flings over bare and stony places?

Imagine that a garden border of box should lay itself down and behave like a blackberry vine, — run, and scramble, and overlap, and send myriads of long tendrils out in all directions, — and you will have a picture of the shape, the set of the leaf, the thick matting of the branches, and the utter unrestrainedness of a root of kinnikinnick. Add to this the shine of the leaf of the myrtle, the green of green grass in June, and the claret-red of the blackberry vine in November, and you will have a picture of its lustrousness and its colors. The solid centres of the mats are green; the young tendrils run out more and more vivid red to their tips. In June it is fragrant with clusters of small pink and white bells, much like the huckleberry blossom. In December it is gay with berries as red as the berries of the holly. Neither midsummer heat nor midwinter cold can tarnish the sheen nor shrivel the fullness of its leaf. It has such vitality that no barrenness, no drought, deters it; in fact, it is more luxuriant on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bare gravelly slopes of which I was just now speaking, than I have ever seen it elsewhere. Yet its roots seem to take slight hold of the soil. You may easily, by a little care in loosening the tendrils, pull up solid mats five to seven feet long. Fancy these at Christmas in one's house. I look up, as I write, at one upon my own wall. It has a stem an inch in diameter, gnarled and twisted like an old cedar — the delight of an artistic eye, the surprise and scorn of the Philistine, to whom it looks merely like fire-wood. From this gnarled bough bursts a great growth of luxuriant green branches, each branch claret-red at its tips and vivid green at its centre. It has hung as a crown of late dower over the head of my Beatrice Cenci for two months, and not a leaf has fallen. It will hang there unchanged until June, if I choose. This virtue is partly its own, partly the spell of the wonderful dryness of our Colorado air, in which all things do as Mrs. Stowe says New Englanders do when they are old, "dry up a little and then last."

Still running westward along the north side of the mountain, the road follows the ridge lines of the huge, furrow-like canyons which cleave the mountain from its base to its summit. These make a series of triangles piercing the solid mass, and we zigzag up one side, round the sharp inner corner, and down the other side, then round the outer point and then up and down just such another triangle, and so on for miles. The sight of these great gorges is grand: a thousand feet down to their bottom on the one hand, and a thousand feet up to their top on the other. Looking forward or back across them we see the line of our road like a narrow ledge on the precipice; a carriage on it looks as if it had been let down by ropes from the top. Soon we come to great tracts of pines and firs growing scantily at incredible angles on these steep slopes; many trees have been cut and are lying about on the ground, as if giants had been playing jackstraws and had gone away leaving their game unfinished. They call these trees "timber;" that is "corpse" for a tree. A reverent sadness always steals on my thoughts when I see a dead tree lying where the ax slew it. The road winds farther and farther into a labyrinth of mountain fastnesses; gradually these become clear to the eye, a certain order and system in their succession. The great Cheyenne Canyon stretches like a partially hewn pathway between the mountain we are on and the rest of the range lying to north of it. This northward wall is rocky, seamed, and furrowed; bare, water-worn cliffs hundreds of feet high alternate with intervals of pine forest, which look black and solid in the shade, but in full sunlight are seen to be sparse, so that even from the other side of the canyon you may watch every tree's double of black shadow thrown on the ground below, making a great rafter-work floor, as it were, from which the trees seem to rise like columns. Above this, stretch away endless tiers of peaks and round hills, more than one can count, because at each step some of them sink out of sight and new ones crop up. Some are snow-topped; some have a dark, serrated line of firs over their summits; some look like mere masses of bowlders and crags, their upper lines standing clear out against the sky, like the jagged top of a ruined wall; on all the slopes leading down into the canyons are rows of pines, like besiegers climbing up, and on most of the upper connecting ridges lies a fine white line of snow, like a silver thread knitting peak to peak. From all the outer points of these gorges, as we look back to the east, we have exquisite glimpses of the plains, framed always in a triangle made by sloping canyon walls. I doubt if it would be possible to render one of these triangle pictures as we get them from between these intersecting and over-lapping walls. A yucca plant ten inches high may happen to come into the near foreground so that it helps to frame them; and yet their upper horizon line is miles and miles away. I have never seen so marvelous a blending of the far and the near as they give.

Still the road winds and winds, and the sense of remoteness grows stronger and stronger. The silence of the wilder-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness, what is there like it? The silence of the loneliest ruin is silence only because time has hushed the sounds with which the ruin was once alive. This is silence like that in which the world lay pregnant before time began.

Just as this grand, significant silence was beginning to make us silent too, we came suddenly upon a little open where the wilderness was wilderness no longer. One man had tamed it. On our right hand stood his forge, on our left his house. Both forge and house were of a novel sort; nowhere but in the heart of the Rocky Mountains would they have been called by such names. The forge consisted of a small pine-tree, a slender post some four feet distant from it, a pile of stones and gravel, a log, and a pair of bellows. The house was perhaps eight feet high; the walls reached up one third that height: first three logs, then two planks; there the wall ended. One front post was a pine-tree, the other a rough cedar stump; from the ridge-pole hung a sail-cloth roof which did not meet the walls; very airy must be the blacksmith's house on a cold night, in spite of the southeast winds being kept off by a huge bowlder twenty feet high. On one side stood an old dead cedar-tree with crooked arms, like some marine monster; one of the arms was the blacksmith's pantry, and there hung his dinners for a week or more, a big haunch of venison. A tomtit not much larger than a humming-bird was feasting on it by snatches. The tiny creature flew from the topmost branch of the tree down to the venison, took a bite, and was back again safe on the upper bough in far less time than I take to write his name; less than a second a trip he took, I think; never once did he pause for a second bite, never once rest on a lower branch; he fairly seemed to buzz in the air, so fast he flew up and down.

"So you board the tomtit, do you?" we said to the blacksmith, who stood near by, piling boughs on a big fire.

"Yes; he 's so little I can afford to keep him," replied the blacksmith, with a quiet twinkle in his eye and the cheery tone of a good heart in his voice; "he jest about lives in that tree, an' there 's generally suthin' there for him."

It was a spot to win a man's love, the spot the blacksmith had chosen for his temporary home, the little open had so sheltered and sheltering a look: to the south, east, north, mountain walls; to the west a vista, a suggestion of outlet, and a great friendliness of pine-trees. Two small brooks ran across the clearing. A thick line of bare, gray cottonwoods marked them now; in the summer they would be bowers of green, and the little bridges across them would be hid in thickets of foliage. The upper line of the southern mountain wall stood out against the sky in bold and fantastic shapes, endlessly suggestive. That rocks not hewn by men's hands should have such similitudes is marvelous. I have seen photographs of ruins in Edom and Palmyra which seem to be almost reproductions of these rocky summit outlines of some of our Colorado peaks.

A half-mile farther on we came upon the camp of the men who were building the road. "Camp" is an elastic word. In this case it meant merely a small pine grove, two big fires, and some piles of blankets. Here the road ceased. As we halted, three dogs came bounding towards us, barking most furiously. One of them stopped suddenly, gave one searching look at me, put her tail between her legs, and with a pitiful yelp of terror turned and fled. I walked slowly after her; she would look back over her shoulder, turn, make one or two lunges at me, barking shrilly, then with the same yelp of terror run swiftly away; at last she grew brave enough to keep her face toward me, but continually backed away, alternating her bark of defiance with her yelp of terror in a way which was irresistibly ludicrous. We were utterly perplexed by her behavior until her master, as soon as he could speak for laughing, explained it.

"Yer see, that 'ere dog 's never seen a woman afore! She was reared in the woods, an' I hain't never took her nowheres, an' thet 's jest the fact on 't; she dunno what to make of a woman."

It grew droller and droller. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other dogs were our good friends at once, leaped about us, snuffed us, and licked our hands as we spoke to them. Poor Bowser hung back and barked furiously with warning and menace whenever I patted one of the other dogs, but if I took a step nearer her she howled and fled in the most abject way.

Two men were baking bread, and there seemed a good-natured rivalry between them.

"I 've got a leetle too much soda in it," said one, as I peered curiously into his big bake kettle, lifting the cover, "but his'n 's all burnt on the top," with a contemptuous cock of his eye towards his fellow-baker. It is said to be very good, this impromptu bread, baked in a shapeless lump in an iron kettle, with coals underneath and coals on the lid above. It did not look so, however. I think I should choose the ovens of civilization.

The owner of my canine foe was a man some fifty-five or sixty years old. He had a striking face, a clear blue-gray eye, with a rare mixture of decision and sentiment in it, a patriarchal gray beard, and a sensitive mouth. He wore a gray hat, broader-brimmed even than a Quaker's, and it added both picturesqueness and dignity to his appearance. His voice was so low, his intonation so good, that the uncultured speech seemed strangely out of place on his lips. He had lived in the woods "nigh eight year," sometimes in one part of the Territory, sometimes in another. He had been miner, hunter, farmer, and now road-builder. A very little talk with men of this sort usually draws from them some unexpected revelations of the motives or the incidents of their career. A long lonely life produces in the average mind a strange mixture of the taciturn and the confidential. The man of the wilderness will journey by your side whole days in silence; then, of a sudden, he will speak to you of matters of the most secret and personal nature, matters which it would be, for you, utterly impossible to mention to a stranger. We soon learned the secret of this man's life in the woods. Nine years ago his wife had died. That broke up his farm home, and after that "all places seemed jest alike" to him, and "somehow" he "kinder took to the woods." What an unconscious tribute there is in that phrase to nature's power as a beneficent healer.

"There was another reason, too," he added. "My wife, she died o' consumption, hereditary, an' them two boys 'd ha' gone the same way ef I had n't kep' 'em out-o'-doors," pointing to two stalwart young men perhaps eighteen and twenty. "They hain't slep' under a roof for eight year, an' now they 're as strong an' hearty as you 'd wish to see." They were, indeed, and they may thank their father's wisdom for it.

Just beyond this camp was a cabin of fir boughs. Who that has not seen can conceive of the fragrant loveliness of a small house built entirely of fir boughs? It adds to the spice and the green and the airy lightness and the shelter of the pine-tree a something of the compactness and deftness and woven beauty of a bird's nest. I never weary of looking at it, outside and in: outside, each half-confined twig lifting its cross of soft, plumy ends and stirring a little in the wind, as it used to do when it grew on the tree; inside, the countless glints of blue sky showing through the boughs, as when one lies on his back under a low pine-tree and looks up. This cabin has only three sides built of boughs. The fourth is a high bowlder, which slants away at just the right angle to make a fire-place. The stone is of a soft, friable kind, and the fire has slowly eaten its way in, now and then cracking off a huge slice, until there is quite a fine "open Franklin" for the cabin. It draws well when the wind is in the right direction, as I can testify, for I have made fires in it. If the wind is from the east, it smokes, but I never heard of an open Franklin that did n't.

The coming down over our new road is so unlike the going up that the very road seems changed. The beautiful triangular pictures of the distant plains are constantly before our eyes, widening at each turn, and growing more and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more distinct at each lower level we reach. The blue line of the divide in the northern horizon looks always like a solid line of blue. By what process a stretch of green timber land turns into a wall of lapis lazuli, does the science of optics teach?

It is nearly sunset as we descend. The plains look boundless. Their color is a soft mingling of pink and yellow and gray; each smallest hollow and hill has a tint of its own, and hills and hollows alike seem dimples on the smooth expanse. Here and there patches of plowed land add their clear browns with a fine effect of dark mosaics on the light surface.

As we pass the bare slopes where the kinnikinnick is richest and greenest, we load our carriage with its lovely, shining mats. Below, on the soft pink plains, is a grave we love. It lies in the shade of great pines, on a low hill to the west of the town. Surely, never did a little colony find ready to its hand a lovelier burial-place than this.

Long ago there must have been water-courses among these low hills, else these pines could never have grown so high and strong. The water-courses are dried now, and only barren sands lie around the roots of the great trees, but still they live and flourish, as green in December as in June, and the wind in their branches chants endless chants above the graves.

This grave that we love lies, with four pines guarding it closely, on a westward slope which holds the very last rays of the setting sun. We look up from it to the glorious, snow-topped peaks which pierce the sky, and the way seems very short over which our friend has gone. The little mound is kept green with the faithful kinnikinnick vines, and we bring them, now, from the highest slopes which our new road reaches, on the mountain our friend so loved.

*H. H.*

---

## TOO FINE FOR MORTAL EAR.

"HEARD melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter," sang a poet dreamer well:
And somewhere in Arabia lives a bird
Whose little throat seems evermore to swell
With music, while her tender golden tongue
Throbs in its parted beak as if she sung,
Though ne'er by sound the brooding air is stirred
Save when on almond-trees she folds her wings.
Yet men do follow her, and cry, "She sings;
Yea, alway sings, had we but ears to hear."
And when across the vacant morning clear
Her rare and rapturous melody she flings,
"Ah God," they cry, low listening 'neath her tree,
"How ravishing sweet the unheard notes must be!"

*Helen Barron Bostwick.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## DANIEL DERONDA: A CONVERSATION.

THEODORA, one day early in the autumn, sat on her piazza with a piece of embroidery, the design of which she invented as she proceeded, being careful, however, to have a Japanese screen before her, to keep her inspiration at the proper altitude. Pulcheria, who was paying her a visit, sat near her with a closed book, in a paper cover, in her lap. Pulcheria was playing with the little dog, rather idly, but Theodora was stitching, steadily and meditatively. "Well," said Theodora, at last, "I wonder what he accomplished in the East." Pulcheria took the little dog into her lap and made him sit on the book. "Oh," she replied, "they had tea-parties at Jerusalem, — exclusively of ladies, — and he sat in the midst and stirred his tea and made high-toned remarks. And then Mirah sang a little, just a little, on account of her voice being so weak. Sit still, Fido," she continued, addressing the little dog, "and keep your nose out of my face. But it 's a nice little nose, all the same," she pursued, "a nice little short snub nose, and not a horrid big Jewish nose. Oh, my dear, when I think what a collection of noses there must have been at that wedding!" At this moment Constantius steps out upon the piazza from the long parlor window, hat and stick in hand and his shoes a trifle dusty. He has some steps to take before he reaches the end of the piazza where the ladies are sitting, and this gives Pulcheria time to murmur, "Talk of snub noses!" Constantius is presented by Theodora to Pulcheria, and he sits down and exclaims upon the admirable blueness of the sea, which lies in a straight band across the green of the little lawn; comments too upon the pleasure of having one side of one's piazza in the shade. Soon Fido, the little dog, still restless, jumps off Pulcheria's lap and reveals the book, which lies title upward. "Oh," says Constantius, "you have been finishing Daniel Deronda?" Then follows a conversation which it will be more convenient to present in another form.

*Theodora.* Yes, Pulcheria has been reading aloud the last chapters to me. They are wonderfully beautiful.

*Constantius* (after a moment's hesitation). Yes, they are very beautiful. I am sure you read well, Pulcheria, to give the fine passages their full value.

*Theodora.* She reads well when she chooses, but I am sorry to say that in some of the fine passages of this last book she took quite a false tone. I could n't have read them aloud, myself; I should have broken down. But Pulcheria, — would you really believe it? — when she could n't go on, it was not for tears, but for — the contrary.

*Constantius.* For smiles? Did you really find it comical? One of my objections to Daniel Deronda is the absence of those delightfully humorous passages which enlivened the author's former works.

*Pulcheria.* Oh, I think there are some places as amusing as anything in Adam Bede or The Mill on the Floss: for instance, where, at the last, Deronda wipes Gwendolen's tears and Gwendolen wipes his.

*Constantius.* Yes, I know what you mean. I can understand that situation presenting a slightly ridiculous image; that is, if the current of the story does not swiftly carry you past that idea.

*Pulcheria.* What do you mean by the current of the story? I never read a story with less current. It is not a river; it is a series of lakes. I once read of a group of little uneven ponds resembling, from a bird's-eye view, a looking-glass which had fallen upon the floor and broken, and was lying in fragments. That is what Daniel Deronda would look like, on a bird's-eye view.

*Theodora.* Pulcheria found that comparison in a French novel. She is always reading French novels.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Constantius.* Ah, there are some very good ones.

*Pulcheria* (perversely). I don't know; I think there are some very poor ones.

*Constantius.* The comparison is not bad, at any rate. I know what you mean by Daniel Deronda lacking current. It has almost as little as Romola.

*Pulcheria.* Oh, Romola is unpardonably slow; it absolutely stagnates.

*Constantius.* Yes, I know what you mean by that. But I am afraid you are not friendly to our great novelist.

*Theodora.* She likes Balzac and George Sand and other impure writers.

*Constantius.* Well, I must say I understand that.

*Pulcheria.* My favorite novelist is Thackeray, and I am extremely fond of Miss Austen.

*Constantius.* I understand that, too. You read over The Newcomes and Pride and Prejudice.

*Pulcheria.* No, I don't read them over, now; I think them over. I have been making visits for a long time past to a series of friends, and I have spent the last six months in reading Daniel Deronda aloud. Fortune would have it that I should always arrive by the same train as the new number. I am considered a frivolous, idle creature; I am not a disciple in the new school of embroidery, like Theodora; so I was immediately pushed into a chair and the book thrust into my hand, that I might lift up my voice and make peace between all the impatiences that were snatching at it. So I may claim at least that I have read every word of the work. I never skipped.

*Theodora.* I should hope not, indeed!

*Constantius.* And do you mean that you really did n't enjoy it?

*Pulcheria.* I found it protracted, pretentious, pedantic.

*Constantius.* I see; I can understand that.

*Theodora.* Oh, you understand too much! Here is the twentieth time you have used that formula.

*Constantius.* What will you have? You know I must try to understand, it 's my trade.

*Theodora.* He means he writes reviews. Trying *not* to understand is what I call that trade!

*Constantius.* Say, then, I take it the wrong way; that is why it has never made my fortune. But I do try to understand; it is my — my — (He pauses.)

*Theodora.* I know what you want to say. Your strong side.

*Pulcheria.* And what is his weak side?

*Theodora.* He writes novels.

*Constantius.* I have written *one.* You can't call that a side.

*Pulcheria.* I should like to read it, — not aloud!

*Constantius.* You can't read it softly enough. But you, Theodora, you did n't find our book too "protracted"?

*Theodora.* I should have liked it to continue indefinitely, to keep coming out always, to be one of the regular things of life.

*Pulcheria.* Oh, come here, little dog! To think that Daniel Deronda might be perpetual when you, little short-nosed darling, can't last at the most more than eight or nine years!

*Theodora.* A book like Daniel Deronda becomes part of one's life; one lives in it or alongside of it. I don't hesitate to say that I have been living in this one for the last eight months. It is such a complete world George Eliot builds up; it is so vast, so much-embracing! It has such a firm earth and such an ethereal sky. You can turn into it and lose yourself in it.

*Pulcheria.* Oh, easily, and die of cold and starvation!

*Theodora.* I have been very near to poor Gwendolen and very near to dear little Mirah. And the dear little Meyricks, also; I know them intimately well.

*Pulcheria.* The Meyricks, I grant you, are the best thing in the book.

*Theodora.* They are a delicious family; I wish they lived in Boston. I consider Herr Klesmer almost Shakespearian, and his wife is almost as good. I have been near to poor, grand Mordecai —

*Pulcheria.* Oh, reflect, my dear; not too near.

*Theodora.* And as for Deronda him-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self, I freely confess that I am consumed with a hopeless passion for him. He is the most irresistible man in the literature of fiction.

*Pulcheria.* He is not a man at all!

*Theodora.* I remember nothing more beautiful than the description of his childhood, and that picture of his lying on the grass in the abbey cloister, a beautiful seraph-faced boy, with a lovely voice, reading history and asking his Scotch tutor why the Popes had so many nephews. He must have been delightfully handsome.

*Pulcheria.* Never, my dear, with that nose! I am sure he had a nose, and I hold that the author has shown great pusillanimity in her treatment of it. She has quite shirked it. The picture you speak of is very pretty, but a picture is not a person. And why is he always grasping his coat-collar, as if he wished to hang himself up? The author had an uncomfortable feeling that she must make him do something real, something visible and sensible, and she hit upon that awkward device. I don't see what you mean by saying you have been *near* those people; that is just what one is not. They produce no illusion. They are described and analyzed to death, but we don't see them or hear them or touch them. Deronda clutches his coat-collar, Mirah crosses her feet, and Mordecai talks like the Bible; but that does n't make real figures of them. They have no existence outside of the author's study.

*Theodora.* If you mean that they are nobly imaginative, I quite agree with you; and if they say nothing to your own imagination, the fault is yours, not theirs.

*Pulcheria.* Pray don't say they are Shakespearian again. Shakespeare went to work another way.

*Constantius.* I think you are both in a measure right; there is a distinction to be drawn. There are in Daniel Deronda the figures based upon observation and the figures based upon invention. This distinction, I know, is rather a rough one. There are no figures in any novel that are pure observation and none that are pure invention. But either element may preponderate, and in those cases in which invention has preponderated George Eliot seems to me to have achieved at the best but so many brilliant failures.

*Theodora.* And are *you* turning severe? I thought you admired her so much.

*Constantius.* I defy any one to admire her more, but one must discriminate. Speaking brutally, I consider Daniel Deronda the weakest of her books. It strikes me as very sensibly inferior to Middlemarch. I have an immense opinion of Middlemarch.

*Pulcheria.* Not having been obliged by circumstances to read Middlemarch to other people, I did n't read it at all. I could n't read it to myself. I tried, but I broke down. I appreciated Rosamond, but I could n't believe in Dorothea.

*Theodora* (very gravely). So much the worse for you, Pulcheria. I have enjoyed Daniel Deronda *because* I had enjoyed Middlemarch. Why should you throw Middlemarch up against her? It seems to me that if a book is fine it is fine. I have enjoyed Deronda deeply, from beginning to end.

*Constantius.* I assure you, so have I. I can read nothing of George Eliot's without enjoyment. I even enjoy her poetry, though I don't approve of it. In whatever she writes I enjoy her mind — her large, luminous, airy mind. The intellectual brilliancy of Daniel Deronda strikes me as very great, in excess of anything the author had done. In the first couple of numbers of the book this ravished me. I delighted in its tone, its deep, rich English tone, in which so many notes seemed melted together.

*Pulcheria.* The tone is not English, it is German.

*Constantius.* I understand that — if Theodora will allow me to say so. Little by little I began to feel that I cared less for certain notes than for others. I say it under my breath — I began to feel an occasional temptation to skip. Roughly speaking, all the Jewish burden of the story tended to weary me; it is this part

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that produces the small illusion which I agree with Pulcheria in finding. Gwendolen and Grandcourt are admirable. Gwendolen is a masterpiece. She is known, felt, and presented, psychologically, altogether in the grand manner. Beside her and beside her husband — a consummate picture of English brutality refined and distilled (for Grandcourt is before all things brutal) — Deronda, Mordecai, and Mirah are hardly more than shadows. They and their fortunes are all improvisation. I don't say anything against improvisation. When it succeeds it has a surpassing charm. But it must succeed. With George Eliot it seems to me to succeed only partially, less than one would expect of her talent. The story of Deronda's life, his mother's story, Mirah's story, are quite the sort of thing one finds in George Sand. But they are really not so good as they would be in George Sand. George Sand would have carried it off with a lighter hand.

*Theodora.* Oh, Constantius, how can you compare George Eliot's novels to that woman's? It is sunlight and moonshine.

*Pulcheria.* I really think the two writers are very much alike. They are both very voluble, both addicted to moralizing and philosophizing *à tout bout de champ*, both inartistic!

*Constantius.* I see what you mean. But George Eliot is solid and George Sand is liquid. When occasionally George Eliot liquefies, — as in the history of Deronda's birth, and in that of Mirah, — it is not to as crystalline a clearness as the author of Consuelo and André. Take Mirah's long narrative of her adventures, when she unfolds them to Mrs. Meyrick. It is arranged, it is artificial, old-fashioned, quite in the George Sand manner. But George Sand would have done it better. The false tone would have remained, but it would have been more persuasive. It would have been a fib, but the fib would have been neater.

*Theodora.* I don't think fibbing neatly a merit; and I don't see what is to be gained by such comparisons. George Eliot is pure and George Sand is impure; how can you compare them? As for the Jewish element in Deronda, I think it a very fine idea; it's a noble subject. Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon would not have thought of it, but that does not condemn it. It shows a large conception of what one may do in a novel. I heard you say, the other day, that most novels were so trivial — that they had no general ideas. Here is a general idea, the idea interpreted by Deronda. I have never disliked the Jews, as some people do; I am not like Pulcheria, who sees a Jew in every bush. I wish there were one; I would cultivate shrubbery! I have known too many clever and charming Jews; I have known none that were not clever.

*Pulcheria.* Clever, but not charming!

*Constantius.* I quite agree with you as to Deronda's going in for the Jews and turning out a Jew himself being a fine subject, and this quite apart from the fact of whether such a thing as a Jewish revival is at all a possibility. If it is a possibility, so much the better — so much the better for the subject, I mean.

*Pulcheria. A la bonne heure!*

*Constantius.* I rather suspect it is not a possibility; that the Jews in general take themselves much less seriously than that. They have other fish to fry! George Eliot takes them as a person outside of Judaism — picturesquely. I don't believe that is the way they take themselves.

*Pulcheria.* They have the less excuse, then, for keeping themselves so dirty.

*Theodora.* George Eliot must have known some delightful Jews!

*Constantius.* Very likely; but I should n't wonder if the most delightful of them had smiled a trifle, here and there, over her book. But that makes nothing, as Herr Klesmer would say. The subject is a noble one. The idea of depicting a nature able to feel and worthy to feel the sort of inspiration that takes possession of Deronda, of depicting it sympathetically, minutely, and intimately — such an idea has great elevation. There is something very fascinating in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mission that Deronda takes upon himself. I don't quite know what it means, I don't understand more than half of Mordecai's rhapsodies, and I don't perceive exactly what practical steps could be taken. Deronda could go about and talk with clever Jews — not an unpleasant life.

*Pulcheria.* All that seems to me so unreal that when at the end the author finds herself confronted with the necessity of making him start for the East by the train, and announces that Sir Hugo and Lady Mallinger have given his wife "a complete Eastern outfit," I descend to the ground with a ludicrous jump.

*Constantius.* Unreal if you please; that is no objection to it; it greatly tickles my imagination. I like extremely the idea of Mordecai believing, without ground of belief, that if he only waits, a young man on whom nature and society have centred all their gifts will come to him and receive from his hands the precious vessel of his hopes. It is romantic, but it is not vulgar romance; it is finely romantic. And there is something very fine in the author's own feeling about Deronda. He is a very generous creation. He is, I think, a failure — a brilliant failure; if he had been a success I would call him a splendid creation. The author meant to do things very handsomely for him; she meant, apparently, to make a faultless human being.

*Pulcheria.* She made a dreadful prig.

*Constantius.* He *is* rather priggish, and one wonders that so clever a woman as George Eliot should n't see it.

*Pulcheria.* He has no blood in his body. His attitude at moments absolutely trenches on the farcical.

*Theodora.* Pulcheria likes the little gentlemen in the French novels who take good care of their attitudes, which are always the same attitude, the attitude of "conquest," and of a conquest that tickles their vanity. Deronda has a contour that cuts straight through the middle of all that. He is made of a stuff that is n't dreamt of in their philosophy.

*Pulcheria.* Pulcheria likes very much a novel which she read three or four years ago, but which she has not forgotten. It was by Ivan Tourguéneff, and it was called On the Eve. Theodora has read it, I know, because she admires Tourguéneff, and Constantius has read it, I suppose, because he has read everything.

*Constantius.* If I had no reason but that for my reading, it would be small. But Tourguéneff is my man.

*Pulcheria.* You were just now praising George Eliot's general ideas. The tale of which I speak contains in the portrait of the hero very much such a general idea as you find in the portrait of Deronda. Don't you remember the young Bulgarian student, Inssaroff, who gives himself the mission of rescuing his country from its subjection to the Turks? Poor man, if he had foreseen the horrible summer of 1876! His character is the picture of a race-passion, of patriotic hopes and dreams. But what a difference in the vividness of the two figures. Inssaroff is a man; he stands up on his feet; we see him, hear him, and touch him. And it has taken the author but a couple of hundred pages — not eight volumes — to do it!

*Theodora.* I don't remember Inssaroff at all, but I perfectly remember the heroine, Elena. She is certainly most remarkable, but, remarkable as she is, I should never dream of calling her so wonderful as Gwendolen.

*Constantius.* Tourguéneff is a magician, which I don't think I should call George Eliot. One is a poet, the other is a philosopher. One cares for the reason of things and the other cares for the aspect of things. George Eliot, in embarking with Deronda, took aboard, as it were, a far heavier cargo than Tourguéneff with his Inssaroff. She proposed, consciously, to strike more notes.

*Pulcheria.* Oh, consciously, yes!

*Constantius.* George Eliot wished to show the possible picturesqueness — the romance, as it were — of a high moral tone. Deronda is a moralist, a moralist with a rich complexion.

*Theodora.* It is a most beautiful nature. I don't know anywhere a more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complete, a more deeply analyzed portrait of a great nature. We praise novelists for wandering and creeping so into the small corners of the mind. That is what we praise Balzac for when he gets down upon all fours to crawl through the Père Goriot or the Parents Pauvres. But I must say I think it a finer thing to unlock with as firm a hand as George Eliot some of the greater chambers of human character. Deronda is in a manner an ideal character, if you will, but he seems to me triumphantly married to reality. There are some admirable things said about him; nothing can be finer than those pages of description of his moral temperament in the fourth book — his elevated way of looking at things, his impartiality, his universal sympathy, and at the same time his fear of their turning into mere irresponsible indifference. I remember some of it verbally: "He was ceasing to care for knowledge — he had no ambition for practice — unless they could be gathered up into one current with his emotions."

*Pulcheria.* Oh, there is plenty about his emotions. Everything about him is "emotive." That bad word occurs on every fifth page.

*Theodora.* I don't see that it is a bad word.

*Pulcheria.* It may be good German, but it is poor English.

*Theodora.* It is not German at all; it is Latin. So, my dear!

*Pulcheria.* As I say, then, it is not English.

*Theodora.* This is the first time I ever heard that George Eliot's style was bad!

*Constantius.* It is admirable; it has the most delightful and the most intellectually comfortable suggestions. But it is occasionally a little too long-sleeved, as I may say. It is sometimes too loose a fit for the thought, a little baggy.

*Theodora.* And the advice he gives Gwendolen, the things he says to her, they are the very essence of wisdom, of warm human wisdom, knowing life and feeling it. "Keep your fear as a safeguard, it may make consequences passionately present to you." What can be better than that?

*Pulcheria.* Nothing, perhaps. But what can be drearier than a novel in which the function of the hero — young, handsome, and brilliant — is to give didactic advice, in a proverbial form, to the young, beautiful, and brilliant heroine?

*Constantius.* That is not putting it quite fairly. The function of Deronda is to have Gwendolen fall in love with him, to say nothing of falling in love himself with Mirah.

*Pulcheria.* Yes, the less said about that the better. All we know about Mirah is that she has delicate rings of hair, sits with her feet crossed, and talks like a book.

*Constantius.* Deronda's function of adviser to Gwendolen does not strike me as so ridiculous. He is not nearly so ridiculous as if he were lovesick. It is a very interesting situation — that of a man with whom a beautiful woman in trouble falls in love, and yet whose affections are so preoccupied that the most he can do for her in return is to enter kindly and sympathetically into her position, pity her, and talk to her. George Eliot always gives us something that is strikingly and ironically characteristic of human life; and what savors more of the essential crookedness of human fortune than the sad cross-purposes of these two young people? Poor Gwendolen's falling in love with Deronda is part of her own luckless history, not of his.

*Theodora.* I do think he takes it to himself rather too little. No man had ever so little vanity.

*Pulcheria.* It is very inconsistent, therefore, as well as being extremely impertinent and ill-mannered, his buying back and sending to her her necklace at Leubronn.

*Constantius.* Oh, you must concede that; without it there would have been no story. A man writing of him, however, would certainly have made him more peccable. As George Eliot lets herself go about him she becomes delightfully, almost touchingly feminine. It is like her making Romola go to house-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keeping with Tessa, after Tito Melema's death; like her making Dorothea marry Will Ladislaw. If Dorothea had married any one after her misadventure with Casaubon, she would have married a hussar!

*Theodora.* Perhaps some day Gwendolen will marry Rex.

*Pulcheria.* Pray, who is Rex?

*Theodora.* Why, Pulcheria, how can you forget?

*Pulcheria.* Nay, how can I remember? But I recall such a name in the dim antiquity of the first or second book. Yes, and then he is pushed to the front again at the last, just in time not to miss the falling of the curtain. Gwendolen will certainly not have the audacity to marry any one we know so little about.

*Constantius.* I have been wanting to say that there seems to me to be two very distinct elements in George Eliot — a spontaneous one and an artificial one. There is what she is by inspiration, and what she is because it is expected of her. These two heads have been very perceptible in her recent writings; they are much less noticeable in her early ones.

*Theodora.* You mean that she is too scientific? So long as she remains the great literary genius that she is, how can she be too scientific? She is simply permeated with the highest culture of the age.

*Pulcheria.* She talks too much about the "dynamic quality" of people's eyes. When she uses such a phrase as that in the first sentence in her book she is not a great literary genius, because she shows a want of tact. There can't be a worse limitation.

*Constantius* (laughing). The "dynamic quality" of Gwendolen's glance has made the tour of the world.

*Theodora.* It shows a very low level of culture on the world's part to be agitated by a term perfectly familiar to all decently-educated people.

*Pulcheria.* I don't pretend to be decently educated; pray tell me what it means.

*Constantius* (promptly). I think Pulcheria has hit it in speaking of a want of tact. In the manner of Daniel Deronda, throughout, there is something that one may call a want of tact. The epigraphs in verse are a want of tact; they are sometimes, I think, a trifle more pretentious than really pregnant; the importunity of the moral reflections is a want of tact; the very diffuseness of the book is a want of tact. But it comes back to what I said just now about one's sense of the author writing under a sort of external pressure. I began to notice it in Felix Holt; I don't think I had before. She strikes me as a person who certainly has naturally a taste for general considerations, but who has fallen upon an age and a circle which have compelled her to give them an exaggerated attention. She does not strike me as naturally a critic, less still as naturally a skeptic; her spontaneous part is to observe life and to feel it, to feel it with admirable depth. Contemplation, sympathy, and faith, — something like that, I should say, would have been her natural scale. If she had fallen upon an age of enthusiastic assent to old articles of faith, it seems to me possible that she would have had a more perfect, a more consistent and graceful development, than she has actually had. If she had cast herself into such a current, — her genius being equal, — it might have carried her to splendid distances. But she has chosen to go into criticism, and to the critics she addresses her work; I mean the critics of the universe. Instead of feeling life itself, it is "views" upon life that she tries to feel.

*Pulcheria.* Pray, how can you feel a "view"?

*Constantius.* I don't think you can; you had better give up trying.

*Pulcheria.* She is the victim of a first-class education. I am so glad!

*Constantius.* Thanks to her admirable intellect she philosophizes very sufficiently; but meanwhile she has given a chill to her genius. She has come near spoiling an artist.

*Pulcheria.* She has quite spoiled one. Or rather I should n't say that, because there was no artist to spoil. I maintain that she is not an artist. An art-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ist could never have put a story together so monstrously ill. She has no sense of form.

*Theodora.* Pray, what could be more artistic than the way that Deronda's paternity is concealed till almost the end, and the way we are made to suppose Sir Hugo is his father?

*Pulcheria.* And Mirah his sister. How does that fit together? I was as little made to suppose he was not a Jew as I cared when I found out he was. And his mother popping up through a trap-door and popping down again, at the last, in that scrambling fashion! His mother is very bad.

*Constantius.* I think Deronda's mother is one of the unvivified characters; she belongs to the cold half of the book. All the Jewish part is at bottom cold; that is my only objection. I have enjoyed it because my fancy often warms cold things; but beside Gwendolen's history it is like the full half of the lunar disk beside the empty one. It is admirably studied, it is imagined, it is understood; but it is not realized. One feels this strongly in just those scenes between Deronda and his mother; one feels that one has been appealed to on rather an artificial ground of interest. To make Deronda's reversion to his native faith more dramatic and profound, the author has given him a mother who on very arbitrary grounds, apparently, has separated herself from this same faith, and who has been kept waiting in the wing, as it were, for many acts, to come on and make her speech and say so. This moral situation of hers we are invited retrospectively to appreciate. But we hardly care to do so.

*Pulcheria.* I don't *see* the princess, in spite of her flame-colored robe. Why should an actress and prima-donna care so much about religious matters?

*Theodora.* It was not only that; it was the Jewish race she hated, Jewish manners and looks. You, my dear, ought to understand that.

*Pulcheria.* I do, but I am not a Jewish actress of genius; I am not what Rachel was. If I were, I should have other things to think about.

*Constantius.* Think now a little about poor Gwendolen.

*Pulcheria.* I don't care to think about her. She was a second-rate English girl who spoke of her mother as "my mamma," and got into a flutter about a lord.

*Theodora.* I don't see that she is worse than if she were a first-rate American girl, who should speak of her female parent as "mother," and get into exactly the same flutter.

*Pulcheria.* It would n't be the same flutter, at all; it would n't be any flutter. She would n't be afraid of the lord.

*Theodora.* I am sure I don't perceive whom Gwendolen was afraid of. She was afraid of her misdeed, — her broken promise, — after she had committed it, and through that fear she was afraid of her husband. Well she might be! I can imagine nothing more vivid than the sense we get of his absolutely *clammy* selfishness.

*Pulcheria.* She was not afraid of Deronda when, immediately after her marriage, and without any but the most casual acquaintance with him, she begins to hover about him at the Mallingers', and to drop little confidences about her conjugal woes. That seems to me very indelicate; ask any woman.

*Constantius.* The very purpose of the author is to give us an idea of the sort of confidence that Deronda inspired — its irresistible potency!

*Pulcheria.* A lay father-confessor. Dreadful!

*Constantius.* And to give us an idea also of the acuteness of Gwendolen's depression, of her haunting sense of impending trouble.

*Theodora.* It must be remembered that Gwendolen was in love with Deronda from the first, long before she knew it. She did n't know it, poor girl, but that was it.

*Pulcheria.* That makes the matter worse. It is very disagreeable to have her rustling about a man who is indifferent to her, in that fashion.

*Theodora.* He was not indifferent to her, since he sent her back her necklace.

*Pulcheria.* Of all the delicate atten-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion to a charming girl that I ever heard of, that little pecuniary transaction is the most felicitous.

*Constantius.* You must remember that he had been *en rapport* with her at the gaming table. She had been playing in defiance of his observation, and he, continuing to observe her, had been in a measure responsible for her loss. There was a tacit consciousness of this between them. You may contest the possibility of tacit consciousness going so far, but that is not a serious objection. You may point out two or three weak spots in detail; the fact remains that Gwendolen's whole history is superbly told. And see how the girl is known, inside out, how thoroughly she is felt and understood! It is the most *intelligent* thing in all George Eliot's writing, and that is saying much. It is so deep, so true, so complete, it holds such a wealth of psychological detail, it is more than masterly.

*Theodora.* I don't know where the perception of character has sailed closer to the wind.

*Pulcheria.* The portrait may be admirable, but it has one little fault. You don't care a straw for the original. Gwendolen is not an interesting girl, and when the author tries to invest her with a deep tragic interest she does so at the expense of consistency. She has made her at the outset too light, too flimsy; tragedy has no hold on such a girl.

*Theodora.* You are hard to satisfy. You said this morning that Dorothea was too heavy, and now you find Gwendolen too light. George Eliot wished to give us the perfect counterpart of Dorothea. Having made one portrait she was worthy to make the other.

*Pulcheria.* She has committed the fatal error of making Gwendolen vulgarly, pettily, dryly selfish. She was *personally* selfish.

*Theodora.* I know nothing more personal than selfishness.

*Pulcheria.* I am selfish, but I don't go about with my chin out like that; at least I hope I don't. She was an odious young woman, and one can't care what becomes of her. When her marriage turned out ill she would have become still more hard and positive; to make her soft and appealing is very bad logic. The second Gwendolen does n't belong to the first.

*Constantius.* She is perhaps at the first a little childish for the weight of interest she has to carry, a little too much after the pattern of the unconscientious young ladies of Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell.

*Theodora.* Since when is it forbidden to make one's heroine young? Gwendolen is a perfect picture of youthfulness — its eagerness, its presumption, its preoccupation with itself, its vanity and silliness, its sense of its own absoluteness. But she is extremely intelligent and clever, and therefore tragedy *can* have a hold upon her. Her conscience does n't make the tragedy; that is an old story, and, I think, a secondary form of suffering. It is the tragedy that makes her conscience, which then reacts upon it; and I can think of nothing more powerful than the way in which the growth of her conscience is traced, nothing more touching than the picture of its helpless maturity.

*Constantius.* That is perfectly true. Gwendolen's history is admirably typical — as most things are with George Eliot; it is the very stuff that human life is made of. What is it made of but the discovery by each of us that we are at the best but a rather ridiculous fifth wheel to the coach, after we have sat cracking our whip and believing that we are at least the coachman in person? We think we are the main hoop to the barrel, and we turn out to be but a very incidental splinter in one of the staves. The universe, forcing itself with a slow, inexorable pressure into a narrow, complacent, and yet after all extremely sensitive mind, and making it ache with the pain of the process — that is Gwendolen's story. And it becomes completely characteristic in that her supreme perception of the fact that the world is whirling past her is in the disappointment not of a base, but of an exalted passion. The very chance to embrace

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what the author is so fond of calling a "larger life" seems refused to her. She is punished for being narrow and she is not allowed a chance to expand. Her finding Deronda preëngaged to go to the East and stir up the race-feeling of the Jews strikes one as a wonderfully happy invention. The irony of the situation, for poor Gwendolen, is almost grotesque, and it makes one wonder whether the whole heavy structure of the Jewish question in the story was not built up by the author for the express purpose of giving its proper force to this particular stroke.

*Theodora.* George Eliot's intentions are extremely complex. The mass is for each detail and each detail is for the mass.

*Pulcheria.* She is very fond of deaths by drowning. Maggie Tulliver and her brother are drowned, Tito Melema is drowned, Mr. Grandcourt is drowned. It is extremely unlikely that Grandcourt should not have known how to swim.

*Constantius.* He did, of course, but he had a cramp. It served him right. I can't imagine a more consummate representation of the most detestable kind of Englishman — the Englishman who thinks it low to articulate. And in Grandcourt the type and the individual are so happily met: the type with its sense of the proprieties, and the individual with his absence of all sense. He is the apotheosis of dryness, a human expression of the simple idea of the perpendicular.

*Theodora.* Mr. Casaubon in Middlemarch was very dry, too; and yet what a genius it is that can give us two disagreeable husbands who are so utterly different.

*Pulcheria.* You must count the two disagreeable wives, too — Rosamond Vincy and Gwendolen. They are very much alike. I know the author did n't mean it; it proves how common a type the worldly, *pincée*, illiberal young Englishwoman is. They are both disagreeable; you can't get over that.

*Constantius.* There is something in that, perhaps. I think, at any rate, that the secondary people here are less delightful than in Middlemarch; there is nothing so good as Mary Garth and her father, or the little old lady who steals sugar, or the parson who is in love with Mary, or the country relatives of old Mr. Featherstone. Rex Gascoigne is not so good as Fred Vincy.

*Theodora.* Mr. Gascoigne is admirable, and Mrs. Davilow is charming.

*Pulcheria.* And you must not forget that you think Herr Klesmer "Shakespearian." Would n't "Wagnerian" be high enough praise?

*Constantius.* Yes, one must make an exception with regard to the Klesmers and the Meyricks. They are delightful, and as for Klesmer himself, and Hans Meyrick, Theodora may maintain her epithet. Shakespearian characters are characters that are born out of the *overflow* of observation, characters that make the drama seem multitudinous, like life. Klesmer comes in with a sort of Shakespearian "value," as a painter would say, and so, in a different tone, does Hans Meyrick. They spring from a much-peopled mind.

*Theodora.* I think Gwendolen's confrontation with Klesmer one of the finest things in the book.

*Constantius.* It is like everything in George Eliot, it will bear thinking of.

*Pulcheria.* All that is very fine, but you cannot persuade me that Deronda is not a very awkward and ill-made story. It has nothing that one can call a subject. A silly young girl and a heavy, overwise young man who *don't* fall in love with her! That is the *donnée* of eight monthly volumes. I call it very flat. Is that what the exquisite art of Thackeray and Miss Austen and Hawthorne has come to? I would as soon read a German novel outright.

*Theodora.* There is something higher than form — there is spirit.

*Constantius.* I am afraid Pulcheria is sadly æsthetic. She had better confine herself to Mérimée.

*Pulcheria.* I shall certainly to-day read over the Double Méprise.

*Theodora.* Oh, my dear, don't!

*Constantius.* Yes, I think there is little art in Deronda, but I think there is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a vast amount of life. In life without art you can find your account; but art without life is a poor affair. The book is full of the world.

*Theodora.* It is full of beauty and sagacity, and there is quite art enough for me.

*Pulcheria* (to the little dog). We are silenced, darling, but we are not convinced, are we? (The dog begins to bark.) No, we are not even silenced. It's a young woman with two band-boxes.

*Theodora.* Oh, it must be our muslins.

*Constantius* (rising to go). I see what you mean!

*Henry James, Jr.*

---

## THE RIVER RALDIVVIR.

In Hindostan runneth a river,
A river that runs from a region
As holy and dread
As Vishnu's own head;
Its mystical name is Raldivvir,
Raldivvir the Red,
And broad as the ranks of a legion
It flows o'er its bed.

Far back ere the world was yet weary,
While Aryan tribes were still roaming,
No river ran there,
But, arid and bare,
A desolate desert lay dreary
And burning and dry;
No wild beast that fled with mouth foaming;
Fled there but to die.

A tribe that had wandered and wandered
Far into the desert, were dying
Beneath the fierce sun,
The blinding, fierce sun,
While round them the hot sand-storms thundered.
They died one by one;
The wild sand-storms round them were flying,
Escape there was none.

Then out spake the chieftain Volezert,
The chief of the gray-bearded sages:
"O Vishnu, I pray
Thou lead us the way
From out of this terrible desert,
And lo! I will build
A shrine that shall show through the ages
Thy glory fulfilled."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He bowed to the ground and he waited,
But all that he heard was the creeping
Of sand in the wind,
Till, choking and blind,
"My children," he said, "we are fated,
And near is the end."
Then wild with despair and with weeping
Friend held unto friend.

They cried to their gods, but no answer
Came forth from the darkness, sand-laden,
When swift as a glance,
Erect as a lance,
Up started Raldivvir the dancer,
A maiden so fair,
So pure and so fair, that no maiden
With her could compare.

"O Vishnu, I come to thee, lowly;
No shrine can I build to thy glory,
But now would I die,
That all here may fly
From death, and, O Vishnu the holy,
I call on thy name."
She ceased, and the sages, the hoary
Old men, flushed with shame.

They gazed at the kneeling Raldivvir,
Then shouted, "Her prayer is availing!"
For leaping to light,
A rivulet bright
Sprang forth and it grew to a river;
It grew all the day.
They builded them boats and went sailing
Away, far away.

And now the tall, swaying pomegranate
Bends low o'er the banks of the river.
The tiger is there,
Crouched low in his lair,
Where swiftly beneath the red planet
The waves run as red
As blood of the maiden Raldivvir,
Raldivvir the dead.

*John G. Wilson.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CRUMBS OF TRAVEL.

## THE BRITISH BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE British boarding-house is built of brick, originally of a meek, unobtrusive mud color, but long since converted to surly, hopeless dinginess by innumerable layers of London fog and smoke. If the building were of Pentelican marble, and had originally glittered like the countenance of an angel, this grimy atmosphere would have changed it to the complexion of a sickly demon.

The position of this particular British boarding-house is admirable, almost commanding, and not unworthy of a palace. It overlooks a noble street, bordered by broad and superb footways; beyond this, and slightly elevated, stretch the magnificent carriage-way and riding-way and granite parapets of the great Thames Embankment; and a little below, but plainly visible, rolls the potent, the world-famous, the historic Thames.

Leaning out of his ramshackle bow-window, the impressed American boarder can discern, in one direction, the countless pinnacles and enormous towers of the Houses of Parliament. Turning in the other direction, he can see as far as the Tower of London, where William the Conqueror held court and garrison, where the royal children were murdered and Anne Boleyn was beheaded. Here and there, above and below, the renowned river is spanned by graceful giants of bridges, some of iron and some of granite. Up and down it fly perpetually the swift, sharp, black hulls of steam ferry-boats, touching and rebounding from dozens of costly piers, like humming-birds darting from flower to flower. When the tide is full, the boarder can see the decks of these vessels crowded with passengers; when the tide is low, their funnels scarcely appear above the parapet of the quay. For fourpence they will transport him from Chelsea to Greenwich, through eight miles or more of monstrous, massive London.

But the interior of the British boarding-house is also worthy of attention. In the first place, it has existed through such a lengthy though unknown period of time! The sojourner from the setting sun has never inquired when the edifice was built; but to his eyes, accustomed to frequent emissions of a shin-plaster architecture, it looks old enough to be fit for pulling down; and he has even a vague, superstitious feeling that its destruction would be an act of mercy, setting free many generations of ghosts which now tenant it, and permitting them to find places of rest. Indeed, if one may venture such a disrespectful statement, the edifice has not borne its years well. There is a looseness and also a clatteringness about its fittings which reminds one of machinery, and sets one to marveling what unearthly web and woof is being woven by the spirits of the invisible. There is a certain chamber door which rattles to that degree that the occupant frequently shouts "Come in," when nobody is there but a lost breeze which has stumbled into the house by some cranny and is fumbling in all directions to get out again. That occupant proudly believes that nothing in the world can out-rattle his door, except his windows. These last, especially when the wind blows from the southward side, have an ague which transports him with a mixture of admiration and pity. He would caulk them up with coats and trousers, only that he has other uses for those articles.

Everything within the room corresponds with these symptoms of senility. An antiquarian would fall down and worship before a certain bleared and tottering washstand which has, to all appearance, been in steady use for a matter of five or ten centuries. A shaky, worm-eaten bedstead, which the Plantagenets may have had the nightmare on, would fill the right kind of a soul with pensive joy. This bedstead, by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way, is so lofty that, if the boarder tumbles off it, he will dash himself to atoms on the grimiest of carpets. Into the composition of the bedding — the mere, sheer, complex, miscellaneous bedding — there is at least one man who has never dared to explore exhaustively. He knows, however, that it contains not only springs and mattresses, but also feathers. Furthermore, he has noted that what should be a bolster is simply a roll of threadbare blanket, ambuscaded under the sheet. The curtains are of a very venerable fabric, matching in color the grimy exterior of the building. In one corner of the room (and only to be discovered by pulling idiotically at the wall-paper) is a totally improbable closet which smells as though it might have been a locker in Noah's ark, so strong is the perfume of antediluvian bilge-water.

Yet this chamber is as fine as any of the others. Indeed, it is much fresher in the particular of atmosphere than certain ones which look dimly rearward upon a cramped and gloomy court, or rather pit, walled in by other equally sombre houses. Even the great parlor below stairs, though something like thirty feet long by fifteen high, is little less musty than an old beer-hogshead. One marvels, by the way, at finding such a saloon in such a place. But the dwelling was once aristocratic, as the transatlantic lodger constantly hears from his landlady, and as he frequently believes. All the rooms are wainscoted and garnished with deep moldings around the ceilings and with other architectural embellishments. Only, it is a decayed, besooted, befogged, stained, peeled, pockmarked, and musty grandeur. The gilt of the once gorgeous wall-paper has acquired a dusky glory, like that of stale gingerbread. The marble of the mantels looks several ages older than that of the Parthenon. The mahogany of the furniture belongs to an extinct species, and exhibits the infirmities which must attend even a sturdy old age. The eye cannot discover an object which has not been more or less nibbled and discolored by time and pitiless use.

Yet here, unless the genial landlady is an inventor of pleasing fictions, once abode wealth and rank and fashion; here many and many a night (one can't believe it all the time) the great Nelson and his officers have danced till morning. This starred and gartered and epauletted tradition has been repeated to the American boarder day by day, and has by him been compared doubtingly with the shabby decadence and brick exterior of the old dwelling, until the mighty admiral has come to assume in his mind a semi-fabulous character, as if he were Sir Launcelot or Jack the Giant-Killer. More than once he has been tempted to get rid of his bewilderments by affirming to the hostess that there never was such a person as Lord Nelson. But he has restrained himself through fear of producing an astonishment ending in paralysis.

The landlady, it must be deferentially understood, is a lady of the old school. She adores the queen, the royal family, the established church, and the city of London. Every day she has something new to tell about the most august personages of the realm. She knows all the particulars; she has read them in the morning papers. It is very surprising to stumble upon this last fact, after having walked for a while in the belief that the prince and the duchess were her condescending friends and sometimes dropped in to let her know of their health and doings. By the way, strange as it may seem to residents of the setting sun, multitudes of people on this island are thus worshipful-minded. There are millions of English men and English women who, if there were no longer an aristocracy to prattle about, would feel that they had lost one of the greatest pleasures of their lives.

"Did you ever see Sothern in Lord Dundreary?" a republican boarder once maliciously inquired of this loyal lady.

"I went to see him," she replied, gravely, as one might speak in confessing a lamentable error. "But I left at the hend of the first hact, just as soon as I saw what the play meant. I must say that I cannot bear to see *those matters* made light of."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By "those matters" she undoubtedly meant the intelligence and dignity of the British aristocracy.

"Are you fortunate enough to be the proprietor of this house?" was another query.

"I'll 'ave you to understand that my landlord is the Duke of ——!" she responded, curiously proud of the fact that her home was owned by a greater than herself.

To none of the naughty stories concerning the Prince of Wales did she lend an atom of faith.

"He is a good son of a good mother," she declared summarily. "These anecdotes are the invention of low people and mischievous radicals."

Once it seemed as if she would burst into tears while talking of the mighty capital of England.

"I know I love London," she murmured with a quavering voice. "I know I am an adorer. I love it only too well. I know it."

On a certain memorable day the Prince of Saxe-Weimar (the queen's cousin, if one is not painfully mistaken) called at the British boarding-house to inspect a fine service of Sèvres (valued at only seven thousand pounds sterling) which was held on sale by one of the lodgers.

"His Highness was struck with your parlor, madam," said the urbane fictile gentleman at dinner. "He remarked that he was quite surprised, after passing your modest entrance, to come upon so fine a *salon*."

It was really ennobling and purifying to see the expression of calm, brimming satisfaction which filled the loyal matron's countenance. She could not, or at least did not speak; she merely bowed her acknowledgments; but she was clearly in a state of beatitude. In passing, one may remark that this little speech of the prince's seems to show him a thorough gentleman, disposed to make his humbler fellow-creatures more content with themselves. He could not say much for the grandeur of the time-worn habitation, but what little he could say, he did.

It may excite lowly wonder that a lady so familiar with the aristocracy, at least in spirit, should occasionally drop her "aitches." Well, she did not spill a great many of them; there was no need of sweeping them up with a dust-pan. It was only now and then, more especially in dealing with local names and suchlike very familiar words, that she lost her grip on the aspirate. One might observe, for instance, that she generally said Igh Olborn, instead of High Holborn. By the way, it is an odd fact that Holborn once had no H, having started in life simply as Old Burn, that is to say, Old Brook. The cockneys added an aspirate to it, and, now that it is on, they take it off. It seems to be necessary for them to know how to write a word in order to know exactly how to mispronounce it.

The mistress of the British boarding-house speaks French, as she has good need to do. Her hostelry is a cosmopolitan resort, not only for English and Americans, but also for people of various continental nations. There are guests from Honduras, from India, from France, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. The pale lady who sits opposite the American lodger, and who weeps at him because he resembles her brother who died in the Dutch East India army, is a native of Hamburg. The pretty brunette, farther down, ran away last year from Cologne with her preferred lover, and is now taking him back from Chicago to present him as her husband to the forgiving old people. The graciously spoken gentleman who owns the service of Sèvres is half Hungarian, half Viennese, and seems to be equally at home in German, French, and Italian. There are days when English is the tongue least used at the dinner-table. Bottles of bordeaux and champagne are more frequent than bottles of ale and porter. The waiters are to a man Germans. Yet this is not the foreign part of the city; it is a mile or so from Leicester Square. The explanation is that London is a world-capital, and also that the house sets forth good claret at a fair price.

The daily charge for board, lodging,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service, and lights is eight shillings. A man can live cheaper than that in London, but if he does he is likely to live noticeably worse. The meals furnished are two: a breakfast whenever one calls for it, and a dinner at six. The breakfast consists of bacon and eggs, as much cold mutton as one chooses to cut from delicious joints, and a vast abundance of excellent tea and respectable toast, or tolerable bread with unsurpassable butter. The dinner generally presents soup, fish, a roast, two *entrées*, vegetables, dessert, fruit, and coffee. It is the copiousness and the meritorious cookery of this fare which induces many a lodger to stay on and on, while daily grumbling at the uninviting character of the sleeping accommodations and the mustiness of the atmosphere. A man soon learns, too, that, if he should go otherwheres, he would not be housed much better. Nothing is more remarkable about the boarding-houses or "private hotels" of London than their saddening uniformity of ancient perfumes and slovenly bedding.

By the way, it filled the American lodger with wonder to discover that ham and eggs is the usual breakfast of prosperous John Bull. He had supposed that this inexpensive nourishment was peculiar to his own native land, and especially to the hotels of North Carolina and adjoining regions. But the bird of freedom did not invent it; he inherited it from the British lion, or perhaps the unicorn. When the traveling Yankee Doodle, eager for culinary novelties, sets out for "merrie Englaunde," let him prepare himself for an exhaustless supply of what I once heard a Briton speak of emphatically as "some 'am and some heggs."

### THE BRITISH BEER SHOP.

The British beer shop is a manifold, a mighty, a terrible, a pathetic phenomenon.

Go where you will in England, but particularly in the larger and more prosperous cities, this hydra every now and then thrusts up one of its countless heads before you, all so similar in features that you can hardly distinguish between one and another, with the result that you are impressed at last with a fearful sense of multitude, of unescapable power, and of a power which is evil.

There is nothing terrifying in the staring sign, the great, gleaming windows, and other recognizable characteristics of a single London or Liverpool drinking saloon. Tired, perhaps, with sight-seeing, you are rather pleased to find such a haven in your way, and you rush in gladly to revive your forces with a draught of pale ale or porter. But after you have seen a thousand, after you have seen ten thousand, all more or less alike in physiognomy, all gushing from morn till midnight with malt liquors and fiery ardent spirits, all frequented and often crowded by drinking men and women and even infants, you begin to feel a sentiment of doubt and distrust which is capable of rising to something like terror. It seems to the imagination as if some immeasurable beast underlay all England, shooting up through the crust of the island innumerable glittering and drooling muzzles, all eager to poison and devour. You wonder how long the sturdy human breed here established can withstand this incessant hunger of a measureless monster. If you do not wish that there were no beer shops at all, you do perhaps come to desire that there might be fewer.

While they are many, they are little, these gin palaces, or whatever one chooses to call them; at least they seem small to an American by comparison with the continental bar-rooms which he can find in his native land. Exteriorly there is often a notable splendor of vast windows, sometimes of gilding, and by night of abundant gas. But you enter and the scene changes: the varnish and other embellishments have become soiled by hard, low use; the floors are either muddy or gritty, and scored with the tramping of numberless customers; the seats, if there be any, show the rubbing and grime of much dirty clothing. Over all the place there is a rude, uncompromising look of plain busi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness, paying a high rent and figuring close for profits. Few are the decorative decanters, and numerous the work-aday junk bottles in their rusty green or black. In many cases, also, the after-part of the room exhibits vast mounds of barrels and hogsheads, as if some Joseph had laid up granaries of ale and whisky against a coming *septennat* of droughty years.

Usually a beer shop has two or three massive, thudding doors, secured from slamming by straps; and each one of them is labeled in large, distinct letters to indicate a special style of customers. At the very least there is a "public entrance" and a "jug and bottle entrance." Sometimes this last is styled the "private entrance," or, in rakish irony, as it would seem, the "family entrance." To correspond with these doors the room within is divided into compartments by high oaken or mahogany partitions which run from the wall to the bar. Behind the bar stand the servitors, sometimes men, but very often women, and these mostly young women. The traveler is tempted at times to declare that all the pretty girls in England are picked out for bar maids and shop girls.

I ventured to inquire of one of these buxom Hebes what were her hours of labor. She told me that she was at her post from nine in the morning until eleven at night; that she had an hour's nooning, one day out every fortnight, and the whole of Sunday until six, afternoon. She was a strong, solid, fair-faced girl of twenty, with some color in her cheeks, the cool-lighted English blue eye, and hair of straight chestnut. Beside her toiled a comrade who was evidently her sister; also a woman of thirty who seemed to be the lady superior of the establishment; also a young man of twenty-five. They all had a brisk, business-like, overworked seriousness, unlighted by juvenile gayety or flirtishness. While we were talking, a soldier of the guards, a tall, martial, neat, and indeed dandified hero, stood beside me, wrestling with a pot of porter. Presently he said, very civilly, but also rather grandly, like a man who knows his own dignity, "Miss, please, will you oblige me with a chew of tobacco?"

The luxury was provided from a plug apparently kept ready for the purpose. The guardsman gave thanks like a born gentleman, addressed me with a few cleanly pronounced words as to the wet weather, and took his departure with the characteristic strut of the household troops. I have been given solemnly to understand that every publican feels bound to "treat" these select champions and defenders of the British regalia.

The fluids most copiously drawn are the malt liquors. Are they worthy of this preference and of their world-wide repute? Every one knows that they contribute no inconsiderable body to the fame as well as to the wealth of England. But the sad truth is that good British beer is one thing, and average British beer quite another thing. Without dwelling upon the tales of adulteration and intricate poisoning which may be found in the newspapers, I will venture to hint that this last-named beverage is not so praiseworthy as it is abundant. It even seemed to me inferior to what it was when I visited John Bull in his home years ago. In the mean time the German malt drinks have improved wonderfully. The amber Tilsner of Berlin and the brown beer of Bavaria are now liquids which by their purity, sparkle, and enlivening qualities remind one of champagne. In comparison with these Lutheran refreshments, Anglican porter and ale are heavy, ropy, and, as a Frenchman phrased it to me, greasy (*huileuse*). Of course it must be understood that these are not the exhaustive judgments of an experienced taster, but only the passing impressions of a somewhat random sipper.

But let us glance at the customers. Through the jug and bottle door there is a frequent entry and exit of purchasers bearing various kinds of vessels: there is the pot-boy from the neighboring workshop; the seedy gentleman whose wine-cellar consists of his private bottle; the servant-maid who has come

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for her mistress's regular quart; the ragged child heavily laden with the parental jug. In the public compartment you see men chiefly, and those of all grades of society, from the chance dandy to the rude carter. They drink from wine glasses, from glass goblets, from pewter mugs, each according to his whim or his special liquor. Pale ale, bitter beer, porter, 'alf 'an 'alf, sherry, claret, brandy, and whisky of various nationalities are called for by the miscellaneous appetite of a thirsty swarm.

On one of the oaken benches which line the alcove sit three veteran tipplers, sharing successive pewter quarts between them, and discussing the labor problem, or some other matter which they fail to understand, with a stolidness closely resembling the metal wherein they dip their unquenchable nozzles. On another bench a mechanic, in his holiday suit, is dividing another quart with his strong and rather coarse but tidy wife. A slouching woman, bearing a nursling in her arms, enters hurriedly, calls for whisky and water, drinks with gusto, and gives a startling portion to her pale, whimpering offspring. The youngster is certainly not old enough to talk, and yet swallows his fiery ration with willingness, as if used to it. How can he fail to grow up a drunkard, and beat his mother if she lives long enough, and perhaps kill his wife? Near by trembles and reels an image of this same infant, advanced to middle age. He is a ghastly, ragged laborer, whose hand is scarcely steady enough to carry a glass of whisky to his quivering lips, slinking up to the bar with the air of a man who has left none of his wages to his wife and children.

Of conversation in these places it is difficult to catch a note worth echoing. In one particular drinking-resort, however, I did hear a dialogue characteristic of commonplace John Bull and reminding me of certain passages in Dickens's novels. A gentleman who had the port and air of Mr. Pumblechook was entertaining three of his friends — a surly, silent young man, and two open-hearted young women. They all exhibited great thirst, and spoke English without aspirates. The elder female seemed to be what one might venture to describe as an old maid, while the younger was a freshly inaugurated widow. Either they drank too freely, or they were not used to it, for both soon became garrulous and showed excitement. Presently the old maid commenced narrating what a bad man the other's late husband was, and how he ran grievously in debt and died without leaving his wife a penny, all because he was a Frenchman. This was ostensibly in pity, but it was easy to detect a tone of envious triumph in it, and moreover it was spun out to an irritating length. At last the widow could bear it no longer; she felt, perhaps, that her one prize in life could not be thus belittled without reflecting upon herself; at all events, she spoke up sharply in defense of the departed one: —

"You may go on in that way as much as hever you like, Jane. But precious little do you know about it, and 'ave got little to do with it. Free am Hi to admit that my man 'ad 'is faults. He loved a drop of drink now and then, and he was irregular at his work. But w'at he 'ad freely he give to me, and he was a noble, 'igh-'earted fellow; and *Hi* was the fool not to know it while he was a-livin', and to keep up a-quarrelin' with him. Again Hi say that he was a better man nor I deserved, and as bearable a man as women in general gets. Which my brother, who is a-sittin' there, knows I speak the truth."

Whereupon her brother, who was a-sittin' there, responded surlily, "Nancy, you know you are a-lyin'."

Here, I think, the two women came near pulling caps, but Mr. Pumblechook interfered and poured some of his "hoil" upon the troubled waters, and eventually there ensued a sort of glum, funereal peace, or perhaps armistice. The widow softened into tears, while the old maid dropped asleep with her mouth open, as if bent upon mischief to the flies. Seeing that nothing was likely to happen, I left them with sincere regret.

It is customary to lay on the gritty and grimy thresholds of the beer shops,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or gin palaces, of England pretty much all the violent crimes which occur in the island. Patriotic Britons especially are fond of saying that, if it were not for strong drink, they would never punch each other's heads and whip their own wives. There is something in this, and even a great deal in it; no doubt the coroner's verdict might often be, "Rum done it." It is an easy, virtuous explanation of the frightful amount of fisticuffing in the United Kingdom, and I found that my own mind naturally turned to it in endeavoring to account for deeds of maniacal violence. As I read day after day, in the London and Liverpool journals, how some muscular Bill Sykes had knocked down his helpmeet, stripped her naked and kicked her black and blue, jumped on her with his hobnailed shoes and broken her ribs, finally leaving her mangled, senseless, and perhaps dying, I could hardly help wheeling amazedly upon the barkeeper and saying, Thou art the man!

But on sober reflection I must vary, or rather I must adulterate, this judgment. The Anglo-Saxons and the Irish and the Welsh are all pugnacious peoples. Not only their men, but also their women and their children, naturally love a fight, and would a thousand times rather be troopers and amazons than Quakers. I fancy that Mrs. Sykes, for instance, often sauces Bill insupportably, and provokes him to wrath even when he is off his liquor. Moreover, she is quite capable, physically and morally, of pulling his hair and exchanging hard knocks with him, though likely in the end to come off second best by reason of his superior muscle, in which case alone the event gets into the papers and causes horror. After cautious inspection of the low quarters of several British cities, I am sure that they contain many heroines whom I should be afraid of.

Nobody can remain long in England without observing symptoms of that combativeness which has given the race so many fields of victory, and which, for example, carried it gloriously through the heroic riot of Inkerman under the anarchic tactics of Donnybrook Pennyfather. Near London Bridge I was stricken with respectful wonder over a stubborn battle waged by an urchin of nine or ten against a younker of seventeen. Without the least provocation big boy runs his hand-barrow into little boy. Thereupon little boy pertinaciously follows up big boy with insults and missile warfare. Big boy repeatedly leaves his barrow and punches the head of little boy, who will not run for him, and retaliates as well as he can with feet and fists. Little boy's countenance rapidly gets hammered out of shape, and looks like a miscellaneous assemblage of swollen features, slightly streaked with blood. Crowd gathers, but does not interfere with big boy's privileges, perhaps taking him for little boy's brother. Tall policeman eventually interferes and sternly disperses little boy.

What struck me most in this scene was the Roman, the truly amphitheatrical phlegm of the spectators, and, still more, the gladiatorial pluck of the junior youth in taking his punishment. And yet he had had nothing to drink, nor had his aggressive and brutal antagonist. The whole thing was a plain, unassisted outcome of that national pugnacity which must share with alcohol the responsibility of English wife-beatings and other ruffianisms.

The mighty Teutonic race has always been famous for hard drinking and for hard fighting. In the days of Tacitus the legions recruited in Germania astonished Italy with their wine-bibbing, and at the same time were reckoned the most formidable troops in the empire. The unsurpassable toping and battling of the Goths and Northmen are equally renowned. It would all seem to be a result of climate; the cold which hardens body and spirit also incites to strong liquors: hence the Vikings and their alehorns, Inkerman, wife-beating, and the beer shop.

### A NIGHT IN EDINBURGH.

Very interesting, very picturesque, and very beautiful is Edinburgh. Excepting that marvelous collection of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountains of architecture which men call Paris, it is probably the best built city in Europe, which is the same thing as saying it is the best built city in the world.

But Edinburgh, like many another earthly paradise, has certain features which do not remind one of the New Jerusalem. The landlord of my hotel, discovering that our party was eager for out-of-the-way matters of interest, offered to show us certain spectacles which he believed to be little known to the majority of travelers.

It was near dusk when we strolled into a tavern of the olden time, such a tavern as Scotsmen put up at, or put up with, in the days when Dr. Johnson reviled their ways of living: a most wonderful labyrinth of little, herding bedrooms, intermixed and intercommunicating as if flung together by accident; bedrooms piled on bedrooms and jammed behind bedrooms without any preface or introduction of hall or passage; bedrooms which seemed to squeeze each other out of shape like soap-bubbles in a basin, and which climbed on each other's shoulders like animals in a drove. In those days slumber could not have thought of demanding seclusion, and Peeping Tom must have rejoiced in many a groping opportunity. The inhabitants of the farthermost retreats in this huge puzzle-box no doubt often wandered jeeringly or wrathfully through the snorings of fellow-lodgers. I could easily imagine that countless Mr. Pickwicks had here fallen utterly bewildered, and stumbled into chambers where they had no right to repose.

Antiquity haunted the place in all sorts of shapes and odors. Venerable bedsteads, most of them solid enough to support Og, king of Bashan, some built of a superb red mahogany better known to our grandfathers than to us, upheld dimmed canopies and faded draperies which had long since given up being gorgeous. The scent of worm-eaten and dry-rotted wainscoting was everywhere. It was not foulness which pervaded the atmosphere, but the pathetic perfume, the majestic must, of "auld lang syne." Dead and long since buried, and for the most part long since forgotten, were all the people who rested and frolicked and gave thanks and grumbled in this hostelry when it was new. It seemed entirely natural to believe that their ghosts still haunted it, far more natural than to regard it as inhabited only by the living. A spectre which should promenade these moldering floors in full-bottomed wig and gold-laced coat would seem a more suitable guest than any material gentleman in a tweed suit.

But, barring this supposable and altogether credible presence of extinct grandees, the glory and high fashion of the house have passed away. It is still a hotel, but the lordly carriage no longer thunders up to the door, and even the commercial traveler is unaware of it, or scorns it. The canny Hielandman, the wandering sailor of decent inclinations, and the widow with the slender purse drift hither to find their modest lodgings. Its most abundant and important guests are plain drovers, hardy and shrewd and economically prosperous men, who come from the pasture-lands of Scotland to sell cattle in the marts of Edinburgh.

Of a sudden, while we were in the profoundest perplexities of the labyrinth of chambers, our landlady set down her candle and slipped through a doorway, saying with a laugh, "Now find your way out." Many a person put to this proof has groped for half an hour before discovering an egress. It often happens, we were told, that guests of the house get lost in it, and have to shout out of the windows for somebody to come and find them. We were luckier. In the course of two or three minutes we emerged from our maze, but it was mainly because there were four of us and we sagaciously explored in different directions.

From this confounding tavern, where even a teetotaller might easily imagine himself bewildered by drink, we emerged into the evening and soon entered the Cowgate.

Probably a vast majority of the staid burghers of Edinburgh do not know, nor so much as suspect, the horrors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which exist within a short walk of their comfort and decorousness. The Cowgate is topographically a street and morally a sewer. It is a deep gash cut through the old town for half a mile or more; so deeply cut that there are streets on either side which lead down into it by stairways, and all the deeper and darker because it is lined by houses of eight and ten and twelve stories. Into this architectural ravine has drifted a population of the poorest and vilest of both sexes, a population of termagants, harlots, paupers, drunkards, thieves, and murderers.

It was Saturday evening. Such men and women as had earned aught that week were furnished and ripe for a debauch. On every side, glaring out of foul bedroom windows, standing in soiled doorways of hideous tenements or vile drinking shops, reeling along the sidewalks or through the middle of the street, swarmed such a brutish, horrible people as I had never before seen or imagined. It was a sombre, filthy, pugnacious, scolding, shrieking Billingsgate. The air, like that of Dante's Inferno, rang with "confused outcries and accents of wrath and the sound of fists." It seemed as if all these wild creatures were looking with one contentious accord for a pretext to inflict or receive bodily damage. Conflicts arose in heedlessness or jest, and turned swiftly to brutal earnest. A sluttish girl of twenty struck a man of twenty-five on the shoulder, not, as it seemed to me, in wrath, but in mere gleeful provocation. He turned and pursued her. She ran away, laughing defiantly. He caught her by the arm and twisted it till she fell on her knees. She still laughed, but hoarsely, like one in pain. He continued to twist until she rolled on the pavement and screamed in undisguisable agony. As we passed onward we heard her howls far behind us, and knew that the beast was continuing his ferocious horse-play.

Then a crazed mass of rags — a youth almost without human features, a mere tatter of a man, defaced by life-long drunkenness — caught sight of us. The spectacle of four decently dressed strangers appeared to inflame him to fury. He uttered no sound, but he rushed with his whole staggering strength against our group, and lurched through it, scattering the sparks of our pacific cigars in all directions. Then he turned, shaking his fists and offering battle, still without a word. Our guide caught him by the arm and held him firmly, saying very quietly, "Keep cool, my lad. It's all right. Keep cool."

The steady mien and the temperate words had their due effect. The red-eyed, glaring, grimacing tatterdemalion reeled away on a run and sought other means of attaining the joys of battle.

Presently we saw a tall, personable, decorous man in uniform, and were introduced to an inspector of police.

"Have you help within call?" asked one of our party. "I should think you would need it in this bedlam."

"I can see five of my people from where I stand," was the reply.

"Your flock seems to be a noisy one."

The inspector smiled. He glanced with a not unkindly eye upon the drunken wretches who were lurching and shrieking around us, more like a host of souls in pain than like human beings.

"Oh, they are just out for a little of their fun," he said. "They don't mean any harm."

We walked onward, attended by the inspector and a couple of roundsmen, until we had nearly reached the end of the Cowgate.

"You must see one of our aldermen," said our landlord. He turned into a small drinking shop, a mere bar with an alley four feet wide, crammed with loafers, soldiers, women, and children, all demanding ale or liquors. Place was made for us in a little alcove at the end, and we sat down on a well-used wooden bench in company with two or three favored customers, gentlemen who had the refined and noble air of New York city politicians. Presently a man of middle stature, with enormous shoulders and herculean limbs, his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, crowded in among

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us. This was the alderman, one of the civic officers of Puritan Edinburgh, and owner of three grogshops. It occurred to me that I need not have left my privileged native land to find just such a city father.

"Look at that!" he laughed, handing the inspector a common pocket-knife. "I just knocked that out of a fellow's hand as he was making a stab at another man. Do you want to know how I hit him? I took him with the back of my hand across the wrist, and he dropped his stabber as if I had cut his arm off. That 's an ugly little knife, now."

The Hercules was evidently pleased with his dexterity, and proud of his enormous strength.

Next followed a conversation about such drunken feats of valor as are enacted in the Cowgate. Meantime the thirsty rabble at the bar was snarling and scuffling to decide who should be served first. Twice the muscular city father was obliged to sally out and restore order by main force. Watching this scene of brutish revelry was but a woful pastime, and I soon sickened of it. Scarcely were we in the street when a thickset, bullet-headed Irishman reeled up to the inspector, shouting, "I want to spake till ye."

"Well, my man?"

"Fwhat do ye think av the emperor av Jarmanee?" demanded this perhaps ironical drunkard.

"I think you are making a fool of yourself," replied the officer, pushing onward.

"Fwhat!" roared Paddy in a fury, and ready to give battle. But a second glance at the majesty of uniform cooled his courage, and he dashed away at full speed, doubtless to be violently foolish elsewhere.

Then came a pretty young woman, reeling drunk, who tottered up to us with a scornful leer and jeered in the inspector's face. "You don't say so!"

"Go along with you, or you will be taken care of," he said.

Our party divided. I was weary of horrors, and turned toward my hotel. While I strolled on with the chief, my comrades joined themselves to the alderman, and eventually made a midnight tour of the criminal quarters of the city, guided by a detective and protected by successive relays of policemen. A frightful tale they had to tell me in the morning; a tale of garrets and cellars and dens and lairs crowded with filthy, wretched, and wicked sleepers; men and women and children festering together in the same foul, steaming, unlawful beds; the whole ending in a wild rush to the body of a man who had apparently been strangled to death, a man with staring eyes and purple face and tongue protruding from his frothing mouth. It was, take it all in all, a sight worth seeing — and worth evading.

*J. W. De Forest.*

---

# OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

## XVII.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
*Friday, October* 1, 1830.

DEAREST H——: I have risen very early, for what with excitement, and the wakefulness always attendant with me upon a new bed, I have slept but little, and I snatch this first hour of the day, the only one I may be able to command, to tell you that I have heard from my brother, and that he is safe and well, for which, thank God! Further I know nothing. He talks vaguely of being with us towards the end of the winter, but in the mean time, unless he finds some means of conveying tidings of his welfare to me, I must remain in utter igno-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rance of his circumstances and situation; and though a dread of uncertain events is foreign to my nature, which has a tendency always to be absorbed in whatever is present to me, there are reasonable fears, suggested by his abode and occupation at this moment, which must haunt and harass me in the absence of all regular communication with him, which it is vain to hope for, in spite of the gratitude I feel for his preservation hitherto, and the hopes it encourages of his future safety. Your letter, which was to welcome me to my new home, arrived there two days before I did, and was forwarded to me into Buckinghamshire. A few days there, — taking what interest I could in the sporting and fishing, the country quiet of the place, and above all the privilege of taking the sacrament, which, had I remained at Heaton, I should have had no opportunity of doing, — gave me a breathing-time and a sense of mental repose before entering again upon that busy life whose demands are already besieging me in the inexorable form of half a dozen new stage dresses to be devised, ordered, and executed in the shortest imaginable time.

*October 3d.*

You see how truly I prophesied at the beginning of this letter, when I said that the hour before breakfast was perhaps the only one I should be able to command that day. I might have said that week, for this is the first instant I have been able to call my own since then. I rehearsed Juliet yesterday, and shall do so again to-morrow morning; the theatre opens with it to-morrow night. I have a new nurse, and I am rehearsing for her, poor woman! She is dreadfully alarmed at taking Mrs. Davenport's place, who certainly was a very great favorite. I am half crazy with the number of new dresses to be got; for though, thanks to the kindness and activity of my mother, none of the trouble of devising them ever falls on me, yet the bare catalogue of silks and satins and velvets, hats and feathers and ruffs, fills me with amazement and trepidation. I fancy I shall go through all the old parts, and then come out in a new tragedy. I shall be most horribly frightened, but I hope I shall do well, for the sake of the poor author, who is a young man of great abilities, and to whom I wish every success. The subject of his play is taken from a Spanish one, called The Jew of Aragon, and the whole piece is of a new and unhackneyed order. My father and I play a Jewish father and daughter; this and the novelty of the story itself will perhaps be favorable to the play; I hope so with all my heart.

Mrs. Henry Siddons has taken a house in London for six months; I have not seen her yet, but am most anxious to do so. Anxiety and annoyance, I fear, have just caused her a severe indisposition, but she is a little better now. I cannot see her till Tuesday, and so must be patient. My cousins have just been here; Harry has come from Chatham, and Willy, her youngest, from Switzerland, that they may be all together some little time before Harry goes to India. What a dreadful trial that will be to her! I cannot bear to think of it, but she is very strong. Mrs. Siddons is much better. She is staying at Leamington at present. I was truly rejoiced to find from your letter that E—— had not suffered from the spite of the elements, and much amused at her assertion that nothing but her exerting the "energy of will" had preserved her from being seasick; how I honor her!

[This was a phrase which Holcroft, Godwin's eccentric actor friend, was fond of using; and when he broke one of his ribs in a fall from his horse, he assured the surgeon who pronounced that he had done so that it was impossible he should have sustained any injury whatever, as he was quite conscious of having exerted the "energy of will" as he fell.]

Dearest H——, returning from Buckinghamshire, the other day, I passed Cassiobury, the grove, the little lane leading down to Heath Farm, and Miss M——'s cottage, and the first days of our acquaintance came back to my memory. I suppose I should have liked and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loved you wherever I had met you, but you come in for a share of my love and liking of Cassiobury, and the spring, the beautiful season in which we met first. I send you the long-promised lock of my hair; you will be surprised at the lightness of the shade; at least I was. It was cut from my forehead, and I think it is a nice bit; tell me that you get it safe.

Henry is staying in Buckinghamshire in all the ecstasy of a young cockney's first sporting days. When he was quite a child and was asked what profession he intended to embrace, he replied that he would be "*a gentleman and wear leather breeches*," and I think it is the very destiny he is fitted to fill. He is the perfect picture of happiness when in his shooting-jacket and gaiters, with his gun on his shoulder and a bright day before him; and although we were obliged to return to town, my mother was unwilling to curtail his pleasure, and left him to murder pheasants and hares, and amuse himself in a manly fashion.

I did not like the place at which they were staying as much as they did, for though the country was very pretty, I had during my summer tour seen so much that surpassed it that I saw it at a disadvantage. Then, I have no fancy for gypsying, and the greatest taste for all the formal proprieties of life, and what I should call "silver fork existence" in general; and the inconveniences of a small country inn, without really affecting my comfort, disturb my decided preference for luxury. The principal diversion my ingenious mind discovered to while away my time with was a *fiddle* (an elderly one), which I routed out of a lumber closet, and from which, after due invocations to St. Cecilia, I drew such diabolical sounds as I flatter myself were never excelled by Tartini or his master, the devil himself. I must now close this, for it is tea-time. Take me with you sometimes when you go down to the sea-shore; how we will walk, and ride, and read, and talk, and swim, if I am with you next year. Good-by, dearest H——.

The play of The Jew of Aragon, the first dramatic composition of a young gentleman of the name of Wade, of whose talent my father had a very high opinion, which he trusted the success of his piece would confirm, I am sorry to say failed entirely. It was the first time and the last that I had the distress of assisting in damning a piece, and what with my usual intense nervousness in acting a new part, my anxiety for the interests of both the author and the theatre, and the sort of indignant terror with which, instead of the applause I was accustomed to, I heard the hisses which testified the distaste and disapprobation of the public and the failure of the play, I was perfectly miserable when the curtain fell, and the poor young author, as pale as a ghost, came forward to meet my father at the side scene, and bravely holding out his hand to him said, "Never mind for me, Mr. Kemble; I'll do better another time." And so indeed he did; for he wrote a charming play on the old pathetic story of Griselda, in which that graceful actress, Miss Jarman, played his heroine, and my father the hero, and which had an entire and well-deserved success. I am obliged to confess that I retain no recollection whatever of the ill-fated play of The Jew of Aragon, or my own part in it, save the last *scene* alone; this, I recollect, was a magnificent Jewish place of worship, in which my father, who was the high priest, appeared in vestments such as I believe the Jewish priests still wear in their solemn ceremonies, and which were so closely copied from the description of Aaron's sacred pontifical robes that I felt a sense of impropriety in such a representation (purely historical, as it was probably considered, and in no way differing from the costume accepted on the French stage in Racine's Jewish plays). And I think it extremely likely that the failure of the piece, which had been imminent all through, found its climax in the unfavorable impression made upon the audience by this very scene, in spite of my father's noble and picturesque appearance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I never heard hisses on the stage before or since; and though I was very well aware that on this occasion they were addressed neither to me nor to my performance, I think if they had been the whistling of bullets (which I have also heard nearer than was pleasant) I could not have felt more frightened and furious.

Young Wade's self-control and composure during the catastrophe of this play reminds me, by contrast, of a most ludicrous story my father used to tell of some unfortunate authoress, who, in an evil hour for herself and some friendly provincial manager, persuaded him to bring out an original drama of hers.

The audience (not a very discriminating or numerous one) were sufficiently appreciative to object extremely to the play, and large enough to make their objections noisily apparent.

The manager, in his own distress not unmindful of his poor friend, the authoress, sought her out to console her, and found her seated at the side-scene with a glass of stiff brandy and water that some commiserating friend had administered to her for her support, rocking herself piteously to and fro, and, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, uttering between sobs and sips, in utter self-abasement, her *peccavi* in the form of oaths and imprecations of the finest Billingsgate vernacular (all, however, addressed to herself), that would have made a dragoon shake in his shoes. The original form of which *mea culpa* seized the worthy manager with such an irresistibly ludicrous effect that he left the poor, guilty authoress without being able to address a syllable to her, lest he should explode in peals of laughter instead of decent words of condolence.

To accompany an author or authoress (I should think especially the latter) on the first night of the representation of their piece is by no means a pleasant act of duty or friendship. I remember my mother, whose own nervous temperament certainly was extremely ill adapted for such an undertaking, describing the intolerable distress she had experienced on the occasion of the first representation of a piece called, I think, Father and Son, taken from a collection of interesting stories entitled The Canterbury Tales, and adapted to the stage by one of the Misses Lee, the sister authoresses of the Tales. The piece was very fairly successful, but my mother said that though, according to her very considerable experience, the actors were by no means more imperfect in their parts than usual on a first night, her nervous anxiety was kept almost at fever height by poor Miss Lee's incessant running commentary of "Ah! very pretty, no doubt — very fine, I dare say — *only I never wrote a word of it!*"

Lord Byron took the same story for the subject of his powerful play of Werner, in which Mr. Macready acted so finely, and with such great success.

I cannot imagine what possessed me in an unguarded hour to consent, as I did, to go with my friends, Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, to see the first representation of a play of theirs called, I think, The King's Wager, in which Charles the Second, Nell Gwynn, and the Plague were prominent characters. Accidental circumstances prevented one of the gentlemen from coming with me, and I have often since wondered at my temerity in having placed myself in such a trying situation.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
*October* 24, 1830.

DEAR H——: I have been too busy to answer your last sooner, but this hour before bedtime, the first quiet one for some time, shall be yours. I have heard nothing more of my brother, and am ignorant where he is or how engaged at present. You asked me whether I think he still retains his purpose of going into the church. I have not the least notion, but his present views and interests appear to me so incompatible with such an intention, that if he has not renounced all idea of becoming a clergyman, I think that he ought to do so. You judged rightly with respect to the impossibility of longer keeping my mother in ignorance of his absence from England. The result was pretty much what I had ap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prehended; but her feelings have now become somewhat calmer on the subject. We are careful, however, as much as possible, to avoid all mention of or reference to my brother in her presence, for she is in a very cruel state of anxiety about him.

With regard to H—— and D—— nothing has been determined; the former is to study, I believe, at the London University, and my mother is still in communication with a lady who has applied as governess to my sister.

Mrs. Harry has taken a house in London for the next six months. Her health is at present very indifferent. Harry goes out to India in the spring, and although this parting is the result of his own choice of a profession, to gratify which she has sacrificed her own feeling, yet even her unselfish paramount sense of duty cannot entirely blunt the pain of losing her son; and I believe this impending separation, together with recent annoyances, has really tended to enfeeble her health. I do not see as much of them as I should wish; for in order to be near my aunt Siddons they have taken up their quarters so far from us that it is quite a journey to and fro, and takes up a great deal of time.

I am endeavoring as much as possible to follow my studies with some regularity. I have forsworn paying and receiving morning visits; so that, when no rehearsal interferes, I get my practicing, my singing, and my reading in tolerable peace.

I have had a key of Russell Square offered me, which privilege I shall most thankfully accept. Walking regularly is, of course, essential, and though I rather dread the idea of solitarily turning round and round that dreary emblem of eternity, a circular gravel walk, over-*gloomed* with soot-blackened privet bushes, I am sure I ought, and I mean to do it every day for an hour. We do not dine till six, when I do not act, and when I do, I do not go to the theatre till that hour; so that from ten in the morning, when breakfast is over, I get a tolerably long day. I have obtained my father's leave to learn drawing and German, and as soon as our house is a little more comfortably settled, I shall begin both. I do not know whether I have the least talent for drawing, but I have so strong a desire to possess that accomplishment that I think, by the help of a good master and patience and hard work, I must succeed to some decent degree. I wish to provide myself with every possible resource against the engrossing excitement of my profession while I remain in it, and to fill its place whenever I leave it, or it leaves me; all my occupations are with that view and to that end.

My father has promised me to speak to Mr. Murray about publishing my play and my verses. I am anxious for this for several reasons, some of which I believe I mentioned to you; and to these I have since added a great wish to have some good prints I possess framed, for my little room, and I should not scruple to apply part of the money so earned to that purpose. You asked me which is my room. You remember the bathroom, next to what was my uncle John's bedroom, on the third floor; the room above that my mother has fitted up beautifully for me, and I inhabit it all day long with great complacency and a sort of comfortable, Alexander Selkirk feeling. And this suggests a question which has seldom been out of my mind, and which I wish to recall to yours. When do you intend to come and see me? I can offer you a nest on the *fourth story*, which is excellent for your health, as free a circulation of air as a London lodging can well afford, and as fine a combination of chimney-pots as even your love of the picturesque could desire.

Dear H——, will you not come and pass a month with us? Now stop a bit, and I will point out to you one by one the inducements to and advantages of such a step. In the first place, my father and mother both request and wish it, and you know how truly happy it would make me. Your own people can well spare you for a month, and I am sure will be the more inclined to do so from the consideration that change of air and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scene will be good for you, and that, though your stock of original ideas is certainly extraordinary, yet you cannot be expected to go on forever, like a spider, existing mentally in the midst of your own weavings, without every now and then recruiting your strength and taking in a new supply of material.

You shall come to London, that huge mass of matter for thought and observation, and to me, in whom you find so interesting an epitome of all the moods, tenses, and conjugations of every regular and irregular form of "to do, to be, and to suffer;" and when you have been sufficiently *smoked*, *fogged*, astonished, and edified, you shall return home with one infallible result of your stay with us — increased value for a peaceful life, quiet companions, a wide sea-view, and potatoes roasted in their skins; not but what you shall have the last-mentioned luxury here, if you will but come.

Your taste for chimney-pots I have already promised to gratify; your predilection for heavy paste puddings and pies I dare say the cook will do her best to indulge; as to your Theseus-like musical mania, I fear I cannot promise you the yelping matins of a pack of hounds, but A—— and I will exert ourselves to supply that deficiency. What can a human being do more? You shall sit by yourself, when you don't want company; you shall have mine when you do; you shall stay at home the nights I act, or go to see me if you wish to do so, or, what I should like better, sit with me in a comfortable dressing-room while I am not on the stage, and without me while I am.

Now, dear H——, I wish this very much, but promise to bear your answer reasonably well; I depend upon your indulging me if you can, and shall try not to behave ill if you don't; so do me justice, and do not give way to your shyness and habits of retirement. I want you to come here before the 20th of November, and then I will let you go in time to be at home for Christmas. So now my cause is in your hands — *avisez-vous*.

I wonder whether you have heard that my father has been threshing the editor of the Age newspaper, who, it seems, took offense at my father's not appearing on sufficiently familiar terms with him somewhere or other when they met, in revenge for which "coldness" (as he styles it) he has not ceased for the last six months abusing us, every week, in his paper. From what I hear I was the especial mark of his malice; of course I need not tell you that, knowing the character of this publication, I should never have looked at it, and the circumstance of my name appearing in its columns would hardly have been an inducement to me to do so. I knew nothing, therefore, of my own injuries, but heard general expressions of indignation against Mr. Westmacott, and saw that my father was extremely exasperated upon the subject. The other night they were all going to the play, and pressed me very much to go too, but I had something I wished to write, and remained at home. On their return my father appeared to me much excited, and I was informed that having unluckily come across Mr. Westmacott, his wrath had got the better of his self-command, and he had bestowed a severe beating upon that individual. I could not help looking very grave at this; for though I should have been very well satisfied if it could have *rained* a good threshing upon Mr. Westmacott from the sky, yet, as I do not approve of returning injuries by injuries, I could not rejoice that my father had done so. I suppose he saw that I had no great satisfaction in the event, for he said, "The law affords no redress against such attacks as this paper makes on people, and I thought it time to take justice in my own hands when my daughter is insulted." He then repeated some of the language made use of with reference to me in The Age, and I could not help blushing with indignation to my fingers' ends.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, it is not surprising that my father has done what he has, but I think I should have admired him more if he had not. Mr. Westmacott means to bring an action against him, and I am afraid he will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have to pay dearly for his momentary indulgence of temper.

I must have done writing, though I had a good deal more to say. God bless you, dear. If you answer this letter directly, I will write you a better, next time.

Ever yours, F. A. K.

The majority of parents — mothers, I believe I ought to say — err in one or other excess with regard to their children. Love either blinds them absolutely to their defects, or makes them so terribly alive to them as to exaggerate every imperfection. It is hard to say which of the errors is most injurious in its effects. I suppose according as the temperament is desponding and diffident, or sanguine and self-sufficient, the one system or the other is likely to do most harm.

My mother's intensely nervous organization, acute perceptions, and exacting taste made her in everything most keenly alive to our faults and deficiencies. The unsparing severity of the sole reply or comment she ever vouchsafed to our stupidity, want of sense, or want of observation, — "I hate a fool," — has remained almost like a cut with a lash across my memory. Her wincing sensitiveness of ear made it all but impossible for me to practice either the piano or singing within hearing of her exclamations of impatient anguish at my false chords and flat intonations; and I suppose nothing but my sister's *unquenchable* musical genius would have sustained her naturally timid, sensitive disposition under such discipline.

Two of our family, my eldest brother and myself, were endowed with such robust self-esteem and elastic conceit as not only defied repression but, unfortunately for us, could never be effectually snubbed; with my sister and my younger brother the case was entirely different, and encouragement was rather what they required. How well it is for the best and wisest, as well as the least good and least wise, of trainers of youth, that God is above all. I do not myself understand the love that blinds one to the defects of those dear to one; their faults are part of themselves, without which they could not be themselves, no more to be denied or dissembled, it seems to me, than the color of their eyes or hair. I do not feel the scruple which I observe in others, in alluding to the failings of those they love. The mingled good and evil qualities in my friends make up their individual identity, and neither from myself, nor from them, nor from others does it ever occur to me that half that identity should or could be concealed. I could as soon imagine them without their arms or their legs as without their peculiar moral characteristics, and could no more think of them without their faults than without their virtues.

Many were the pleasant hours, in spite of my misgivings, that I passed with a book in my hand, mechanically pacing the gravel walks of Russell Square. Certain readings of Shakespeare's plays, Othello and Macbeth especially, in lonely absorption of spirit, I associate forever with that place. I remember, too, reading at my father's request, during those peripatetic exercises, two plays written by Sheil for his amiable countrywoman, Miss O'Neill, in which she won deserved laurels: Evadne or the Statue, and The Apostate. I never had the pleasure of seeing Miss O'Neill act; but the impression left on my mind by those plays was that her abilities must have been very great to have given them the effect and success they had. I do not think, however, that their popularity survived her performance of them; I have never seen them or heard of their being revived since her day. As for me, as usual, of course, my reply to my father was a disconsolate "I am sure *I* can do nothing with them."

My friend H—— S——, in coming to us in Russell Street, came to a house that had been almost a home to her and her brother when they were children, in the life of my uncle and Mrs. John Kemble, by whom they were regarded with great affection, and whom they visited and stayed with as if they had been young relations of their own.

My hope of learning German and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawing was frustrated by the engrossing calls of my theatrical occupations. The first study was reserved for a long-subsequent season, when I had recourse to it as a temporary distraction in perplexity and sorrow, from which I endeavored to find relief in some sustained intellectual effort; and I mastered it sufficiently to translate without difficulty Schiller's Mary Stuart and some of his minor poems.

As for drawing, that I have once or twice tried to accomplish, but the circumstances of my unsettled and restless life have been unfavorable for any steady effort to follow it up, and I have got no further yet than a passionate desire to know how to draw. If (as I sometimes imagine) in a future existence undeveloped capacities and persistent yearnings for all kinds of good may find expansion and exercise, and not only our moral but also our intellectual being put forth new powers and achieve progress in new directions, then in some of the successive heavens to which, perhaps, I may be allowed to climb (if to any) I shall be a painter of pictures; a mere idea that suggests a heavenly state of long-desired capacity, to possess which, here on earth, I would give at once the finger of either hand least indispensable to an artist. Of the two pursuits, a painter's or a musician's, considered not as arts but as accomplishments merely, the former appears to me infinitely more desirable, for a woman, than the latter far more frequently cultivated one. The one is a sedative, the other an acute stimulant to the nervous system. The one is a perfectly independent and always to be commanded occupation; the other imperatively demands an instrument, utters an audible challenge to attention, and must either command solitude or disturb any society not inclined to become an audience. The one cultivates habits of careful, accurate observation of nature, and requires patient and precise labor in reproducing her models; the other appeals powerfully to the imagination and emotions, and charms almost in proportion as it excites its votaries. With regard to natural aptitude, the most musical of nations — the German — shows by the impartial training of its common schools how universal it considers a certain degree of musical capacity.

I am persuaded that to the same degree (of course I am not speaking of that high order of endowment which is always exceptional) the artistic faculty exists in every child. I do not think there are more inaccurate eyes than imperfect ears, or heavy fingers for the pencil and the brush than for the strings or keys of instruments, nor do I suppose a defective sense of color more common than a defective sense of sound. And considering what time and money are lavished in cultivating very inadequately a naturally poor musical endowment among English and American girls, the frequent neglect of the simplest elementary training in drawing can hardly be justified merely upon the ground of deficient natural capacity. Up to a certain point every child can be taught music and drawing. But it is curious how much more general among us *now* unmusical English the one capacity is considered to be than the other, which I believe to be possessed in at least the same degree and cultivable to the same extent in quite as many individuals. I have used the term "now unmusical English" because formerly we were decidedly a musical nation. Our musical literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the glees, madrigals, rounds, and catches, requiring considerable skill and familiarly performed formerly in the country-houses and home circles of our gentry, and the noble church music of our cathedral choirs, bear witness to a high musical inspiration, and thorough musical training in their composers and executants.

We seem to have lost this vein of original national music; the Lancashire weavers and spinners are still good choristers, but among the German half of our common Teutonic race, the real feeling for and knowledge of music continues to flourish, while with the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America it has dwindled and decayed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
*November* 8, 1830.

DEAREST H——: I received your note, for I cannot honor the contents of your last with the name of a letter (whatever title the shape and quantity of the paper it was written on may claim), together with Mrs. K——'s. You know I was glad to get the first, and will guess I was pleased with her kindness in remembering and writing to me. I shall acknowledge the obligation to herself, however; but what pleased me best in her letter was that she said she thought you would come to us.

I have made up my mind to let you make up yours, without urging you further upon the subject; but I must reply to one thing. You say to me, could you bring with you a strip of sea-shore, a corner of blue sky, or half a dozen waves, you would not hesitate. Allow me to say that whereas by the sea-side or under a bright sky your society enhances the pleasure derived from them, I now desire it (not having these) as delightful in itself, increasing my enjoyment in the beauties of nature, and compensating for their absence. But I have done; only if Mrs. K—— has held out a false hope to me, she is ferocious and atrocious, and that is all, and so pray tell her.

I had left myself so little room to tell you about this disagreeable business of the Age newspaper, in my last, that I thought what I said of it would be almost unintelligible to you. I do not really deserve the sympathy you express for my feelings in the matter, for partly from being totally ignorant of the nature and extent of my injuries — having never, of course, read a line of that scurrilous newspaper — and partly from my indifference to everything that is said about me, I really have felt no annoyance or distress on the subject, beyond, as I told you, one moment's feminine indignation at a coarse expression which was repeated to me, but which in strict truth did not and could not apply to me; and considerable regret that my father should have touched Mr. Westmacott even with a stick, or a "pair of tongs." That individual intends bringing a suit for damages, which makes me very anxious to have my play and rhymes published, if I can get anything for them, as I think the profits derived from my "scribbles" (as good Queen Anne called her letters) would be better bestowed in paying for that little ebullition of my father's temper than in decorating my tiny sanctum. What does my poor, dear father expect, but that I shall be bespattered if I am to live on the highway?

Mr. Murray has been kind enough to say he will publish my very original compositions, and I am preparing them for him. I am sorry to say I have heard nothing from my brother; *of* him I have heard, for his whereabout is known and talked of, so much so, indeed, that my father says further concealment is at once useless and ridiculous. I may therefore now tell you that he is at this moment in Spain, trying to levy troops for the cause of the constitutionalists. I have by this time grown familiar with the idea, but you can conceive my utter surprise and dismay when I received his letter informing me that, instead of being quietly in Norfolk, preparing himself for ordination, he was in Gibraltar, acting in some capacity of trust and secrecy for Torrijos and the Spanish patriots. I need not tell you, dearest H——, how much I regret this, because you will know how deeply I must disapprove of it. I might have thought any young man Quixotic who thus mistook a restless, turbulent spirit, eager to embrace a quarrel not his own, for patriotism and self-devotion to a sacred cause; but in my brother, who had professed aims and purposes so opposed to tumult and war and bloodshed, it seems to me a subject of much more serious regret. Heaven only knows what plans he has formed for the future! His present situation affords anxiety enough to warrant our not looking further in anticipation of vexation, but even if the present is regarded with the best hope of success in his undertaking, the natural consideration must be, as far as he is concerned, "What follows?" It is rather a melancholy consideration that such abilities should be wasted and misap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plied. The public reports of the affairs of Spain and the progress of the constitutionalists are so very various and contradictory that I know not what to believe, nor am I indeed very eager in observing or reading them; his safety is the only interest I feel in their expedition, and while praying earnestly for it I endeavor to remember that he is in the keeping of that Providence which does not measure its care of us by our deservings. Our own country is in a perilous state of excitement, and these troubled times make politicians of us all. Of course the papers will have informed you of the risings in Kent and Sussex; London itself is in an unquiet state that suggests the heaving of a volcano before an eruption. It is said the Duke of Wellington must resign; I am ignorant, but it appears to me that whenever he does it will be a bad day's work for England. The alarm and anxiety of the aristocracy is extreme, and exhibits itself, even as I have had opportunity of observing in society, in the half-angry, half-frightened tone of their comments on public events. If one did not sympathize with their apprehensions, their mode of expressing them would sometimes be amusing.

The aspect of public affairs is injurious to the theatre, and these graver interests thin our houses while they crowd the houses of Parliament. However, when we played The Provoked Husband before the king and queen the other night, the theatre was crammed from floor to ceiling, and presented a most beautiful *coup d'œil.* I have just come out in Mrs. Haller. It seems to have pleased the people very much. I need not tell you how much I dislike the play; it is the quintessence of trashy sentimentalism; but our audiences cry and sob at it till we can hardly hear ourselves speak on the stage, and the public in general rejoices in what the servant-maids call "something deep." My father acts the Stranger with me, which makes it very trying to my nerves, as I mix up all my own personal feelings for him with my acting, and the sight of his anguish and sense of his displeasure is really very dreadful to me, though it is only all about "stuff and nonsense" after all.

I must leave off writing; I am excruciated with the toothache, which has tormented me without respite all day. I will inclose a line to Mrs. K——, which I will beg you to convey to her.

With kindest love to all your circle, believe me ever yours, F. A. K.

I inclose you the lines you asked me for; they are from Southey's Roderick; I am fond of them: —

"If ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 't is shown ye there.
Look yonder at that cloud which through the sky
Sailing alone doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But melting like a wreath of snow it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb in richer beauties than her own,
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene."

Thank you for your delicious French comic song; you should come to London to hear how admirably I sing it.

Dear Mrs. K——: You have asked H—— a question in your letter to her which I feel myself quite as competent to answer as she is, and as it particularly regards me, perhaps you will not be offended or disappointed at my replying to it *in propria persona.* You ask H—— how I think and feel at this moment with reference to my first work's becoming known to the public. Much as I did soon after I had written it, and ever since, while it has lain in my desk. The extreme delight and self-satisfaction I felt for a day or two after the completion of my play very soon gave way to a more sober and no doubt truer estimate of my performance, and from the opinion I then came to of its defects and merits I do not think the approbation or censure of others would now move me. I have been more than liberally endowed by nature with self-esteem, which, fortunately for me, is tolerably balanced by a pretty steady conscientiousness (you see I speak to you in the phrenological language of our common friend, Mr. Combe), and, however high my estimate of my own powers may be, I think my perception of my deficiencies keeps pace with it. I am not easily influenced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by any standard of right but my own, but I labor to make and keep that as just a one as I can. This is a wonderful piece of egotism, but your question about me to H—— was put much in the fashion of one engaged in experimental science of mental philosophy, and I have answered it instead of letting her do so, and as candidly as I am able, without any view but that of assisting your observation and study of human nature in general by my individual "manifestations." Your son was kind enough to procure me an entrance to the House of Commons last night, where I slept profoundly until roused by the most unearthly voice I ever heard, pouring forth with wonderful rapidity and fire a shrill stream of brogue. It was Sheil, whom I am glad to have heard, though he did not speak upon any subject of particular interest.[1]

I must not pass the narrow bounds of my paper, which just equals my allowance of time. I am glad you do not altogether forget me, and am ever truly yours, F. K.

Mrs. K—— was a Miss Dawson, sister of the Right Honorable George Dawson, and the wife of an eminent member of the Irish bar. She was a woman of great mental cultivation and unusual information upon subjects which are generally little interesting to women. She was a passionate partisan of Owen the philanthropist and Combe the phrenologist, and entertained the most sanguine hopes of the regeneration of the whole civilized world through the means of the theories of these benevolent reformers. Except Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, I do not think a woman can have existed who combined the love of things futile and serious to the same degree as Mrs. K——. Her feminine taste for fashionable society and the frivolities of dress, together with her sober and solid studies of the gravest sort and her devotion to the speculations of her friends Owen and Combe, constituted a rare union of contrasts. She was a remarkable instance of the combination exemplified by more than one eminent person of her sex, of a capacity for serious study, solid acquirements, and enlightened and liberal views upon the most important subjects, with a decided inclination for those more trifling pursuits supposed to be the paramount interests of the female mind. She was the dear friend of my dear friend Miss S——, and corresponded with her upon the great subject of social progress with a perfect enthusiasm of theoretical reform.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
*November 14th.*

DEAREST H——: Thank you a thousand times for your kindness in consenting to come to us. We are all very happy in the hope of having you, nor need you be for a moment nervous or uncomfortable from the idea that we shall receive or treat you otherwise than as one of ourselves. I have left my mother and my aunt in the room which is to be yours, devising and arranging matters for you. It is a very small roost, dear H——, but it is the only spare room in our house, and although it is three stories up, it is next to mine, and I hope good neighborhood will atone for some deficiencies. With regard to interfering with the routine or occupations of the family, they are of a nature which, fortunately for your scruples, renders that impossible. There is but one thing in your letter which rather distressed me: you allude to the inconveniences of a woman traveling in mail-coaches in December, and I almost felt, when I read the sentence, what my aunt Dall told me after I had requested you to come to us now, that it was a want of consideration in me to have invited you at so ungenial a season for traveling. I had one reason for doing so which I hope will excuse the apparent selfishness of the arrangement. Towards the end of the spring I shall be leaving town, I

[1] My visit to the House of Commons here referred to was made in the days of female exclusion from the national deliberative assembly, the only place to which women were then admitted to hear the parliamentary debates being the "lantern" of the house, the ventilator, in fact, through which its foul air escaped.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hope to come nearer your land, and the beginning of our spring is seldom much more mild and inviting or propitious for traveling than the winter itself. Then, too, the early spring is the time when our engagements are unavoidably very numerous; to decline going into society is not in my power, and to drag you to my balls (which I love dearly) would, I think, scarce be a pleasure to you (whom I love more), and to go to them when I might be with you would be to run the risk of destroying my taste for the only form of intercourse with my fellow-creatures which is not at present irksome to me. Think, dear H——, if ceasing to dance I should cease to care for universal humanity, — indeed, take to hating it, and become an absolute misanthropist! What a risk! So, you see, I really did for the best, though "bad is the best," as is too often the case in this best of all possible worlds. I feel very deeply the effort you are making in coming to us, dearest H——, and I trust that, what with the warmth of our reception and the prospect we have of continued mild weather, you will not have reason to reproach me very bitterly for my selfish barbarity.

I have heard nothing more of or from John, but the newspaper reports of the proceedings are rather more favorable than they have been, though I fear one cannot place much reliance on them. I do not know how the papers you see speak of the aspect of affairs in England at this moment; the general feeling seems to be one of relief, and that, whatever apprehensions may have been entertained for the tranquillity of the country, the storm has blown over for the present. Everything is quiet again in London and promises to remain so, and there seems to be a sort of "drawing of a long breath" sensation in the state of the public mind, though I cannot myself help thinking not only that we have been, but that we still are, on the eve of some great crisis. There are reports without end that the Duke of Wellington is to go out, and new ministries are hatched daily in every political imagination in this big, busy town; but from a conversation I heard the other morning among persons intimately connected with the Duke of Wellington, there seems to be quite as little truth in all these confident assertions as is usual in such reports. The king has expressed the most unbounded confidence in him, and it was asserted that the duke had said that he would not resign, for the only cause of his unpopularity is that while he is at the head of the government the mob will never be able to get the upper hand. To the suppressing of everything like mob supremacy I suppose we should all cry "amen," for power wielded by ignorance must always be violent, ill-judged, and despotic, in proportion as it is new, strange, and exciting to it.

Mrs. Haller is going on very well; it is well spoken of, I am told, and upon the whole it seems to have done me credit, though I am surprised it has, for there is nothing in the part that gives me the least satisfaction. My next character, I hear, is to be of a very different order of frailty — Calista, in The Fair Penitent. However odious both play and part are, there are powerful situations in it, and many opportunities for fine acting, but I am afraid I am quite unequal to such a *turpissime* termagant, with whom my aunt did such tremendous things.

My performance of The Fair Penitent was entirely ineffective, and did neither me nor the theatre any service; the play itself is a feeble adaptation of Massinger's powerful drama of The Fatal Dowry, and, as generally happens with such attempts to fit our old plays to our modern stage, the fundamentally objectionable nature of the story could not be reformed without much of the vigorous and terrible effect of the original treatment evaporating in the refining process. Mr. Macready revived Massinger's fine play with considerable success, but both the matter and the manner of our dramatic ancestors is too robust for the audiences of our day, who nevertheless will go and see Diane de Lys, by a French company of actors, without wincing. Of Mrs. Siddons's Mrs. Haller, one of her admirers once told me that her majestic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and imposing person, and the commanding character of her beauty, militated against her effect in the part. "No man, alive or dead," said he, "would have dared to take a liberty with her; wicked she might be, but weak she could not be, and when she told the story of her ill-conduct in the play, nobody believed her." While another of her devotees, speaking of The Fair Penitent, said that it was worth sitting out the piece for her scene with Romont alone, and to see "such a splendid animal in such a magnificent rage."

*Frances Anne Kemble.*

---

## GARDEN STATUES.

### I.

*Eros.*

O NAKED baby Love among the roses,
Watching with laughing gray-green eyes for me,
Who says that thou art blind? Who hides from thee?
Who is it in his foolishness supposes
That ever a bandage round thy sweet face closes
Thicker than gauze? I know that thou canst see!
Thy glances are more swift and far more sure
To reach their goal than any missile is,
Except that one which never yet did miss,
Whose slightest puncture not even Death can cure,
Whose stroke divides the heart with such a bliss
As even the strongest trembles to endure —
Thine arrow that makes glad the saddest weather
With the keen rustle of its purple feather!

### II.

*Aphrodite.*

AND thou whose tresses like straw-colored gold
Above the scarlet gladiole float and shine —
Whose comely breasts, whose shoulders fair and fine,
Whose fathomless eyes and limbs of heavenly mold
Thrill me with pains and pleasures manifold,
Racy of earth yet full of fire divine —
Art thou unclean as that old Paphian dream?
I know thou art not; for thou camest to me
Out of the white foam-lilies of the sea,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out of the salt-clear fountain's clearest stream,
The embodiment of purest purity,
As healthful as the sun's directest beam,
So life-giving that up beneath thy feet,
Wherever thou goest, the grass-flowers bubble sweet!

III.

*Psyche.*

And thou among the violets lying down,
With gracile limbs curled like a sleeping child's,
And dewy lips, and cheeks drawn back with smiles,
And bright hair wrapped about thee for a gown,
Does some implacable fate with scowl and frown
Weave for thy feet its dark, insidious wiles?
Not so, for I have known thee from thy youth
A singer of sweet tunes and sweeter words,
To merry tinkling of soft cithern chords.
Thine is the way of happiness and truth,
And all thy movements are as swift and smooth
As through the air the strongest-flying bird's.
Infinite joy about thy presence clings,
Unspeakable hope falls from thy going wings!

IV.

*Persephone.*

And thou that by the poppy bloom dost stand,
Robed in the dusky garments of the south,
With slumber in thine eyes and on thy mouth,
Sandaled with silence, having in thy hand
A philter for Death and a sleep-bearing wand,
Bringest thou the immitigable fire and drouth?
No; for thy shadowy hair is full of balm,
Thy philter is delight, thy wand gives rest.
See, now I fold my hands upon my breast!
Come, touch me with thy cool and soothing palm,
Lull me to measureless sleep, ineffable calm,
And bear me to thy garden in the west,
Beyond whose ever-clouded confine lies
A sweet, illimitable paradise!

*Maurice Thompson.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SIR WILLIAM PHIPS'S ATTACK ON QUEBEC.

THE plan of a combined attack on Canada in 1690 seems to have been first proposed by the Iroquois, and New York and the several governments of New England, smarting under French and Indian attacks, hastened to embrace it. Early in May a congress of their delegates was held in the city of New York. It was agreed that the colony of that name should furnish four hundred men, and Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut three hundred and fifty-five jointly, while the Iroquois afterwards added their worthless pledge to join the expedition with nearly all their warriors. The colonial militia were to rendezvous at Albany and thence advance upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain. Mutual jealousies made it difficult to agree upon a commander; but Winthrop of Connecticut was at length placed at the head of the feeble and discordant band.

While Montreal was thus assailed by land, Massachusetts and the other New England colonies were invited to attack Quebec by sea, a task formidable in difficulty and in cost, and one that imposed on them an inordinate share in the burden of the war. Massachusetts hesitated. She had no money, and she was already engaged in a less remote and less critical enterprise. During the winter her commerce had suffered from French cruisers which found convenient harborage at Port Royal, whence also the hostile Indians were believed to draw supplies. Seven vessels with two hundred and eighty-eight sailors were impressed, and from four to five hundred militiamen were drafted for the service. That rugged son of New England, Sir William Phips, was appointed to the command. He sailed from Nantasket at the end of April, reached Port Royal on the 11th of May, landed his militia, and summoned Meneval, the governor, to surrender. The fort, though garrisoned by about seventy soldiers, was scarcely in condition to repel an assault, and Meneval yielded without resistance, first stipulating, according to French accounts, that private property should be respected, the church left untouched, and the troops sent to Quebec or to France. It was found, however, that during the parley a quantity of goods belonging partly to the king and partly to merchants of the place had been carried off and hidden in the woods. Phips thought this a sufficient pretext for plundering the merchants, imprisoning the troops, and desecrating the church. "We cut down the cross," writes one of his followers, "rifled their church, pulled down their high altar, and broke their images." The houses of the two priests were also pillaged. The people were promised security to life, liberty, and property, on condition of swearing allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, "which," says the journalist, "they did with great acclamations," and thereupon they were left unmolested.

Phips now sent Captain Alden, who had already taken possession of Saint Castine's post at Penobscot, to seize upon La Hêve, Chedabucto, and other stations on the southern coast. Then, after providing for the reduction of the settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy, he sailed with the rest of the fleet for Boston, where he arrived triumphant on the 18th of May, bringing with him as prisoners the French governor, fifty-nine soldiers, and the two priests, Petit and Trouvé. Massachusetts had made an easy conquest of all Acadia, a conquest, however, which she had neither the men nor the money to secure by sufficient garrisons.

The conduct of the New England commander in this affair does him no credit. It is true that no blood was split and no revenge taken for the repeated butcheries of unoffending and defenseless settlers. It is true, also, that the French appear to have acted in bad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faith, but Phips, on the other hand, displayed a scandalous rapacity. Charlevoix says that he robbed Meneval of all his money; but Meneval himself affirms that he gave it to the English commander for safe-keeping, and that Phips and his wife would return neither the money nor various other articles belonging to the captive governor, whereof the following are specified: "six silver spoons; six silver forks; one silver cup in the shape of a gondola; a pair of pistols; three new wigs; a gray vest, entirely new; four pair of silk garters; two dozen of shirts; six vests of dimity; four nightcaps with lace edgings; all my table service of fine tin; all my kitchen linen," and many other items which give an amusing insight into Meneval's housekeeping.

As Phips was to play a conspicuous part in the events which immediately followed, some notice of him will not be amiss. He is said to have been one of twenty-six children, all of the same mother; and was born in 1650 at a rude border settlement, since called Woolwich, on the Kennebec. His parents were ignorant and poor, and till eighteen years of age he was employed in keeping sheep. Such a life ill suited his active and ambitious nature. To better his condition he learned the trade of ship-carpenter, and in the exercise of it came to Boston, where he married a widow with some property, beyond him in years and much above him in station. About this time he learned to read and write, though not too well, for his signature is like that of a peasant. Still aspiring to greater things, he promised his wife that he would one day command a king's ship and own a "fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston," a quarter then occupied by citizens of the better class. He kept his word at both points. Fortune was inauspicious to him for several years, till at length under the pressure of reverses he conceived the idea of conquering fame and wealth at one stroke, by fishing up the treasure said to be stored in a Spanish galleon wrecked fifty years before, somewhere in the West Indian seas. Full of this project he went to England, where, through influences which do not plainly appear, he gained a hearing from persons in high places and induced the admiralty to adopt his scheme. A frigate was given him and he sailed for the West Indies, whence after a long search he returned unsuccessful, though not without adventures which proved his mettle. It was the epoch of the buccaneers, and his crew, tired of a vain and toilsome search, came to the quarter-deck armed with cutlasses and demanded of their captain that he should turn pirate with them. Phips, a tall and powerful man, instantly fell upon them with his fists, knocked down the ringleaders, and awed them all into submission. Not long after there was a more formidable mutiny; but with great courage and address he quelled it for a time, and held his crew to their duty till he had brought the ship into Jamaica and exchanged them for better men.

Though the leaky condition of the frigate compelled him to abandon the search, it was not till he had gained information which he thought would lead to success; and on his return he inspired such confidence that the Duke of Albemarle, with other noblemen and gentlemen, gave him a fresh outfit and dispatched him again on his Quixotic errand. This time he succeeded, found the wreck, and took from it gold, silver, and jewels to the value of three hundred thousand pounds sterling. The crew now leagued together to seize the ship and divide the prize, and Phips, pushed to extremity, was compelled to promise that every man of them should have a share in the treasure, even if he paid it himself. On reaching England he kept his pledge so well that after redeeming it only sixteen thousand pounds were left as his portion, which, however, was an ample fortune in the New England of that day. He gained, too, what he valued almost as much, the honor of knighthood. Tempting offers were made him of employment in the royal service, but he had an ardent love for his own country, and thither he presently returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phips was a rude sailor, bluff, prompt, and choleric. He never gave proof of intellectual capacity, and such of his success in life as he did not owe to good luck was due probably to an energetic and adventurous spirit, aided by a blunt frankness of address that pleased the great and commended him to their favor. Two years after the expedition to Port Royal, the king, under the new charter, made him governor of Massachusetts, a post for which, though totally unfit, he had been recommended by the elder Mather, who, like his son Cotton, expected to make use of him. He carried his old habits into his new office, cudgeled Brinton, the collector of the port, and belabored Captain Short of the royal navy with his cane. Far from trying to hide the obscurity of his origin, he leaned to the opposite foible and was apt to boast of it, delighting to exhibit himself as a self-made man. New England writers describe him as honest in private dealings, but in accordance with his coarse nature he seems to have thought that anything was fair in war. On the other hand, he was warmly patriotic and was almost as ready to serve New England as to serve himself.[1]

When he returned from Port Royal, he found Boston alive with martial preparation. A bold enterprise was afoot. Massachusetts of her own motion had resolved to attempt the conquest of Quebec. She and her sister colonies had not yet recovered from the exhaustion of Philip's War, and still less from the disorders that attended the expulsion of the royal governor and his adherents. The public treasury was empty, and the recent expeditions against the eastern Indians had been supported by private subscription. Worse yet, New England had no competent military commander. The Puritan gentlemen of the original emigration, some of whom were as well fitted for military as for civil leadership, had passed from the stage, and by a tendency which circumstances made inevitable they had left none behind them equally qualified. The great Indian conflict of fifteen years before had, it is true, formed good partisan chiefs, and proved that the New England yeoman, defending his family and his hearth, was not to be surpassed in stubborn fighting; but since Andros and his soldiers had been driven out there was scarcely a single man in the colony of the slightest training or experience in regular war. Up to this moment New England had never asked help of the mother country. When thousands of savages burst on her defenseless settlements, she had conquered safety and peace with her own blood and her own slender resources; but now, as the proposed capture of Quebec would inure to the profit of the British crown, Bradstreet and his council thought it not unfitting to ask for a supply of arms and ammunition, of which they were in great need. The request was refused, and no aid of any kind came from the English government, whose resources were engrossed by the Irish war.

While waiting for the reply, the colonial authorities urged on their preparations in the hope that the plunder of Quebec would pay the expenses of its conquest. Humility was not among the New England virtues, and they considered it a sin to doubt that God would give his chosen people the victory over papists and idolaters; still, they spared no pains to insure the divine favor. A proclamation was issued calling the people to repentance, a day of fasting was ordained, and, as Mather expresses it, "the wheel of prayer was kept in continual motion." The chief difficulty was to provide funds. An attempt was made to collect a part of the money by private subscription, but as this plan failed, the provisional government, already in debt, strained its credit yet further and borrowed the needful sums. Thirty-two trading and fishing vessels, great and small, were impressed for the service. The largest was a ship called the Six Friends, engaged in the dangerous West India trade and carrying forty-four guns. A call was made for volunteers and many enrolled themselves; but as more were wanted a press was ordered

[1] An excellent account of Phips will be found in Professor Bowen's biographical notice. His Life by Cotton Mather is excessively eulogistic.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to complete the number. So vigorously was it applied that, what with voluntary and enforced enlistment, one town, that of Gloucester, was deprived of two thirds of its fencible men. There was not a moment of doubt as to the choice of a commander, for Phips was imagined to be the very man for the work. One John Walley, a respectable citizen of Barnstable, was made second in command, with the modest rank of major, and a sufficient number of ship-masters, merchants, master-mechanics, and substantial farmers were commissioned as subordinate officers. About the middle of July the committee charged with the preparations reported that all was ready. Still there was a long delay. The vessel sent early in spring to ask aid from England had not returned. Phips waited for her as long as he dared, and the best of the season was over when he resolved to put to sea. The rustic warriors, duly formed into companies, were sent on board, and the fleet sailed from Nantasket on the 9th of August. Including sailors, it carried twenty-two hundred men, with provisions for four months, but insufficient ammunition and no pilot for the St. Lawrence.

While Massachusetts had been making ready to conquer Quebec by sea, the militia of the land expedition against Montreal had mustered at Albany. Their strength was even less than was at first proposed, for after the disaster at Casco, Massachusetts and Plymouth had recalled their contingents to defend their frontiers. The rest, decimated by dysentery and small-pox, began their march to Lake Champlain with bands of Mohawk, Oneida, and Mohegan allies. The western Iroquois were to join them at the lake, and the combined force was then to attack the head of the colony while Phips struck at its heart.

Frontenac was at Quebec during most of the winter and the early spring. During the winter he had employed gangs of men in cutting timber in the forests, hewing it into palisades, and dragging it to Quebec. Nature had fortified the Upper Town on two sides by cliffs almost inaccessible; but it was open to attack in the rear, and Frontenac, with a happy prevision of approaching danger, gave his first thoughts to strengthening this its only weak side. The work began as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and before midsummer it was well advanced. At the same time he took every precaution for the safety of the settlements in the upper parts of the colony, stationed detachments of regulars at the stockade forts which Denonville had built in all the parishes above Three Rivers, and kept strong scouting parties in continual movement in all the quarters most exposed to attack. Troops were detailed to guard the settlers at their work in the fields, and officers and men were enjoined to use the utmost vigilance. Nevertheless the Iroquois war parties broke in at various points, burning and butchering, and spreading such terror that in some districts the fields were left untilled and the prospects of the harvest ruined.

Towards the end of July Frontenac left Major Prévost to finish the fortifications, and, with the Intendant Champigny, went up to Montreal, the chief point of danger. Here he arrived on the 31st, and, a few days after, the officer commanding the fort at La Chine sent him a messenger in hot haste with the startling news that Lake St. Louis was "all covered with canoes." Nobody doubted that the Iroquois were upon them again. Cannon were fired to call in the troops from the detached posts, when alarm was suddenly turned to joy by the arrival of other messengers to announce that the new-comers were not enemies, but friends. They were the Indians of the Upper Lakes descending from Michilimackinac to trade at Montreal.

On the next day they all came down the rapids and landed near the town. There were fully five hundred of them, Hurons, Ottawas, Ojibways, Pottawattamies, Crees, and Nipissings, with a hundred and ten canoes laden with beaver skins to the value of nearly a hundred thousand crowns. Nor was this all, for a few days after La Durantaye, late commander at Michilimacki-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nac, arrived with fifty-five more canoes, manned by French traders and freighted with valuable furs. The stream of wealth, dammed back so long, was flowing upon the colony at the moment when it was most needed. Never had Canada known a more prosperous trade than now in the midst of her danger and tribulation. It was a triumph for Frontenac. If his policy had failed with the Iroquois, it had found a crowning success among the tribes of the lakes.

Having painted, greased, and befeathered themselves, the Indians mustered for the grand council which always preceded the opening of the market. The Ottawa orator spoke of nothing but trade, and with a regretful memory of the cheapness of English goods begged that the French would sell them at the same rate. The Huron touched upon politics and war, declaring that he and his people had come to visit their old father and listen to his voice, being well assured that he would never abandon them as others had done, nor fool away his time like Denonville in shameful negotiations for peace; and he exhorted Frontenac to fight not the English only but the Iroquois also, till they were brought to reason. "If this is not done," he said, "my father and I shall both perish; but, come what may, we will perish together."

All seemed eager for war except the Ottawas, who had not forgotten their late dalliance with the Iroquois. A Christian Mohawk of the Saut St. Louis called them to another council and demanded that they should explain clearly their position. Thus pushed to the wall they no longer hesitated, but promised like the rest to do all that their father should ask.

Their sincerity was soon put to the test. An Iroquois convert called La Plaque, a notorious reprobate though a good warrior, had gone out as a scout in the direction of Albany. On the day when the market opened and trade was in full activity, the buyers and sellers were suddenly startled by the sound of the death yell. They snatched their weapons, and for a moment all was confusion, when La Plaque, who had probably meant to amuse himself at their expense, made his appearance and explained that the yells proceeded from him. The news that he brought was, however, sufficiently alarming. He declared that he had been at Lake St. Sacrement, or Lake George, and had seen there a great number of men making canoes as if about to advance on Montreal.

The men whom La Plaque had seen were a part of the combined force of Connecticut and New York destined to attack Montreal. They had made their way along Wood Creek to the point where it widens into Lake Champlain, and here they had stopped. Disputes between the men of the two colonies, intestine quarrels in the New York militia, — who were divided between the two factions engendered by the late revolution, — the want of provisions, the want of canoes, and the ravages of small-pox had ruined an enterprise which had been mismanaged from the first. It was impossible to advance, and Winthrop, the commander, gave orders to return to Albany, leaving Phips to conquer Canada alone. But first, that the campaign might not seem wholly futile, he permitted Captain John Schuyler to make a raid into Canada with a band of volunteers. Schuyler left the camp at Wood Creek with twenty-nine whites and a hundred and twenty Indians, passed Lake Champlain, descended the Richelieu to Chambly, and fell suddenly on the settlement of La Prairie, whence Frontenac had just withdrawn with his forces. Soldiers and inhabitants were reaping in the wheat fields. Schuyler and his followers killed or captured twenty-five, including several women. He wished to attack the neighboring fort, but his Indians refused; and after burning houses, barns, and hay ricks, and killing a great number of cattle, he seated himself with his party at dinner in the adjacent woods, while cannon answered cannon from Chambly, La Prairie, and Montreal, and the whole country was astir. "We thanked the governor of Canada," writes Schuyler, "for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his salute of heavy artillery during our meal."

The English had little to boast in this affair, the paltry termination of an enterprise from which great things had been expected. Nor was it for their honor to adopt the savage and cowardly mode of warfare in which their enemies had led the way. The blow that had been struck was less an injury to the French than an insult; but, as such, it galled Frontenac excessively, and he made no mention of it in his dispatches to the court. A few more Iroquois attacks and a few more murders kept Montreal in alarm till the 10th of October, when matters of deeper import engaged the governor's thoughts.

A messenger arrived in haste at three o'clock in the afternoon and gave him a letter from Prévost, town major of Quebec. It was to the effect that an Abenaki Indian had just come overland from Acadia with news that some of his tribe had captured an English woman near Portsmouth, who told them that a great fleet had sailed from Boston to attack Quebec. Frontenac, not easily alarmed, doubted the report. Nevertheless he embarked at once with the intendant in a small vessel, which proved to be leaky and was near foundering with all on board. He then took a canoe, and towards evening set out again for Quebec, ordering some two hundred men to follow him. On the next day he met another canoe bearing a fresh message from Prévost, who announced that the English fleet had been seen in the river and that it was already above Tadoussac. Frontenac now sent back Captain de Ramsay with orders to Callières, governor of Montreal, to descend immediately to Quebec with all the force at his disposal, and to muster the inhabitants on the way. Then he pushed on with the utmost speed. The autumnal storms had begun and the rain pelted him without ceasing; but on the morning of the 14th he neared the town. The rocks of Cape Diamond towered before him; the St. Lawrence lay beneath them, lonely and still; and the basin of Quebec outspread its broad bosom, a solitude without a sail. Frontenac had arrived in time.

He landed at the Lower Town, and the troops and the armed inhabitants came crowding to meet him. He was delighted at their ardor. Shouts and cheers and the waving of hats greeted the old man as he climbed the steep ascent of Mountain Street. Fear and doubt seemed banished by his presence. Even those who hated him rejoiced at his coming and hailed him as a deliverer. He went at once to inspect the fortifications. Since the alarm a week before, Prévost had accomplished wonders, and not only completed the works begun in the spring, but added others, to secure a place which was a natural fortress in itself. On two sides the Upper Town scarcely needed defense. The cliffs along the St. Lawrence and those along the tributary river, St. Charles, had three accessible points, guarded at the present day by the Prescott Gate, the Hope Gate, and the Palace Gate. Prévost had secured them by barricades of heavy beams and casks filled with earth. A continuous line of palisades ran along the strand of the St. Charles, from the great cliff called the Saut au Matelot to the palace of the intendant. At this latter point began the line of works constructed by Frontenac to protect the rear of the town. They consisted of a line of palisades strengthened by a ditch and embankment and flanked at frequent intervals by square towers of stone. Passing behind the garden of the Ursulines they extended to a windmill on a hillock called Mount Carmel, and thence to the brink of the cliffs in front. Here there was a battery of eight guns, near the present Public Garden. Two more, each of three guns, were planted at the top of the Saut au Matelot, another at the barricade of the Palace Gate, and another near the windmill of Mount Carmel, while a number of light pieces were held in reserve for such use as occasion might require. The Lower Town had no defensive works; but two batteries, each of three eighteen and twenty-four pounders, were placed here at the edge of the river.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two days passed in completing these defenses under the eye of the governor. Men were flocking in from the parishes far and near, and on the evening of the 15th about twenty-seven hundred regulars and militia were gathered within the fortifications, besides the armed peasantry of Beauport and Beaupré, who were ordered to watch the river below the town and resist the English should they attempt to land. At length, before dawn on the morning of the 16th, the sentinels on the Saut au Matelot could descry the slowly moving lights of distant vessels. At daybreak the fleet was in sight. Sail after sail passed the Point of Orleans and glided into the basin of Quebec. The excited spectators on the rock counted thirty-four of them. Four were large ships, several others were of considerable size, and the rest were brigs, schooners, and fishing craft, all thronged with men.

The delay at Boston, waiting aid from England that never came, was not propitious to Phips, nor were the wind and the waves. The voyage to the St. Lawrence was a long one, and when he began, without a pilot, to grope his way up the unknown river, the weather seemed in league with his enemies. He appears, moreover, to have needlessly wasted time. What was most vital to his success was rapidity of movement, yet, whether by his fault or his misfortune, he remained for three weeks within three days' sail of Quebec. While anchored off Tadoussac with the wind ahead, he passed the idle hours in holding councils of war and framing rules for the government of his men; and when at length the wind veered to the east, it is doubtful if he made the best use of his opportunity.

He presently captured a small vessel commanded by Granville, an officer whom Prévost had sent to watch his movements. He had already captured near Tadoussac another vessel, having on board Madame Lalande and Madame Joliet, the wife and the mother-in-law of the discoverer of the Mississippi.[1] When questioned as to the condition of Quebec they told him that it was imperfectly fortified, that its cannon were dismounted, and that it had not two hundred men to defend it. Phips was greatly elated, thinking that, like Port Royal, the capital of Canada would fall without a blow. The statement of the two prisoners was true for the most part when it was made; but the energy of Prévost soon wrought a change.

Phips imagined that the Canadians would gladly renounce despotism under French rule for freedom under another flag, for some of the Acadians had felt the influence of their New England neighbors and shown an inclination towards them. It was far otherwise in Canada, where the English heretics were regarded with abhorrence. Whenever the invaders tried to land at the settlements along the shore, they were met by a rebuff.

At the river Ouelle, Francheville, the curé, put on a cap and capote, took a musket, led his parishioners to the river, and hid with them in the bushes. As the English boats approached their ambuscade they gave the foremost a volley which killed nearly every man on board. It was the same when the fleet neared Quebec. Bands of militia, vigilant, agile, and well commanded, followed it along the shore and repelled with showers of bullets every attempt of the enemy to touch Canadian soil.

When, after his protracted voyage, Phips sailed into the basin of Quebec, one of the grandest scenes on the western continent opened upon his sight: the wide expanse of waters; the lofty promontory beyond, and the opposing heights of Levi; the cataract of Montmorenci; the distant range of the Laurentian Mountains; the warlike rock, with its diadem of walls and towers; the roofs of the Lower Town clustering on the strand beneath; the Château St. Louis perched at the brink of the cliff, and over all the white banner, spangled with *fleurs-de-lis*, flaunting defiance in the clear autumnal air. Perhaps as he

[1] "Les demoiselles Lalande et Joliet." The title of *madame* was at this time restricted to married women of rank. The wives of the *bourgeois*, and even of the lesser nobles, were called *demoiselles*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gazed a suspicion seized him that the task he had undertaken was less easy than he had thought; but he had conquered once by a simple summons to surrender, and he resolved to try its virtue again.

The fleet anchored a little below Quebec, and towards ten o'clock the French saw a boat put out from the admiral's ship, bearing a flag of truce. Four canoes went from the Lower Town and met it midway. It brought a subaltern officer who announced himself as the bearer of a letter from Sir William Phips to the French commander. He was taken into one of the canoes and paddled to the quay after being completely blindfolded by a bandage which covered half his face. Prévost received him as he landed, and ordered two sergeants to take him by the arms and lead him to the governor. His progress was neither rapid nor direct. They drew him hither and thither, delighting to make him clamber in the dark over every possible obstruction, while a noisy crowd hustled him and laughing women called him Colin Maillard, the name of the chief player in blind-man's-buff. Amid a prodigious hubbub, intended to bewilder him and impress him with a sense of immense warlike preparation, they dragged him over the three barricades of Mountain Street, and brought him at last into a large room of the château. Here they took the bandage from his eyes. He stood for a moment with an air of astonishment and some confusion. The governor stood before him, haughty and stern, surrounded by French and Canadian officers — Maricourt, Sainte Helène, Longeuil, Villebon, Valrenne, Bienville, and many more — bedecked with gold lace and silver lace, perukes and powder, plumes and ribbons, and all the martial foppery in which they took delight, and regarding the envoy with keen, defiant eyes. After a moment he recovered his breath and his composure, saluted Frontenac, and, expressing a wish that the duty assigned him had been of a more agreeable nature, handed him the letter of Phips. Frontenac gave it to an interpreter, who read it aloud in French, that all might hear. It ran thus: —

Sir William Phips, Knight, General, and Commander-in-Chief in and over their Majesties' Forces of New England by Sea and Land, to Count Frontenac, Lieutenant-General and Governor for the French King at Canada; or, in his absence, to his Deputy, or him or them in chief command at Quebeck: —

The war between the crowns of England and France doth not only sufficiently warrant, but the destruction made by the French and Indians, under your command and encouragement, upon the persons and estates of their Majesties' subjects of New England, without provocation on their part, hath put them under the necessity of this expedition for their own security and satisfaction. And although the cruelties and barbarities used against them by the French and Indians might, upon the present opportunity, prompt unto a severe revenge, yet, being desirous to avoid all inhumane and unchristian-like actions, and to prevent shedding of blood as much as may be,

I, the aforesaid William Phips, Knight, do hereby, in the name and in behalf of their most excellent Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, and by order of their said Majesties' government of the Massachuset' colony in New England, demand a present surrender of your forts and castles, undemolished, and the King's and other stores, unembezzled, with a seasonable delivery of all captives; together with a surrender of all your persons and estates to my dispose: upon the doing whereof you may expect mercy from me, as a Christian, according to what shall be found for their Majesties' service and the subjects' security. Which, if you refuse forthwith to do, I am come provided, and am resolved, by the help of God, in whom I trust, by force of arms to revenge all wrongs and injuries offered, and bring you under subjection to the crown of England, and, when too

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late, make you wish you had accepted of the favour tendered.

Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue.[1]

When the reading was finished, the Englishman pulled his watch from his pocket and handed it to the governor. Frontenac could not, or pretended that he could not, see the hour. The messenger told him that it was ten o'clock, and that he must have his answer before eleven. A general cry of indignation arose, and Valrenne called out that Phips was nothing but a pirate and that his man ought to be hanged. Frontenac contained himself for a moment and then said to the envoy, —

"I will not keep you waiting so long. Tell your general that I do not recognize King William, and that the Prince of Orange, who so styles himself, is a usurper who has violated the most sacred laws of blood in attempting to dethrone his father-in-law. I know no King of England but King James. Your general ought not to be surprised at the hostilities which he says that the French have carried on in the colony of Massachusetts, for, as the king my master has taken the King of England under his protection, and is about to replace him on his throne by force of arms, he might have expected that his Majesty would order me to make war on a people who have rebelled against their lawful prince." Then, turning with a smile to the officers about him, "Even if your general offered me conditions a little more gracious, and if I had a mind to accept them, does he suppose that these brave gentlemen would give their consent, and advise me to trust a man who broke his agreement with the governor of Port Royal, or a rebel who has failed in his duty to his king and forgotten all the favors he had received from him, to follow a prince who pretends to be the Liberator of England and the Defender of the Faith, and yet destroys the laws and privileges of the kingdom and overthrows its religion? The divine justice which your general invokes in his letter will not fail to punish such acts severely."

The messenger seemed astonished and startled; but he presently asked if the governor would give him his answer in writing.

"No," returned Frontenac, "I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon, that he may learn that a man like me is not to be summoned after this fashion. Let him do his best, and I will do mine;" and he dismissed the Englishman abruptly. He was again blindfolded, led over the barricades, and sent back to the fleet by the boat that brought him.

Phips had often given proof of personal courage, but for the past three weeks his conduct seems that of a man conscious that he is charged with a work too large for his capacity. He had spent a good part of his time in holding councils of war; and now, when he heard the answer of Frontenac, he called another to consider what should be done. A plan of attack was at length arranged. The militia were to be landed on the shore of Beauport, which was just below Quebec, though separated from it by the St. Charles. They were then to cross this river by a ford practicable at low water, climb the heights of St. Geneviève, and gain the rear of the town. The small vessels of the fleet were to aid the movement by ascending the St. Charles as far as the ford, holding the enemy in check by their fire, and carrying provisions, ammunition, and intrenching tools for the use of the land troops. When these had crossed and were ready to attack Quebec in the rear, Phips was to cannonade it in front, and land two hundred men under cover of his guns to effect a diversion by storming the barricades. Some of the French prisoners, from whom their captors appear to have received a great deal of cor-

[1] See the letter in Mather, Magnalia, i. 186. The French kept a copy of it, which, with an accurate translation, in parallel columns, was sent to Versailles, and is still preserved in the Archives de la Marine. The text answers perfectly to that given by Mather.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rect information, told the admiral that there was a place a mile or two above the town where the heights might be scaled and the rear of the fortifications reached from a direction opposite to that proposed. This was precisely the movement by which Wolfe afterwards gained his memorable victory; but Phips chose to abide by the original plan.

While the plan was debated, the opportunity for accomplishing it ebbed away. It was still early when the messenger returned from Quebec; but before Phips was ready to act, the day was on the wane and the tide was against him. He lay quietly at his moorings when, in the evening, a great shouting, mingled with the roll of drums and the sound of fifes, was heard from the Upper Town. The English officers asked their prisoner, Granville, what it meant. "Ma foi, messieurs," he replied, "you have lost the game. It is the Governor of Montreal with the people from the country above. There is nothing for you now but to pack and go home." In fact, Callières had arrived with seven or eight hundred men, many of them regulars. With these were bands of *coureurs des bois* and other young Canadians, all full of fight, singing and whooping with martial glee as they passed the western gate and trooped down St. Louis Street.

The next day was gusty and blustering and still Phips lay quiet, waiting on the winds and the waves. A small vessel with sixty men on board, under Captain Ephraim Savage, ran in towards the shore of Beauport to examine the landing, and stuck fast in the mud. The Canadians plied her with bullets and brought a cannon to bear on her. They might have waded out and boarded her, but Savage and his men kept up so hot a fire that they forbore the attempt, and when the tide rose she floated again.

There was another night of tranquillity; but at about eleven on Wednesday morning, the French heard the English fifes and drums in full action, while repeated shouts of "God save King William!" rose from all the vessels. This lasted an hour or more, after which a great number of boats loaded with men put out from the fleet and rowed rapidly towards the shore of Beauport. The tide was low and the boats grounded before reaching the landing-place. The French on the rock could see the troops through telescopes, looking in the distance like a swarm of black ants, as they waded through mud and water and formed in companies along the strand. They were some thirteen hundred in number and were commanded by Major Walley. Frontenac had sent three hundred sharpshooters, under Sainte Helène, to meet them and hold them in check. A battalion of troops followed; but long before they could reach the spot, Sainte Helène's men, with a few militia from the neighboring parishes and a band of Huron warriors from Lorette, threw themselves into the thickets along the front of the English and opened a distant but galling fire upon the compact bodies of the enemy. Walley ordered a charge. The New England men rushed in a disorderly manner but with great impetuosity up the rising ground, received two volleys which failed to check them, and drove back the assailants in some confusion. They turned, however, and fought in Indian fashion with courage and address, leaping and dodging among trees, rocks, and bushes, firing as they retreated, and inflicting more harm than they received. Towards evening they disappeared, and Walley, whose men had been much scattered in the desultory fight, drew them together as well as he could and advanced towards the St. Charles, in order to meet the vessels which were to aid him in passing the ford. Here he posted sentinels and encamped for the night. He had lost four killed and about sixty wounded, and imagined that he had killed twenty or thirty of the enemy. In fact, however, their loss was much less, though among the killed was a valuable officer, the Chevalier de Clermont; and among the wounded, the veteran captain of Beauport, Juchereau de Saint Denis, more than sixty-four years of age. In the evening a deserter came to the English camp and brought the unwelcome intel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ligence that there were three thousand armed men in Quebec.

Meanwhile Phips, whose fault hitherto had not been an excess of promptitude, grew impatient and made a premature movement inconsistent with the preconcerted plan. He left his moorings, anchored his largest ships before the town, and prepared to cannonade it; but the fiery veteran who watched him from the Château St. Louis anticipated him and gave him the first shot. Phips replied furiously, opening fire with every gun that he could bring to bear, while the rock paid him back in kind, and belched flame and smoke from all its batteries. So fierce and rapid was the firing that La Hontan compares it to the volleying of musketry, and old officers who had seen many sieges declared that they had never known the like. The din was prodigious, reverberated from the surrounding heights and rolled back from the distant mountains in one continuous roar. On the part of the English, however, surprisingly little was accomplished beside noise and smoke. The practice of their gunners was so bad that many of their shot struck harmlessly against the face of the cliff. Their guns, too, were very light, and appear to have been charged with a view to the most rigid economy of gunpowder, for the balls failed to pierce the stone walls of the buildings and did so little damage that, as the French boasted, twenty crowns would have repaired it all. Night came at length and the turmoil ceased.

Phips lay quiet till daybreak, when Frontenac sent a shot to waken him, and the cannonade began again. Sainte Helène had returned from Beauport, and he, with his brother, Maricourt, took charge of the two batteries of the Lower Town, aiming the guns in person, and throwing balls of eighteen and twenty-four pounds with excellent precision against the four largest ships of the fleet. One of their shots cut the flag-staff of the admiral, and the cross of St. George fell into the river. It drifted with the tide towards the north shore, whereupon several Canadians paddled out in a birch canoe, secured it, and brought it back in triumph. On the spire of the cathedral in the Upper Town had been hung a picture of the Holy Family as an invocation of divine aid. The Puritan gunners wasted their ammunition in vain attempts to knock it down. That it escaped their malice was ascribed to miracle, but the miracle would have been greater if they had hit it.

At length one of the ships which had suffered most hauled off and abandoned the fight. That of the admiral had fared little better, and now her condition grew desperate. With her rigging torn, her main-mast half cut through, her mizzen-mast splintered, her cabin pierced, and her hull riddled with shot, another volley seemed likely to sink her, when Phips ordered her to be cut loose from her moorings, and she drifted out of fire, leaving cable and anchor behind. The remaining ships soon gave over the conflict and withdrew to stations where they could neither do harm nor suffer it.

Phips had thrown away nearly all his ammunition in this futile and disastrous attack, which should have been deferred till the moment when Walley with his land force had gained the rear of the town. Walley lay in his camp, his men wet, shivering with cold, famished, and sickening with the small-pox. Food and all other supplies were to have been brought him by the small vessels which should have entered the mouth of the St. Charles and aided him to cross it. But he waited for them in vain. Every vessel that carried a gun had busied itself in cannonading, and the rest did not move. There appears to have been insubordination among the masters of these small craft, some of whom, being owners or part owners of the vessels they commanded, were probably unwilling to run them into danger. Walley was no soldier, but he saw that to attempt the passage of the river without aid, under the batteries of the town and in the face of forces twice as numerous as his own, was not an easy task. Frontenac, on his part, wished that he should do so, confident that the attempt would ruin him. The New England men were eager to push on; but the night of Thurs-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day, the day of Phips's repulse, was so cold that ice formed more than an inch in thickness, and the half-starved militia suffered intensely. Six field-pieces with their ammunition had been sent ashore, but they were nearly useless, as there were no means of moving them. Half a barrel of musket powder and one biscuit for each man were also landed, and with this meagre aid Walley was left to capture Quebec. He might, had he dared, have made a dash across the ford on the morning of Thursday and assaulted the town in the rear while Phips was cannonading it in front; but his courage was not equal to so desperate a venture. The firing ceased and the possible opportunity was lost. The citizen soldier despaired of success, and on the morning of Friday he went on board the admiral's ship to explain his situation. While he was gone his men put themselves in motion and advanced along the borders of the St. Charles towards the ford. Frontenac, with three battalions of regular troops, went to receive them at the crossing, while Sainte Helène, with his brother Longueuil, passed the ford with a body of Canadians and opened fire on them from the neighboring thickets. Their advance parties were driven in and there was a hot skirmish, the chief loss falling on the New England men, who were fully exposed. On the side of the French, Sainte Helène was mortally wounded, and his brother was hurt by a spent ball. Towards evening the Canadians withdrew and the English encamped for the night. Their commander presently rejoined them. The admiral had given him leave to withdraw them to the fleet, and boats were accordingly sent to bring them off, but as these did not arrive till about daybreak, it was necessary to defer the embarkation till the next night.

At dawn, Quebec was all astir with the beating of drums and the ringing of bells. The New England drums replied, and Walley drew up his men under arms, expecting an attack, for the town was so near that the hubbub of voices from within could plainly be heard. The noise gradually died away, and except by a few shots from the ramparts the invaders were left undisturbed. Walley sent two or three companies to beat up the neighboring thickets, where he suspected that the enemy was lurking. On the way they had the good luck to find and kill a number of cattle, which they cooked and ate on the spot, whereupon, being greatly refreshed and invigorated, they dashed forward in complete disorder and were soon met by the fire of the ambushed Canadians. Several more companies were sent to their support, and the skirmishing became lively. Three detachments from Quebec had crossed the river, and the militia of Beauport and Beaupré had hastened to join them. They fought like Indians, hiding behind trees or throwing themselves flat among the bushes, and laying repeated ambuscades as they slowly fell back. At length they all made a stand on a hill behind the buildings and fences of a farm, and here they held their ground till night, while the New England men shouted curses at them for cowards who would never fight except under cover.

Walley, who with his main body had stood in arms all day, now called in the skirmishers and fell back to the landing place, where as soon as it grew dark the boats arrived from the fleet. The sick men, of whom there were many, were sent on board, and then, amid floods of rain, the whole force embarked in noisy confusion, leaving behind them in the mud five of their cannon. Hasty as was their parting, their conduct on the whole had been creditable, and La Hontan, who was in Quebec at the time, says of them, "They fought vigorously, though as ill disciplined as men gathered together at random could be; for they did not lack courage, and, if they failed, it was by reason of this entire ignorance of discipline and because they were exhausted by the fatigues of the voyage." Of Phips he speaks with contempt, and says that he could not have served the French better if they had bribed him to stand all the while with his arms folded. Some allowance should, nevertheless, be made him for the unmanageable character of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the force under his command, the constitution of which was fatal to military subordination.

On Sunday, the morning after the re-embarkation, Phips called a council of officers; and it was resolved that the men should rest for a day or two, that there should be a meeting for prayer, and that, if ammunition enough could be found, another landing should be attempted; but the rough weather prevented the prayer-meeting, and the plan of a new attack was fortunately abandoned.

Quebec remained in agitation and alarm till Tuesday, when Phips weighed anchor and disappeared with all his fleet behind the Island of Orleans. He did not go far, as indeed he could not, but stopped four leagues below to mend rigging, fortify wounded masts, and stop shot-holes. Subercase had gone with a detachment to watch the retiring enemy, and Phips was repeatedly seen among his men, on a scaffold at the side of his ship, exercising his old trade of carpenter. This delay was turned to good use by an exchange of prisoners. Chief among those in the hands of the French was Captain Davis, late commander at Casco Bay, and there were also two young daughters of Lieutenant Clark, who had been killed at the same place. Frontenac himself had humanely ransomed these children from the Indians, and Madame de Champigny, wife of the intendant, had with equal kindness bought from them a little girl named Sarah Gerrish, and placed her in charge of the nuns at the Hôtel Dieu, who had become greatly attached to her, while she on her part left them with reluctance. The French had the better in these exchanges, receiving able-bodied men, and returning, with the exception of Davis, only women and children.

The heretics were gone and Quebec breathed freely again. Her escape had been a narrow one; not that three thousand men, in part regular troops, defending one of the strongest positions on the continent and commanded by Frontenac, could not defy the attacks of two thousand raw fishermen and farmers led by an ignorant civilian; but the numbers which were a source of strength were at the same time a source of weakness. Nearly all the adult males of Canada were gathered at Quebec, and there was imminent danger of starvation. Cattle from the neighboring parishes had been hastily driven into the town, but there was little other provision, and before Phips retreated the pinch of famine had begun. Had he come a week earlier or stayed a week later, the French themselves believed that Quebec would have fallen; in the one case for want of men, and in the other for want of food.

The Lower Town had been abandoned by its inhabitants, who bestowed their families and their furniture within the solid walls of the seminary. The cellars of the Ursuline convent were filled with women and children, and many more took refuge at the Hôtel Dieu. The beans and cabbages in the garden of the nuns were all stolen by the soldiers, and their wood-pile was turned into bivouac fires. "We were more dead than alive when we heard the cannon," writes Mother Juchereau; but the Jesuit Fremin came to console them, and their prayers and their labors never ceased. On the day when the firing was heaviest, twenty-six balls fell into their yard and garden, and were sent to the gunners at the batteries, who returned them to their English owners. At the convent of the Ursulines the corner of a nun's apron was carried off by a cannon shot as she passed through her chamber. The sisterhood began a *novena*, or nine days' devotion, to St. Joseph, St. Ann, the angels, and the souls in purgatory, and one of their number remained day and night in prayer before the images of the Holy Family. The bishop came to encourage them, and his prayers and his chants were so fervent that they thought their last hour was come.

One great anxiety still troubled the minds of the victors. Three ships, bringing large sums of money and the yearly supplies for the colony, were on their way to Quebec, and nothing was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more likely than that the retiring fleet would meet and capture them. Messengers had been sent down the river, who passed the English in the dark, found the ships at St. Paul's Bay, and warned them of the danger. They turned back and hid themselves within the mouth of the Saguenay, but not soon enough to prevent Phips from discovering their retreat. He tried to follow them, but thick fogs arose, with a persistent tempest of snow, which completely baffled him, and after waiting five days he gave over the attempt.

Phips returned crest-fallen to Boston late in November, and one by one the rest of the fleet came straggling after him, battered and weather-beaten. Some did not appear till February, and three or four never came at all. The autumn and early winter were unusually stormy. Captain Rainsford with sixty men was wrecked on the Island of Anticosti, where more than half their number died of cold and misery. In the other vessels, some were drowned, some frost-bitten, and above two hundred killed by small-pox and fever.

*Francis Parkman.*

---

## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

### V.

After all, those who weathered the summer out in Philadelphia, had compensations which those who have seen the Exhibition only in the spring and autumn have missed. It is true that July began at the solstice and raged on for nearly five weeks, gathering an intensity of caloric which had not been known in such duration for upwards of eighty years; that after a week of cool and cloudy weather August stretched us upon the rack again, or rather upon St. Lawrence's gridiron, suffocating and smothering us with a heaviness of heat from which the burning days of July had been free. The earth seemed calcined, literally reduced to dust and ashes; the buds shrank and dried, the fruit and vegetables shriveled, the brooks turned into steam and left bare the stones and baked mud of their channels. Only the brimming river, filled from distant mountain-cups, and the dense umbrageous foliage set the sun at defiance. Yet Philadelphia did not empty; the streets, ordinarily silent and deserted after the Fourth of July, have been busy and noisy day and night with the footsteps of crowds; the secluded avenues of the park were as lively with riding and driving as the Bois de Boulogne in May; those who remained in town from choice or necessity did not feel as if they had been abandoned to their fate, which is the ordinary state of mind there during the summer months. It is true that the graceful forms and fashions of the women at the Exhibition collapsed miserably and hid themselves in the disguise of a dust-cloak, beneath which and their veils they moved about as if in domino at a carnival of dowdiness; it is true that the horrid little restaurants at each side of the Main Building began to diffuse a stale, sickening steamboat odor in their vicinity; true that the fewness and languor of the visitors made them look like the last flies in autumn, and led me to inquire in dismay at the gates how many of them there might be crawling about, when I was told that the daily attendance had fallen to a mere handful, — seventeen or eighteen thousand. The Italians and Spaniards declared that never in Naples or Madrid had they suffered so much, and found the shortest way to the sea; the calm, contemplative Orientals, who despise nothing so much as loss of self-control, fell into fury under the combined trials of the heat and Occidental grossness; they screamed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inarticulately, and gnashed their teeth upon the tormentors who would handle their wares without purchasing, and ask questions in a unknown language, yet which were unmistakably and pointedly personal. Those who were not at the Centennial grounds during the great blaze did not see that, and it was curious and worth seeing. The fiercest expressions and gestures of the Turks, the demoniac grimaces and contortions of the Chinese and Japanese, together with their hoarse, angry, unintelligible threats and curses, did not frighten the smallest American monkey who was fingering the fans and beads; whereas I have noticed that the "damn" of an irate Englishman or American will put to flight the most importunate Latin or Asiatic, however unacquainted with our tongue. But for this fiery interlude I should never have known what a humbug the Turkish *café* is. I repaired thither on the hottest day of all, supposing that the inhabitants of the warmest climates had the most cooling refections; called for sherbet, and got a glass of tepid tamarind-water, or something like it; called for coffee to take away the taste of the sherbet, and was fain to fall back on the sherbet to take away the taste of the coffee. It has been doubted whether the trousered and turbaned attendants were genuine Turks; I have no doubt that they were, or Smyrniotes, which does just as well, but I do wonder very much whether they bawl at one another in their native cafés as they did here; they had one and all an impudent swagger and an air of being openly engaged in a gigantic swindle.

It was astonishing how well the grounds bore the heat; under the scorching rays which burnt holes in the lawns of all the adjacent country-places, those clay banks which excited derision in May clad themselves in the brightest, tenderest green; wherever the sunlight smote upon the long slopes and stretches of sward, it brought out that peculiar emerald gleam which only the softest turf emits; the flowers bloomed on as if in a perennial spring, and although with the course of the season hyacinths and crocuses passed away, more brilliant and bountiful flowers took their place. There were flowers everywhere, but the long parterre which extends for nearly a quarter of a mile in front of the Horticultural Building was like a great mosaic of living bloom. The most beautiful scene of all, perhaps, was the view from the rear of the Women's Department; here the ground falls and rises in a series of the happiest accidents, under the shade of some of the finest trees in the park; the eye roamed over acres of splendid blossoms, great rustling velvet-leaved plants, waving feathery grasses, amid the sheen of the close, smooth grass; any horticulturist might be proud of such a result for ten years' gardening. It testified to the fertilizing properties of Peruvian guano, as you learned from a little gaudy pagoda which blinked in the midst of this paradise. It was mere advertisement, all this lovely rivalry of greenery and bloom, except the pretty gardens which had been planted for the embellishment of separate buildings; but what a charming mode of advertising!

The Japanese bazar is another feature of the Exhibition which developed late. By degrees the delicate little structure of lattice and bamboo wove itself into completion, and the grounds about it spread into an absurd imitation of landscape gardening on a tiny scale: there were hills, cliffs, ravines, and table-land, laid out in winding walks, planted with the famous dwarf trees, hoary little abortions not three feet high, gnarled and twisted like any monarch of the forest, a pleasaunce for a palace of puppets; here and there a stone seat of the peculiar shape seen on fans and screens, suited to the size of ordinary mortals, threw all this doll-work into its true proportion, while a single American oak overcanopied the whole park. Behind the bazar there was a small flower-menagerie of superb Japanese lilies, spotted like pards; the close railing which shut this off was about as stout as a sandal-wood fan, and if this is what they use for fences in Japan, their beasts must be as gentle as the lilies of the field. The bazar was the most seductive of shops, where might be bought china, bronze,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lacquer, trays, fans, dress-goods; the guileful innocents who sold, asked with equal simplicity and miscalculation a dollar for something for which we would readily give five, and fifty cents for something else which despite our ignorance we know not to be worth ten. The Algerine bazar is another gorgeous growth of the midsummer. By way of the utmost contrast it had sprung up beside the homely New England log-cabin, which had a beauty all its own.

The Exhibition was the coolest spot within ten miles of Philadelphia; although the asphalt was as melted pitch to the feet and eyes, there was always a breeze, a most reviving breeze, on those windy heights, and in the large buildings, excepting the art galleries, it was delightfully shady and airy; refreshing currents and draughts met you at every corner, fountains plashed on all sides with a sound that fanned the sense; the Eastern courts exhaled delicious whiffs of attar of roses, scented woods and clays, and that strange, sweet, stimulating perfume which must be the breath of Orient, for I never could identify it with any one object, natural or manufactured, but wherever there is a heap of Turkish, Algerine, Japanese, or Indian things, it gives forth the faint, intoxicating aroma. If one steeled one's self to oblique glances and took a rolling chair, there was not only comfort but luxury in the hours passed at the great show. It was in one of those hours that I began to realize the vast size of the globe we inhabit. I find that my experience coincides with that of most people who have taken time to study the Exhibition properly. On the first visit or two one is overwhelmed, is ready to give up the idea of ever seeing it thoroughly; in half a dozen so much has been accomplished, so many departments have been seen, that we say to ourselves cheerfully that after all there is not so much to see, we know the principal part already, the rest will soon be disposed of; but each day we discover that besides what we were aware of not having looked at, there is something that we had not even heard of before, which must be examined another time. When the tour of the Main Building has been finally achieved, and we feel as if we had been round the world in eighty days, we wake up to the fact that although this is the *main* portion of the Exhibition, it is by no means the whole of it; there are, besides the machinery, agricultural, horticultural, art, medical, and United States government buildings and their annexes, some of which are nearly as large as the principal edifice, a host of smaller ones which start up from ambush in the foliage. All these duly visited, we return with relief to the Main Building to take a leisurely survey of what we liked best there before, and behold, half a dozen countries have uncovered new show-cases and thrown open closed corridors, so that it looks as if we should have to begin over again. And besides, what is this? In our progress through the parent countries we have overlooked the colonies, and here are New Zealand, Tasmania, Java, the Orange Free State, all Australia, Oceanica, — another world, in fact. We begin to feel as if it were the universe, instead of our own planet, which we have to explore. It is curious to see how much sameness there is in the productions of these out-of-the-way places of creation, however remote they may be from each other; forgetting the art, industry, mechanics, and science behind us, we exclaim with a sense of rest that the range of human invention in primitive circumstances is extremely limited. Feather and shell flowers, straw work, simple woolen, cotton, hempen, or linen fabrics with bright stripes and borders, rude weapons and utensils, coral, strange roots and fruits, formed the aboriginal staples of them all. From New Zealand there was a sumptuous feather blanket, the gala or perhaps regal robe of a Maori chief, the ground green and purple like a peacock, tufted all over with little soft white plumes; it is too magnificent for any purpose I could think of in past or present times, except to lie by Cleopatra's bedside. The Sandwich Islanders make big, simple, shining wooden bowls, very handsomely polished, which seem intended as a substitute for crockery; but they also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exhibited excellent rice and sugar, which, in view of the Hawaiian treaty, have a painful interest for some of our countrymen. The most decidedly barbarous of all these nooks and corners was the Orange Free State, with its brave show of ostrich plumes and eggs; in this section there were some specimens of infant art, but not, I should think, native — probably the work of Dutch settlers: a row of small wooden figures cut with a penknife. They are rude but expressive, representing for the most part domestic scenes; the best was an old pastor seated in an arm-chair reading the Word of God; it was full of quaint character; the features were not negro, rather Norse, on the contrary. The gem of the collection from another point of view was a clumsy little female figure about six inches long, clad only a shift, holding a garland and flying heavily past what looked like an orange about as big as herself; this symbolized the transit of Venus.

Canada cannot be spoken of as a colony, and her very large and fine exhibition was to be judged on a par with that of any independent country. The Australasian continent took the lead in all that pertains to farming; the eclogue was here in the grandeur of an epic. South Australia, besides very numerous samples of beautiful grain, wool, and silk, had two series of photographs well worth examination; they were not large but very clear and distinct, and illustrated the various processes of mining and grazing. The latter, with its flocks and herds, its scenes of sheep-shearing, its likenesses of single lordly rams, carried one into a new phase of civilization; in the history of nations it is recent for an enlightened people (in the old geographical meaning of the term) to adopt the pastoral life, and this with modern modifications is what the English are doing out there. They do not live in tents nor wander and migrate, but their wealth is in their deep-fleeced flocks and the cattle upon a thousand hills. The result of the experiment will be as interesting as it is important, in the development not only of this mode of livelihood but of the human creature himself. Those British colonists are situated in many ways as we were a century ago; their representative men were born in England, or are but one generation or so removed from her; they hold their traditions and codes from the mother-country, but from her pure creed, not her corrupt practice; they are no longer squeezed by overcrowded communities, nor stunted by inelastic, outgrown molds; they have a wider verge, in which every man has room and a chance. Yet it is not mere impatience of restraint, or of the burden of superiority, social or other, which fits a man for success in these new fields; he needs energy, enterprise, perseverance, courage, fortitude; the intelligence to divine what new growths may be grafted on an old stock; the judgment to decide what to keep and what to cast away; the constant, conscientious thought for a future which every day helps to fashion. It is impossible to come into contact with their vigorous, independent, yet not rash manhood without the reflection that of such stuff were the founders of our country made. These have not all the difficulties with which those had to contend; it is to be hoped that they and their descendants may escape the sloughs and pitfalls through which we are floundering.

At the end of three months I had seen the Exhibition. Then I drew a long breath and said I would not go there for some time. But in a week I was back again, finding an unsuspected attraction constantly drawing me thither. So monstrous an agglomeration in such close proximity to one's sphere must exercise a sort of attraction of gravitation and divert us a little from our orbit; it is a sphere in itself, with an average population of fifty thousand. During my short absence there had been a beneficent change of temperature, and the little open cars of the narrow-gauge railway, like verandas on wheels, were again running about the grounds packed like excursion-trains; wilted womankind had blossomed afresh like the rose; the camping-ground, which had received the West Point cadets, and since them many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bodies of military or militia, was once more white with tents; soldiers or associations were incessantly parading through the crowded streets of the town, and then scattering like the colored spangles of a rocket over the surface of the Exhibition. The prettiest of the uniforms was an indigo-blue jacket, all but black, and violet trousers, both faced with crimson, surmounted by a black hat rather of the Rubens shape, with a ravishing plume of soft crimson shading into pink, like the old-fashioned flower called prince's-feather. The wearers were almost as fine as the charming Turk I met there one day, a small, delicate-featured, dark man, dressed loosely in white, with scarlet fez and stockings, a richly striped sash, and a dull blue vest beneath his open jacket; during the whole summer there had been no more superb apparition than he. Indeed, such figures would lose much of their effect but for the contrast against a sad-colored crowd. About the homeliest visitors were the Germans of the lower classes, who came on pleasure bent, frugally provided with luncheon; they installed themselves at their national restaurant, called for a glass of beer, which cost them five cents, unwrapped a newspaper parcel, and ate its contents. This economy is respectable; perhaps their example and the pinch of the times may teach us the lesson which every German, Frenchman, and Italian knows — the difference between thrift and parsimony, saving a penny not for itself but for what it will bring. We have too long trifled in habits of extravagance and waste, our sole idea of economy being a stern self-denial which cuts off luxury and enjoyment alike and reduces life to a grim, pleasureless level.

The Exhibition itself and the streets of Philadelphia, which for the time being played the part of a great annex, constantly presented groups which at any less crowded and cosmopolite season would strike us as strange; from the first there were parties of blacks and whites, in most cases evidently strangers who had come together from a distance, though whence there was no means of ascertaining except by a direct question. I do not mean the familiar group of Southerners with a colored nurse in tow. Generally speaking, they were women only, and the negresses were the most smartly dressed of the company; sometimes men only; most seldom, yet not infrequently, men and women. In some instances I thought I could detect the citizenship of the white women, who were on these occasions always of what is called a superior sort, but the subject is too delicate to permit of classification by guess. When Mademoiselle de la Vallière came up to court from the country, ignorant of Paris fashions, she wore green and blue together, a combination until then condemned, which during her sway became the rage and was called "*préjugé vaincu;*" perhaps this new association of colors may mark another prejudice conquered, in some quarters at least. Among the singular figures to be met occasionally in the motley concourse of our World's Fair were foreign peasant women of the rudest, most untutored class. One in particular I saw twice at least, a dark, spare creature of middle height, with some remains of a wild, coarse beauty; she had not animation enough for an Italian and was probably a Spaniard, or from one of the South American Spanish countries; she wore no national costume, yet her dress was so dissimilar both in material and make from anything to be found in this country, even among Carolina crackers, that it alone singled her out as a foreigner; the garments were shabby and dingy; they looked like ordinary working clothes. There had been no attempt at a toilet; even her thick dark hair was frowzy, although she wore no covering of any sort on her head. She held by the hand an extremely dirty, dark-eyed child, not past the toddling stage, to whom she paid no attention whatever; she paid no attention to the crowd either, but wandered about among the show-cases as if unaware that there was anybody but herself in the passages; her movements were so slow that she was not jostled, but they had the stupid slowness of a cow's, and her expression, but for a sleeping spark in her eyes, was not unlike a cow's; it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruminative rather than contemplative. When I saw her last she was standing before Vollmer's elaborately furnished bed-room, looking at the bed and wash-stand with deep surprise, devoid of curiosity or speculation; yet her face was not blank, and gave one the idea that on some subjects, a limited class no doubt, she had her mind and could speak it. Where she came from, how she got there, and above all how she got back, was the puzzle. The most striking party were three French workmen whom I found looking about them intelligently in the United States government building. Them, too, their dress at once marked as foreigners, although it was difficult to point to the particulars in which it differed from ours; they were as neat and cleanly as possible, which stamped them for Frenchmen, as the working classes of other European nations have not this grace. One was a large, hale young fellow, fresh-colored, good-humored, with a rather broad Alsatian face, but he was from Lyons. The next was a small, slight man, with sharp-cut features and lustrous dark eyes; his hair, whiskers, and mustache were curly even to his eye-lashes; his expression was amiable and intensely vivacious, his movements alert and agile; he was from Paris, but assuredly the blood in his veins was pure Provençal. The third was tall, thin, stooping, pale, quiet, and discontented-looking; he was from one of the northern departments, but had been two or three years in America. His two comrades were members of the delegation sent by their own class in France, and received with communistic ceremonies at Newark, New Jersey. They had only twenty-two days to be in this country, and were looking with all their eyes, seemingly well pleased, although they had arrived at the hottest of the heat, and one of their party had died from it. They were full of interest, eagerness, and expectation, and probably considered all they beheld, including high wages, the gas and bath-rooms of their boarding-house, the Exhibition itself, as direct results of unrestrained radicalism. The pale companion knew better; he had lived in Utopia and had lost his illusions; he looked as if it had soured him. He was civil but somewhat reserved; the other two answered our questions with the delightful readiness and good breeding which are to be found almost invariably among French artisans. It would have been very interesting to go about with them and hear their comments and conclusions, but we respected their time and privacy.

The varieties of our own people became more and more numerous and worth studying as autumn approached. Southerners came in flocks; it is said by themselves that within their recollection so many never came to the North in one season, even before the war. In most cases they have been able to do so only by saving all they could spare from their straitened means for a long time past, and by strict economy while here. What they saw must have filled them with amazement, especially the generation which has grown up since 1861 and had never been this side the Potomac before. There were a great many cordial and complimentary exclamations, many brave and candid admissions. "We have lived too long in ruts and grooves," said one, "not looking over the sides." "Perhaps our worst mistakes and misfortunes might have been avoided," said another, "if we had known more about the rest of the world." A third humorously described his visit to the New England log-cabin, his looking on all sides for what drew the crowd; he could see nothing but what he had seen all his life and every day of his life; suddenly a Yankee remarked, "And this was the sort of house we lived in two hundred years ago." "Then I saw it," said the Southron, "and I began to wonder whether we were two hundred years behind them in everything." All three had gone into the Confederate army as lads and left an honorable record on the archives of the lost cause. There was a warm welcome for them and all like them. Their openness of mind and courageous frankness assured those who talked with them that one of the highest



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and most heart-felt hopes which the Centenary fostered has not been disappointed. The West, too, sent its quota, long, slow, and pithy, or hale, florid, and communicative; moreover, a type which Mr. Bret Harte's stories have introduced to us, — the quiet, too well-dressed man, with regular, clear-cut profile, calm, deadly eye, and thin-soled boots.

The state excursions, when our neighbors came corporately by special trains, were very amusing and characteristic. The twenty-five cent days brought multitudes when the weather was good; there were a great many Germans, of course (was it German fancy, by the way, which covered the Brewers' Hall with garlands of flourishing hop-vines? If not, it was one of those notions, half practical, half poetical, which we owe them), for Americans and the Irish in America prefer paying full to half price; may the hard times teach them better. But among ninety-five thousand visitors the majority could hardly be immigrants of any one nation, and there was another opportunity, of which the summer has given so many, of seeing an American crowd with its necessary ingredients. Without the curiosity of the opening day, or the enthusiasm of the Fourth, these twenty-five cent spectators made a more contented concourse, for there was no tending to one point or another, no trying in vain to hear or see something, no disappointment, no rush or crush, except at the railway stations. There the scene was at once comical and frightful: from five to seven o'clock the steps and platform of the Reading Railroad depot were simply a solid, struggling mass of humanity, which the interminable train starting every minute, with passengers jammed into the aisles and clinging to the hand-rails, did not diminish visibly one jot. They poured out from the Centennial grounds faster than the cars could carry them off, everybody afraid of missing his passage, which hundreds undoubtedly did by each train, while other hundreds, too frantic to read the placards, jumped madly into the wrong train. The pushing, scrambling, leaping, and hanging on to the overloaded, moving trains was alarming to behold and feel; every mother had brought her last-born, and the cries of these innocents were heart-rending, for when strong men felt themselves torn limb from limb, what could be the fate of infants? There was no loss of life, however, on these afternoons, only a prodigious loss of babies, — thirty on one day, who were all restored to their parents (including a young lady of twenty, whose helplessness seemed rather mature). On all these days, except in the desperation of getting away, the Centennial buildings and grounds preserved the universal decency and sobriety which was so striking and honorable a characteristic of the 10th of May and 4th of July; there was a delightful deal of philandering to be observed, for which the art-galleries were the favorite resorts, but no impropriety; plenty of conviviality at the restaurants and cafés, but no tipsiness.

Any account of the Centennial summer, however incomplete, would be more so without a mention of the amusements, national and international, which have gone on since the beginning of the season. There was less cricket than usual, and that little was tame. This has caused some disappointment, for Philadelphia is the head-quarters of the game in this country and the Young America the champion club, and a festival which brought so many people together promised well for the sport. The few matches which were played caused no excitement, however, for nobody was willing to leave the banks of the Schuylkill and the pretty cricket ground is miles inland. The only one which roused any interest did so from extraneous reasons; it was played early in September by the Philadelphia and Germantown elevens against a club from Virginia composed of young Englishmen of birth who have come out to re-settle the Old Dominion, repeating the history of three centuries ago. There are among others members of the old families of Fitzwilliam, Powis, A'Court, and Manning, which last name already belongs to Virginia from earlier days; no doubt the F. F. V.'s climb their own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genealogical trees actively for the benefit of these patrician squatters. It is a spirited, manly experiment on the part of these young gentlemen, and considering the difference in life at home between now and 1584 it must be about as rough for them as it was for their predecessors, who had to do battle with the savage primeval forest and the terrors of the unknown. The latter, however, must play no inconsiderable part in what they have to encounter, for they came to Philadelphia bringing a set of rude wickets made at Lynchburg and a spliced bat, under the impression that the implements of the game were not to be had here, and they were rather staggered at the sight of the Germantown ground and club-house. They do not play four times a year, themselves, scattered as they are over the wild distances of their Virginia farms, but with true British fatuity they supposed they had come up to play a scrub-match and win an easy victory over a set of greenhorns. They took their beating like men from the second-rate clubs, and went home wiser and, let us hope, not sadder. Cricket is so exclusively the game of Philadelphians that a very pretty match of La Crosse did not attract the attention it deserved. This is a Canadian game and was taught by the French to the Indians, or perhaps *vice versa*, in the early days of the settlements. It is the same sport which served as a blind for the Indian massacre at Fort Mackinaw on the breaking out of the conspiracy of Pontiac in June, 1763. It is identical with shinny, or hockey as they call it in England, except that the stick has a racket, or network shaped somewhat like a battledore, at the curved end, on which the ball is caught up and borne away by the players of one side, while the others pursue, trying to knock it off; it is simpler and less scientific than cricket, but more animated from the incessant running. The sides here were Iroquois against Canadians, and the dark-visaged, straight-limbed Indians, whose motions were curiously different from the white mens', gave great picturesqueness to the field, dressed as they were in bright colors, and garments as close and succinct as a rope-dancer's, with little skull-caps stuck full of gay feathers.

In latter August began the regatta, which lasted until the 9th of September. There were all sorts of races, collegiate, national, and international, the best crews from all parts of this country being present, and from across the Atlantic the Dublin University, London Rowing Club, and first crew from Trinity College, Cambridge. Some of the best races were broken up by sudden illness among the men; the fortnight previous had been the most trying of the summer, and the Britons, who had been rowing and training steadily to learn the river, were being exhausted by it very fast before the tug came. Some of the days were sweltering, the heat of that sickening weight peculiar to Philadelphia, which even people from other parts of the country find insufferable. In one or two cases boats had to withdraw at the hour of starting; in many, men fainted at the oar in the very moment of victory, and the distanced rivals swept by to the goal.

Decidedly the most attractive and entertaining race to the general public was that of the whalers of New England. The boats were large and rather heavy-looking, evidently built with a view to safety rather than pace. Besides the coxswain and the harpooner, each crew consisted of five rowers, three on the starboard side and two on the port. Why this inequality, only those conversant with whalers and their boats can tell. In order to somewhat balance the difference of power, the coxswain, who steers with a long oar, has to assist in propelling the boat with his steering oar, and his efforts to give help to the weaker side, and yet at the same time to attend to his special duties as cox, produced the most remarkable contortions of the body; he seemed to be bowing to the right and left, swaying his body to and fro, and waving one hand about as if quite overcome by the rapturous applause of the assembled multitude. The men's picturesque dress, — one in particular having a blue nightcap on his head and broad blue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sash round his waist, with hanging ends, — their stalwart figures and fine bronzed faces, together with the quaintness of their boats and the eccentricity of their movements produced a striking effect, and caused one almost to fancy that one was beholding crews of corsairs in hot pursuit of some wealthy Levantine merchantman. Three boats took part in the race, Centennial, Sixth Ward, and Vesta; and they showed an earnestness and persistency in the effort which was not apparent in the long, even strokes of the more rapid four-oared outriggers. The crowds on the banks were much amused and excited, cheering the rowers lustily and encouraging them with shouts of "Whale ahead!" "There she goes!" "There she blows!" After a sharply contested race the Vesta came in first.

---

## AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.[1]

### I. 1.

ENTRANCED I saw a vision in the cloud
That loitered dreaming in yon sunset sky,
Full of fair shapes, half creatures of the eye,
Half chance-evoked by the wind's phantasy
In golden mist, an ever-shifting crowd:
There, 'mid unreal forms that came and went
In robes air-spun, of evanescent dye,
A woman's semblance shone preëminent,
Not armed like Pallas, not like Hera proud,
But, as on household diligence intent,
Beside her visionary wheel she bent
Like Aretë or Bertha, nor than they
Less queenly in her port: about her knee
Glad children clustered confident in play:
Placid her pose, the calm of energy;
And over her broad brow in many a round
(That loosened would have gilt her garment's hem),
Succinct, as toil prescribes, the hair was wound
In lustrous coils, a natural diadem.
The cloud changed shape, obsequious to the whim
Of some transmuting influence felt in me,
And, looking now, a wolf I seemed to see
Limned in that vapor, gaunt and hunger-bold,
Threatening her charge: resolve in every limb,
Erect she flamed in mail of sunwove gold,
Penthesilea's self for battle dight;
One arm uplifted grasped a spear,
And one her adamantine shield made light;
Her face, helm-shadowed, grew a thing to fear,

[1] This ode was intended for delivery at Taunton, whose good people had honored the author with an invitation Unable to finish it to his satisfaction then or since, he offers it to that fair creation of prefaces, the Indulgent Reader, urged by a natural desire not to defer its publication till our Centenary year had closed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And her fierce eyes, by danger challenged, took
Her trident-sceptred mother's dauntless look.
"I know thee now, O goddess-born!" I cried,
And turned with loftier brow and firmer stride;
For in that spectral cloud-work I had seen
Her image, bodied forth by love and pride,
The fearless, the benign, the mother-eyed,
The coming world's toil-consecrated queen.

I. 2.

What shape by exile dreamed elates the mind
Like hers whose hand, a fortress of the poor,
No blood in lawful vengeance spilt bestains?
Who never turned a suppliant from her door?
Whose conquests are the gains of all mankind?
To-day her thanks shall fly on every wind,
Unstinted, unrebuked, from shore to shore,
One love, one hope, and not a doubt behind!
Cannon to cannon shall repeat her praise,
Banner to banner flap it forth in flame;
Her children shall rise up to bless her name,
And wish her harmless length of days,
The mighty mother of a mighty brood,
Blessed in all tongues and dear to every blood,
The beautiful, the strong, and, best of all, the good!

I. 3.

Stormy the day of her birth:
Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripeness of earth,
Beautiful, prophesied long?
Stormy the days of her prime:
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet.
Was she not born of the strong?
Was she not born of the wise?
Daring and counsel belong
Of right to her confident eyes:
Human and motherly they,
Careless of station or race:
Hearken! her children to-day
Shout for the joy of her face.

II. 1.

No praises of the past are hers,
No fanes by hallowing time caressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To some sad instinct in the breast:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She has not gathered from the years
Grandeur of tragedies and tears,
Nor from long leisure the unrest
That finds repose in forms of classic grace:
These may delight the coming race
Who haply shall not count it to our crime
That we who fain would sing are here before our time.
She also hath her monuments;
Not such as stand decrepitly resigned
To ruin-mark the path of dead events
That left no seed of better days behind,
The tourist's pensioners that show their scars
And maunder of forgotten wars;
She builds not on the ground, but in the mind,
Her open-hearted palaces
For larger-thoughted men with heaven and earth at ease:
Her march the plump mow marks, the sleepless wheel,
The golden sheaf, the self-swayed commonweal;
The happy homesteads hid in orchard trees
Whose sacrificial smokes through peaceful air
Rise lost in heaven, the household's silent prayer;
What architect hath bettered these?
With softened eye the westward traveller sees
A thousand miles of neighbors side by side,
Holding by toil-won titles fresh from God
The lands no serf or seigneur ever trod,
With manhood latent in the very sod,
Where the long billow of the wheat-field's tide
Flows to the sky across the prairie wide,
A sweeter vision than the castled Rhine,
Kindly with thoughts of Ruth and Bible-days benign.

II. 2.

O ancient commonwealths, that we revere
Haply because we could not know you near,
Your deeds like statues down the aisles of Time
Shine peerless in memorial calm sublime,
And Athens is a trumpet still, and Rome;
Yet which of your achievements is not foam
Weighed with this one of hers (below you far
In fame, and born beneath a milder star),
That to Earth's orphans, far as curves the dome,
Of death-deaf sky, the bounteous West means home,
With its dear precedence of natural ties
That stretch from roof to roof and make men gently wise?
And if the nobler passions wane,
Distorted to base use, if the near goal
Of insubstantial gain
Tempt from the proper race-course of the soul
That crowns their patient breath

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whose feet, song-pinioned, are too fleet for Death,
Yet may she claim one privilege urbane
And haply first upon the civic roll,
That none can breathe her air nor grow humane.

II. 3.

Oh, better far the briefest hour
Of Athens self-consumed, whose plastic power
Hid Beauty safe from Death in words or stone;
Of Rome, fair quarry where those eagles crowd
Whose fulgurous vans about the world had blown
Triumphant storm and seeds of polity;
Of Venice, fading o'er her shipless sea,
Last iridescence of a sunset cloud;
Than this inert prosperity,
This bovine comfort in the sense alone!
Yet art came slowly even to such as those,
Whom no past genius cheated of their own
With prudence of o'er-mastering precedent;
Petal by petal spreads the perfect rose,
Secure of the divine event;
And only children rend the bud half-blown
To forestall Nature in her calm intent:
Time hath a quiver full of purposes
Which miss not of their aim, to us unknown,
And brings about the impossible with ease:
Haply for us the ideal dawn shall break
From where in legend-tinted line
The peaks of Hellas drink the morning's wine,
To tremble on our lids with mystic sign
Till the drowsed ichor in our veins awake
And set our pulse in tune with moods divine:
Long the day lingered in its sea-fringed nest,
Then touched the Tuscan hills with golden lance
And paused; then on to Spain and France
The splendor flew, and Albion's misty crest:
Shall Ocean bar him from his destined West?
Or are we, then, arrived too late,
Doomed with the rest to grope disconsolate,
Foreclosed of Beauty by our modern date?

III. 1.

Poets, as their heads grow gray,
Look from too far behind the eyes,
Too long-experienced to be wise
In guileless youth's diviner way;
Life sings no more, but prophesies;
Time's shadows they no more behold,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But, under them, the riddle old
That mocks, bewilders, and defies:
In childhood's face the seed of shame,
In the green tree an ambushed flame,
In Phosphor a vaunt-guard of Night,
They, though against their will, divine,
And dread the care-dispelling wine
Stored from the Muse's vintage bright,
By age imbued with second-sight.
From Faith's own eyelids there peeps out,
Even as they look, the leer of doubt;
The festal wreath their fancy loads
With care that whispers and forebodes:
Nor this our triumph-day can blunt Megæra's goads.

III. 2.

Murmur of many voices in the air
Denounces us degenerate,
Unfaithful guardians of a noble fate,
And prompts indifference or despair:
Is this the country that we dreamed in youth,
Where wisdom and not numbers should have weight,
Seed-field of simpler manners, braver truth,
Where shams should cease to dominate
In household, church, and state?
Is this Atlantis? This the unpoisoned soil,
Sea-whelmed for ages and recovered late,
Where parasitic greed no more should coil
Round Freedom's stem to bend awry and blight
What grew so fair, sole plant of love and light?
Who sit where once in crowned seclusion sate
The long-proved athletes of debate
Trained from their youth, as none thinks needful now?
Is this debating-club where boys dispute,
And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,
The Senate, erewhile guerdon of the few,
Where Clay once flashed and Webster's cloudy brow
Brooded those bolts of thought that all the horizon knew?

III. 3.

Oh, as this pensive moonlight blurs my pines —
Here as I sit and meditate these lines —
To gray-green dreams of what they are by day,
So would some light, not reason's sharp-edged ray,
Trance me in moonshine as before the flight
Of years had won me this unwelcome right
To see things as they are, or shall be soon,
In the frank prose of undissembling noon!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III. 4.

Back to my breast, ungrateful sigh!
Whoever fails, whoever errs,
The penalty be ours, not hers!
The present still seems vulgar, seen too nigh;
The golden age is still the age that's past:
I ask no drowsy opiate
To dull my vision of that only State
Founded on faith in man and therefore sure to last.
For, oh, my country, touched by thee,
The gray hairs gather back their gold;
Thy thought sets all my pulses free;
The heart refuses to be old;
The love is all that I can see.
Not to thy natal-day belong
Time's prudent doubt or age's wrong,
But gifts of gratitude and song:
Unsummoned crowd the thankful words,
As sap in spring-time floods the tree,
Foreboding the return of birds,
For all that thou hast been to me!

IV. 1.

Flawless his heart and tempered to the core
Who, beckoned by the forward-leaning wave,
First left behind him the firm-footed shore,
And, urged by every nerve of sail and oar,
Steered for the Unknown which gods to mortals gave,
Of thought and action the mysterious door,
Bugbear of fools, a summons to the brave:
Strength found he in the unsympathizing sun,
And strange stars from beneath the horizon won,
And the dumb ocean pitilessly grave:
High-hearted surely he;
But bolder they who first off-cast
Their moorings from the habitable Past
And ventured chartless on the sea
Of storm-engendering Liberty:
For all earth's width of waters is a span,
And their convulsed existence mere repose,
Matched with the unstable heart of man,
Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all it knows,
Open to every wind of sect or clan,
And sudden-passionate in ebbs and flows.

IV. 2.

They steered by stars the elder shipmen knew,
And laid their courses where the currents draw
Of ancient wisdom channeled deep in law,
The undaunted few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who changed the Old World for the New,
And more devoutly prized
Than all perfection theorized
The more imperfect that had roots and grew.
They founded deep and well,
Those danger-chosen chiefs of men
Who still believed in Heaven and Hell,
Nor hoped to find a spell,
In some fine flourish of a pen,
To make a better man
Than long-considering Nature will or can,
Secure against his own mistakes,
Content with what life gives or takes,
And acting still on some fore ordered plan,
A cog of iron in an iron wheel,
Too nicely poised to think or feel,
*Dumb motor in a clock-like commonweal.*
They wasted not their brain in schemes
Of what man might be in some bubble-sphere,
As if he must be other than he seems
Because he was not what he should be here,
Postponing Time's slow proof to petulant dreams:
Yet herein they were great
Beyond the incredulous lawgivers of yore,
And wiser than the wisdom of the shelf,
That they conceived a deeper-rooted state,
Of hardier growth, alive from rind to core,
By making man sole sponsor of himself.

IV. 3.

God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art, and shalt be when the eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt,
We, sprung from loins of stalwart men
Whose strength was in their trust
That Thou would'st make thy dwelling in their dust
And walk with them a fellow-citizen
Who build a city of the just,
We, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel Thee near,
Sure that, while lasts the immutable decree,
The land to Human Nature dear
Shall not be unbeloved of Thee.

*James Russell Lowell.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RECENT LITERATURE.

COLONEL WARING'S book[1] is a timely and valuable contribution to the sanitary literature of the day. Parts of it appeared originally in The Atlantic Monthly, and the great interest with which they were received led the author to a more detailed treatment of the subject in a permanent form, "addressed more especially to the average citizen and householder." In this work he has succeeded exceedingly well; for there is certainly no other one treatise which deals with the difficult problems of filth-removal in so fair and comprehensive a manner, while the clear and forcible style of the writer and the skill of the publishers have united to make it thoroughly readable and even attractive.

The first chapter is devoted entirely to the strictly sanitary aspect of the question, the effect of filth in its various forms upon health. In this the writer carefully avoids the discussion of mooted theories, contenting himself with quotations from a few recognized authorities and the bare recital of a number of well-chosen facts illustrative of the causation of disease by filth, showing, too, how all but universal are the evils of bad drainage and sewerage in our houses, towns, and cities, and how general is the apathy of even the intelligent portion of the community in regard to a matter so seriously affecting their most vital interests. In illustration of these points, Boston receives sharp but well-deserved criticism. In some places the epigrammatic style is used with very telling effect; as, for instance, "We accustom ourselves to withstanding the attacks of an infected atmosphere wonderfully well; but for all that we are constantly in the presence of danger, and, though insensibly resisting, are too often insensibly yielding to it;" "The victims of typhoid fever die, not by the act of God, but by the act of man." Thus far, in this country at least, the relations between disease and carelessness in the removal of filth have often been considered refinements in medical speculation rather than practical applications of well-known laws; and Colonel Waring's conclusions are therefore especially valuable, coming, as they do, from one who is in the position of an impartial observer of facts collected by men who are not commonly looked upon as "practical," and who might be thought by many to be influenced by professional bias. As regards this chapter and portions of a later one on the sizes of sewers, the statement in the preface is too modest, that the professional engineer and the architect will not find much to instruct them.

The next two hundred pages, the bulk of the book, are devoted to descriptions of the ordinary and some of the unusual defects in the sanitary arrangements of houses and towns, to suggestions for improvements, and to general directions for meeting the requirements of each case, so full that there can be hardly a householder in the State, whether rural or urban, who would not be benefited by a careful study of them. Under the head of drainage, the removal of dampness from houses by securing dry cellars and foundations receives the first place, as its importance deserves; for certainly, in a new country like ours, soil-moisture is one of the most prolific sources of disease. The author has done wisely throughout this part of his book in not attempting to deal so fully in particulars as to allow the reader to think that he may himself become a self-made engineer or a self-made architect — a fallacy that has cost many a man lives dear to him, because he thought it superfluous to consult an expert in a matter so apparently common and simple, and yet so difficult and of such vital importance, as the proper location and arrangement of soil-pipes, water-closets, etc. From this very desire, however, to omit details not suited to the character of the book, the author has given hardly importance enough to the internal arrangements of houses, whereby the entrance of deleterious gases should be prevented. It would be impossible, indeed, to discuss, except in a special treatise, all the complex points for consideration in making a dwelling safe from sewer-exhalations, and that would hopelessly confuse the unprofessional reader; but some persons might be misled by the plate on page 188, and by the statement

[1] *The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns.* By GEORGE E. WARING, JR., Consulting Engineer for Agricultural and Sanitary Work. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on page 152 that "a continuous movement of the air in one direction or the other carries away and dilutes sewer-gases, and, if they contain the germs of organic disease capable of infecting the human blood, these are believed to be destroyed by oxidation or otherwise," into a false sense of security by making him suppose that dilution and oxidation alone would *always* render sewer-gases innocuous, which is probably not meant, as the decision of the International Sanitary Congress at Vienna had already been quoted, that the contagium of the infectious diseases is all but indestructible (except by *sufficient* heat). According to Dr. George Buchanan, too, the experience of Croydon, which is quoted somewhat at length, has just shown by a severe epidemic of typhoid fever (in 1875) that the best ventilation possible of sewers and drains is inadequate to produce safety in time of an epidemic, unless it be such as to sever the air of the sewer from that of the house-drain. The advisability of this precaution is indeed intimated on pages 188 and 189, but, we think, not insisted upon with sufficient force. Nor would all sanitarians agree that "sewage-matters, though offensive, are not dangerous until two or three days after their production." And many of them would be unwilling, even on the high authority of Colonel Waring, to follow his example in storing in their cellars the contents of earth-closets, "where they become sufficiently dry, after a month or so, to be used again;" especially since Dr. Ballard, one of the medical inspectors of the local government board of England, has attributed the spread of enteric fever in West Riding to "infection probably spread by infected earth supplied to earth-closets," a chance which Pettenkofer predicted some years ago.

The ninth chapter consists of an interesting account of Captain Liernur's ingenious pneumatic sewerage system as used in parts of towns in Holland, upon which the author evidently looks with some favor; at least he finds in it many excellent features which he considers worthy of further trial, and possibly of more general use.

In the last chapter, on the disposal of sewage, Mr. Rogers Field's admirable system of flush-tanks and sub-irrigation is described. The latter alone has been used with admirable results by the author on his farm at Newport for many years, and he has hopes of still better success from the addition of the flush-tank. This is recommended as the best method for the harmless and offenseless removal of liquid refuse where there are no sewers, where there is a small lot of land available, and where the winter cold is not too great. For public buildings, small towns, or portions of towns, under favorable circumstances, it seems to offer a complete solution of the question. Of course some system of dry removal is necessary, besides; and, although the earth-closets do not justify all that was said of them when Colonel Waring introduced them into this country, they have always been found efficient and valuable if properly cared for. The disposal of sewage in the case of large towns is one of such great difficulty, and under any of the methods now in use so costly, that it is not considered at length here. Enough is said to indicate that no method of utilizing sewage on a large scale has yet been made profitable and uniformly satisfactory, and no disposal of it is so free from objections as its discharge into a large body of water, which will dilute or remove it beyond any possibility of danger or offense. In this connection the admirable remarks in a previous chapter on the "dry conservancy system" should be read with that careful and thoughtful attention which the importance of the subject in many of our cities and towns now demands.

The distinguished translator of the Mécanique Céleste has said that it is impossible for the human mind to come into contact with figures without making mistakes In the book before us we have found only two, where the death-rate of England (page 18) and the amount of night-soil removed by carts in Boston (page 65) are placed too high. The latter mistake is a natural one, from the fact that the catch-basins of the street gullies in Boston are commonly called cess-pools.

— The sympathetic reader, familiar with the course of Mr. Browning's poetry, will find it easy to adopt as his own the temper in which many of the poems in the collection just published are conceived;[1] by degrees, the poet, as if roughly casting off the public, has come to address himself more exclusively to the special audience which he has trained to like his poetry, and in this volume has taken them into his confidence in several instances. That is to say, while the dramatist is as interested as ever in the vivid persons who start into life with such

[1] *Pacchiarotto and how he Worked in Distemper: with other Poems.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston. J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flashes of fiery force, he inclines more than formerly to cry to his friends, This is a part of me; when this man bleeds, look, I suffer too; this dramatizing is not something outside of me; all of it I have seen, part of it I am. One should speak hesitatingly of one's friend growing old, but there are touches in this volume which with all their vigor of expression betray a restless, poetic mind beginning to turn upon itself with a somewhat sorrowful rage. Why, else, all this fuming at critics: this angry repetition of the hard names with which his poetry has been called any time the past forty years: this constant return to the questionings which might come to one when his work was over? Pacchiarotto and how he Worked in Distemper is the story of a painter in Siena who turned reformer, and for a trial of his skill at dialectics first covered the walls of his studio with figures representing all classes and ranks, when he in turn harangued and defended them; finding this fantastic procedure rather stimulating than satisfying, he left his paints and his painted men and women for reform in the actual city, and shortly met with the customary reception of reformers, escaping only by lying concealed in a tomb and crawling out thence to find refuge in a monastery, where he easily declares his discovery, made when lying in the tomb, that his reform was all vanity, and cries, —

> "So, Father, behold me in sanity!
> I 'm back to the paint-brush and mahl-stick;
> And as for man, let each and all stick
> To what was prescribed them at starting!
> Once planted as fools, no departing
> From folly one inch, *sæculorum*
> *In sæcula!*"

This is Pacchiarotto's conclusion. Again, in the two poems headed Pisgah Sights, where one is imagined as overlooking the world, something of the same strain recurs in another measure: —

> "Man, — wise and foolish,
> Lover and scorner,
> Docile and mulish, —
> Keep each his corner!"

So, in the strange, complicated poem, Bifurcation, which one reads again and again as a fascinating riddle, at least this can be made out — the final solution of questions of duty which were confused by possible self-deception.

In a subtler form there are poems in the book which turn upon thoughts not often put into syllables by a poet. Such is the very tender and surprising poem, Fears and Scruples, which Donne might have written with but slight change of phrase. The Prologue also contains the breath of an inspiration which attentive readers have never missed from Browning's poetry since he married, and now is warm with a spiritual fervor which refines the language into the subtlest shape. The same influence, though more vague and unsatisfactory, seems to attend Numpholeptos, which we shall have to read again before we understand it, and with no great confidence in another reading either.

There are, besides, two or three poems which betray a poetical self-consciousness that is rather the irritability of age than the very profound questionings of an eager, strong man. In the poem, At the Mermaid, he dramatizes Shakespeare with his friends, and makes the great poet object to any crowning of him which supposes a comparison of genius. In the lively poem, House, he asks, —

> "Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?
> Do I live in a house you would like to see?
> Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?
> 'Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key?'
>
> "Invite the world, as my betters have done?
> 'Take notice: this building remains on view,
> Its suites of reception every one,
> Its private apartment and bedroom too;
>
> "'For a ticket, apply to the Publisher.'
> No; thanking the public, I must decline.
> A peep through my window, if folks prefer;
> But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "'Hoity toity! a street to explore,
> Your house the exception! "*With this same key*
> *Shakespeare unlocked his heart*," once more!'
> Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!"

As we intimated above, the less agreeable side of the revelation of the poet's personality is in the repeated onslaught which he makes upon the critics. He turns upon them unexpectedly at the end of Pacchiarotto, and one fails to find the occasion which that poem gives except as introducing one more book; he devotes pretty much the whole of his Epilogue to them, and to the world of readers that finds fault with his poetry. It is the kind of familiar talk which one would hear from the poet in his own house, and find him all the more human for it, but hears in his poetry with mixed feelings of regret and amusement.

It may be urged that Browning himself, even in some of the verses we have quoted, protests against this attempt at identifying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the poet with his poetic creation, but it is in the fact of the protest and in the choice of subjects that we find evidence of this impatience of a restless age which we heartily wish out of his poetry. Yet it is just these little speeches by the actor after the play is over which will tighten the personal cords already attaching him to his friends, and this volume will doubtless come to many readers of Browning almost as an autograph letter. When all this is said and we have made our friendly complaint, we take up the book again and read the more artistic and impersonal poems with renewed ardor. Hervé Riel is here, already taking its place as one of the great minor poems of the language, and there is a very powerful and finely sustained poem, Forgiveness, while two or three half-serious, half-grotesque stories bear out Browning's reputation as a consummate painter in fresco. After all, who of our poets is so full-minded as he, pouring without stint from treasures which run over with richness? The alertness, the compression of thought, the riotous expansion of fancy, the plunge into torrents of life, the sudden calm of an awed mind, all these are here in this book as in his earlier poems, and we have no fears that Browning will really grow old any faster than we do.

— The most obvious criticism of the second volume in the No Name Series[1] is that the poem recalls decidedly and at all points the manner of Mr. Morris. It is a kind of dwarfed epic; it wears that quaint air of being a translation or a modernized version, which Mr. Morris's poems have; twice it admits at the end of a line that very characteristic expression, "waters wan," which the author of The Earthly Paradise is fond of using in the same position; and even the author's descriptions are, like Mr. Morris's, conventionalized as if for purposes of decoration, by the use of certain general adjectives and the omission of the article. The metre, we should have premised, is the same, namely, the heroic; and it is a trait of this author and of Mr. Morris carefully to avoid feminine rhymes. The occasional use of these would, we think, have lent Deirdrè a much-needed variety of movement. Its most marked fault, after the resemblance just touched upon, is a kind of monotony which weighs upon the reader in spite of the rapid action, stirring incident, and gay coloring; and this effect is perhaps increased by the writer's partiality for expanded similes. But when we have made these exceptions there remains much that is admirable in the book. The anonymous writer deserves credit for invading with so much spirit and grace this untrodden domain of old Irish legend, and still more for the exuberance of feeling and the energy of fancy with which he treats his subject. Very charming is the portion that relates the building of the palace and Deirdrè's imprisoned childhood in the garden; though the author's best strength, it seems to us, is put forth in the passages of war that abound in the poem. The battling in the last book, The Tragedy of the House of the Red Branch, is painted with real power; and here is a description of one of the Usnanian heroes which is extremely good: —

"Haughty he strode and looked. As he came on,
Fierce in his mighty panoply he shone,
Of high-ridged brazen helm and linkèd mail,
That oft had cast aside the rattling hail
Of arrows from his broad breast and great heart;
Of orbèd shield that, wrought with curious art,
In gold work on its field for blazon wore
The semblance of a mighty forest boar
Rushing with bristling back from out his den,
Deep in the wood, on struggling dogs and men;
Of ponderous sword hung low upon his thigh,
*Whose huge hilt sparkled like a starlit sky*
*With many a gem;* of spear whose dreadful blade,
All battle-notched, of swarthy bronze was made,
Whose tapering shaft in beauty once bloomed bright
A fair young ash by old Ardsalla's height, —
Oft 'mid its green leaves in the happy spring
Did the winds whisper and the wild birds sing,
Oft 'neath its shadow on the daisied grass
The lovers fond their blissful hours would pass, —
Now — hapless change! — instead of leaves and buds
Gleamed rings and brazen clasps and silver studs,
And that terrific blade wherefrom the blood,
As down the echoing path the hero strode,
Still dript upon the shaft with ruddy hue."

The measures italicized illustrate a power of penetrating a matter by force of some rich metaphor which is several times exerted with great effect in other places, as in these lines: —

"The world's great shining plains spread out so far, —
Oh, farther than the slender glittering bar
Of cloud that oft in windless nights of June
Lies like a golden lance athwart the moon!"

The poet shows himself master of a good vocabulary, notwithstanding the fact that he is often content with ordinary, or careless, or on the other hand sophomoric expression. In the first canto he permits himself, in describing the ravages of a she-bear among children, this needlessly physical hideousness: —

[1] *No Name Series. Deirdrè.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And slew them, till the smooth green's grassy ground
Was all one mass of steaming flesh and gore
And echoing to her loud, remorseless roar!"

But then, he is also capable of a movement of pure strength like the following: —

"But hark! I hear the war-horn's stormy breath
Making the still eve shudder with its blare,
Telling that all is ready!"

The narrative drags a little in the seventh canto, and the author does himself injustice in the thinness of the monologues there ascribed to Deirdrè; but he comes to his own rescue very effectually in the closing book, and it is an exquisite pathos with which he describes how at the death of the heroes

"rose the shrill voice of despair
From Deirdrè, over all sounds rising high
And piercing, like a wounded sea-gull's cry
Heard 'mid the roar of storms."

That, in our estimation, is the finest thing in the poem. It seems to argue rare capabilities on the part of the author; but it must be observed that the passages which we have chosen for commendation belong to a group of perhaps a dozen, scattered through more than four thousand lines. The number of verses that stamp themselves at once on the mind is very small, and the singer appears scarcely aware of that strength of wing which lifts him into his most spirited and resounding flights. We would not have him *conscious* of them, but if he respected his possibilities enough to use a greater reserve and compression, he could assuredly do better than he has done. Still, Deirdrè will reward the reader; the story is romantic and picturesque, and is told with both passion and poetic skill.

— In the present day, when historians are trying with considerable success to make their histories as interesting as novels, writers of fiction are holding themselves well aloof from entering into rivalry by putting any instruction into their books, so that the hybrid historical novel is apt to go begging for readers. The abuse of the word "centennial" also has saddened some once cheerful hearts, so that a romance that is both historical and centennial is likely in its double-barreled pomp to frighten off a good many readers. In this way The Spur of Monmouth [1] is pretty heavily handicapped, but those who rise superior to such whimsical objections and who do not look too closely for faultless execution will find here a novel that, whatever its faults, is certainly readable. There are some new versions given to the minor incidents of the revolutionary war, which do not exceed the license that custom allows the writer of romances. It is claimed that they are true, that the facts are gathered by the ex-pension agent while distributing his dole among the survivors of the war, but however that may be, and it is not a matter of vast importance, it is fair to imagine that the romantic story would not have suffered if it had been let pass for pure fiction.

The novel is clumsily put together, and is marred by such expressions as are to be found in two consecutive lines on page 73: "the other States similarly located as to latitude. Inquired of, as to his full name, Marc Antony would have answered;" but there is yet a great deal of vigor in the way the separate scenes are sketched, while there is the proof of great inexperience in the lack of connection between them. Although the value of the new material is but slight for the historian, the reader gets the advantage of it in the general verisimilitude of the book. General Washington is one of the prominent characters of the romance, and is well drawn, except perhaps in the scene where he is talking with his wife about the miseries of Valley Forge. Nothing could equal the solemnity and stiffness of that conversation, which would do credit to the pen of a "centennial dramatist," though sadly out of place here. For the rest there is a good deal to praise: the people talk naturally and less as one is apt to imagine one's ancestors talked, that is to say, as if they were human beings and not pictures or graven images; and there is a good deal of amusement to be got from the minor characters. As to the romantic story of Catharine Trafford and Colonel George Vernon opinions will differ; all will agree, however, that there is no lack of romance about it. Indian John is an accomplished hero of fiction. In a word, this is a novel of considerable ability, composed of cleverly drawn incidents, some of which are really impressive; it puts a period of the Revolution clearly before the readers, and will serve to interest young readers, more especially, and by young readers is meant those boys who are fresh from Cooper and Marryatt, and who will find nothing to harm them here. Older readers too will not find the story uninteresting. It is only to be re-

[1] *The Spur of Monmouth; or, Washington in Arms.* A Historical and Centennial Romance of the Revolution, from Personal Relations and Documents never before made public. By an Ex-Pension Agent. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. 1876.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gretted that the book did not have more efficient revision, for at times, to borrow a phrase of the ex-pension agent, the heart of the reader agonizes under the awkwardness of his recital. The novel is better than it seems from its title and from its faults.

— The volume on Italy[1] which Messrs. Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong publish this year has all the luxury of binding, paper, letter-press, and illustrations which made their Spain altogether the most superb affair of the last holiday season. It has not the unique attractiveness of the Spain, where the light, graceful, easy fullness of the author's studies of Spanish life was so richly attended by the force and wonderful variety of Doré's pencil. Instead of being the work of one writer, it is a compilation from three German travelers, with what editorial labor on Mr. Trollope's part does not conspicuously appear. But they are pleasant people, these travelers, and for Germans, lively. Their observation of Italy if very cursory is sympathetic, and they and the artists have known how to make a book which it is an hour of Italy for the reader to look through. They are all, artists and writers, a little over-sentimental at times, as Germans are apt to be about what they like; but they do not try to be funny; and we think we now prefer the traveling sentimentalist to the traveling droll, so much has the latter overdone himself. These Germans are sincerely bent upon making you feel and understand Italy, and they would be agreeable in the simplest form; with all these splendors of pictures and print they would be astonishingly good if the Baron Davillier in his Spain had not been so much better. But if Mr. Trollope himself had not written, we do not know where we should have found that abundance of knowledge concerning Italy which M. Davillier shows concerning Spain, and almost any of us may be the wiser for what these authors tell us so pleasantly. The illustrations of the Italy have sometimes the air of compositions, but they are good compositions, and they are very often full of delightful character: a face, an attitude, a single gesture, vividly caught, shows us all Italy again. They are in fact excellent in their way; but even in commending the book, as we do, it would be false to pretend that they have the interest and strong charm of Doré's pictures, in which Spain not only appears but lives and moves.

### French and German.[2]

The appearance of a new book from the pen of Renan is always an event of some importance, but it may be doubted whether the dialogues which constitute the principal part of the volume before us to-day[3] will serve to add a great deal to his fame. They were written, he tells us in the preface, at Versailles in the month of May, 1871, when the communists were holding Paris, and their composition afforded him a relief from the distress the condition of his country created within him; and surely there is something interesting in the vision we get of him thus consoling himself with philosophy. The gloom of that period has left its mark on the work, it is true, but no more than would be considered natural; and if at times he is openly pessimistic, it is not the defeat of his fellow-countrymen which is to blame, for the most cheerless passages read like nothing so much as translations from some favorite philosophers of the victorious Germans. The dramatic part of the dialogues does not pretend to be well put; the speakers with the Greek names are singularly devoid of life, and their slight controversies bear much more likeness to soliloquies than to the discussion of most philosophers. The dialogues are three in number, the first dealing with the certainties, the next with the probabilities, the third with dreams, of man's position in the universe. Among the certainties we find Schopenhauer's theory of the world existing as a vast force, with its phenomena manifestations of the "Wille," and with desire perpetually luring men on to action and consequent disappointment. Our duty in these conditions, Renan says, is when we perceive their existence to resign ourselves to the tasks set us by nature without murmuring or outbreak. Under the head of probabilities we see eloquent promises of what will come to the world under the light of steadily improving science, which light,

[1] *Italy, from the Alps to Mount Etna.* Edited by Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred full-page and three hundred smaller engravings. New York: Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong. 1876.

[2] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[3] *Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, will be dimmed by the permanent decay of the arts. When we approach the dreams we find an ingenious denunciation of democracy, based as it is upon respect for mediocrity. "The ideal of American society is perhaps more remote than any other from the ideal of a society controlled by science. The principle that society exists only for the happiness and liberty of the individuals composing it does not appear to conform to the plans of nature, which consider only the species, to the neglect of the individual. There is great danger that the final result of democracy will be a social condition in which the degenerate masses will care for nothing but the enjoyment of ignoble and vulgar pleasure." Again he says, "We are not fond of the former *régime*, for it forbade free thought and often hindered study; but a democracy without an ideal would not be more favorable to them. At present democracy is preferable, for it presents fewer obstacles to intellectual advance, but at the end it may do more harm. Science demands a devoted spirit; in an immoral or superficial country there can be no real scholars, for a scholar is the result of the abnegation, of the seriousness, of the sacrifice, of two or three generations; he represents an immense economy of life and force. . . . In order to have a thinker there should be people ready to do his part of the work, without understanding or appreciating what he does. What is more opposed to the spirit of a certain democracy, which admits the value of that alone which it can comprehend, or, more truly, thinks it can comprehend? Primary instruction will render this abnegation rare, for it is to be feared lest a people that has received primary instruction, full of a foolish vanity, should be unwilling to contribute to the support of a culture superior to its own, that is to say, to giving itself masters."

These passages will serve to show how a sensitive thinker, as Renan doubtless is, feels about some of the dangers which threaten the advance of the world to-day, and in this country more than anywhere, for here we are trying the problem of reconciling civilization with democracy. The methods which Renan suggests for meeting these dangers can hardly be recommended, because they are unpractical; he says that the distinctions of classes must be maintained, that the many must perish for the greater glory of the few, etc., but he is talking to the winds; he will never persuade races of men to sacrifice themselves in that blind way for a problematic good which they will never have. The new conditions must be accepted and the dangers they threaten must be met by new devices; this running back to old methods is unscientific, and bears close resemblance to the bigotry which scientific men are accustomed to denounce with some fervor when they detect it in their enemies. Doubtless they view with regret any opposition to the advance of science, but it is to its great glory that it has outlived so much opposition; it need not expect that it will ever have an untrammeled course, nor is it desirable that it should, for narrowness and arrogance do not exist among the unscientific alone. To succeed, it must exert itself to prove its necessity even to the half-educated, — that is imperative, — not by depriving every one of any rudiments of knowledge. The church never asked with more earnestness for ignorant dependence on its might than Renan does here in behalf of science. The time will come when it will be necessary to oppose seriously the claims of science to omniscience; at present any such attack would be misunderstood, and every aid should be given to this comparatively new method of human thought. Further on in the dreams we come to a pæan in favor of Von Hartmann's Unbewusste. It will be seen that these dialogues of Renan's are fuller of a sort of poetic than of a truly scientific spirit.

— Admirers of Tourguéneff will find in a new volume, Les Reliques Vivantes,[1] four short stories done into French, of the most important of which we have already spoken on the occasion of their appearance in a German translation. Some of them have also already appeared in English in American magazines. The volume is of light weight, but interesting.

— Those who take an interest in the present condition of religious controversy in Germany will perhaps care to look at a contribution to the matter which comes from the pen of Edward von Hartmann,[2] which may be read either in German or in a French translation. Hartmann, it will be remembered, is the author of a Philosophy of the Unconscious, a book which in the six or seven years since its appearance

[1] *Les Reliques Vivantes.* Par I. TOURGUÉNEFF. Paris: Hetzel. 1876.

[2] *La Religion de l'Avenir.* Par ÉDOUARD DE HARTMANN. Traduit de l'Allemand. Paris: Sermer Baillière. 1876.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has had great success in Germany and is beginning to be better known in other countries. His theory of the universe, while it differs in many important particulars, is not radically unlike that of Schopenhauer in its pessimism. As may be imagined, he is an "advanced" radical, and this book of his shows that he has no strong love for matters of traditional respect. Without mentioning what he says for either commendation or refutation, it may possibly be allowed us to give in brief compass some of the more important statements of this small volume. The essence of Protestantism being the right of individual judgment, this element has continually been exerting itself in one direction, namely, towards limiting by criticism the foundations of Christianity. The Church of Rome, on the other hand, has steadily rested on its old traditions, of which the infallibility of the Pope is the natural outcome. Modern science has, Hartmann says, cut away much of the ground on which Christianity rests, and now in the conflict in Germany between the state and the church he sees the threatened disappearance, not of religion, but of Christianity. What then is to replace this? Pantheism, sharply distinguished from anthropomorphic monotheism, is the new gospel of which Hartmann is the apostle. It is to resemble Buddhism in its ethics; it is to recognize the misery of human nature and to seek to release it by sympathy, and not in accordance to a direct command; it is to start from an earnest belief in pessimism.

For the full exposition of this theory the reader must turn to the book itself; however much he may distrust Hartmann's powers of prophecy, he will find them something very different from Strauss's machine-like materialism. The historical part is especially worthy of notice.

---

## ART.

Lessing in his Laocoön defines the different points of view of an artist and a poet who strive to portray the same emotion; and it has always seemed to us that he, perhaps unconsciously, proved a certain unfitness in purely literary men for criticising justly an artist's work. Artistic conciseness is opposed to literary expansiveness, and what may appear bald in style and treatment may be all that the materials afford to express a certain idea; so that to criticise an artist for what he has not done would be to do him injustice. The literary art-critic surveys an artist's work from an elevated point; he translates to the world what the painter has consciously or unconsciously expressed, for genius is often unconscious, and he adds thereto his own idiosyncrasies of thought. It is one of the objects of art to create intellectual activity and interest, to lead us to new fields of thought and to suggest moods and ideas; but it is not the only object, for then high art would be in danger of becoming the exclusive prerogative of a narrow sect. The literary art-critic, too, lacks that controlling power which comes from actual practice in putting new ideas into shape upon the canvas. With him theories accumulate, when a healthy handling of the pencil would blot them out forever. The critic may magnify the difficulties of technical processes, or he may undervalue them. He recognizes that the best judge of good expression in writing is one who has himself written; but he is often dogmatic to the extreme in regard to an art of which he knows nothing from a technical point of view. The literary art-critic often calls upon us to admire pictures as works of beauty and of high art which derive their interest mainly from historical association, or from a characteristic individuality. He cannot put himself into the warm, luxurious mood of color in which an artist may have reveled; indeed, his temperament may be a cold one; the intellectual side may have dwarfed the sensuous, and he sees the highest art in the line rather than in color.

Is there reason for our rebellion at the authoritative tone of certain art-critics? It is certain that we recognize in ourselves a growth of higher appreciation for pictures, from year to year. Many paintings which delighted us a twelvemonth since have lost their charm; only a few hold their place in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our esteem. We are forced to confess that long and severe study is necessary to fit us for entrance into the ranks of just critics. We find that we should have a liberal training in all that is recognized as education. We should have seen the best pictures, and it is important that we should have obtained some technical knowledge of the processes in art, so that we may appreciate its limitations. Standing, therefore, on this sure ground of outlook, the human mind, with its ever-present wish to systematize, desires to frame certain laws which shall be a guide to itself and to others. The term "beauty" forms a great obstacle to our clear understanding. One of the objects of art is to express beauty in some shape; but we cannot define it without using vague metaphysical expressions which really give us no satisfaction. Men of science have succeeded in reducing the units by which they measure material objects to absolute measures which are recognized throughout the scientific world. Beautiful is a relative term; the best educated and the most cultured people of the earth do not agree in their classification of objects of beauty. But can we not apply a process of selection, and take what the world's most refined minds have handed down as definitions of beauty, in other words, the residuum of gold which the furnace of time has left? We find in Schopenhauer the surmise that the sensation of beauty arises out of the condition in which there is an impossibility of sorrow; or it is a pure intelligence without aim or object, utterly satisfied. Winckelmann says that the beautiful is a thing of which it is easier to say what it is not than what it is. Burke affirms that beauty is the quality of bodies by which they produce love, or a similar passion. Hogarth, in his Analysis of Beauty, claims that beauty is simplicity in the midst of variety. Hemsterhuis says that the heart judges of beauty as that of which it can obtain an idea in the shortest space of time. These definitions are eminently unsatisfactory. The spirit which we pursue continually eludes us. Perhaps it is best that beauty should be indefinable, and that the standard should be indefinite, for then by the process of judgment and criticism our perceptive powers are always on the increase. As we study art we become a little clearer in our convictions; our sense of the symmetrical gradually grows. We distinguish certain things which when together constitute a pleasing effect, and when separated from each other give an unpleasant sensation. When men endeavor to convey their impressions to others we perceive the influence of the complexity of human natures. Every man has a different organization. Some have senses of a limited range, others morbid tastes in certain directions. One, because he has a very sensitive ear, delights in certain harmonies which satisfy an abnormal longing often accompanied by a one-sided development. Another possesses eyes which are peculiarly sensitive to the delicate variations in the velocity of color waves; for this one, color is superior to form. An artist is often a poor art-critic, because his tastes may have become developed in a one-sided manner. The *technique* of his art has had its difficulties, which may have usurped too great a share of his thoughts. The deep student of historical art finds hints and motives in sketches and studies which are merely repulsive to a simple sense of beauty. He who should devote his life to studying the schools of design in nature's architecture, who should trace the contours of the leaves of maples, of oaks, of thistles, of the fronds of ferns, and should endeavor to find the materials for the formation of different schools of design analogous to the Grecian, the Roman, the Gothic, and the Moorish in nature's work, would soon become so interested in his investigation that the line would become more important in his eyes than color. He would be in danger of losing his sense of the latter, or at least it would become deadened, and in place of the instinct and feeling of an artist he would substitute the modern tendency to philosophize or to psychologize. Thus it is that the intellectual interest which we take in a subject substitutes a new standard of beauty, which is, in general, far removed from that which would find the most advocates among cultivated artistic people. Before joining, therefore, the school of any art-critic we should understand his idiosyncrasies, lest by the force of his mind he lead us to form fantastic tastes.

In line there is more definiteness than in color. The literary man has the artist more upon his own vantage-ground when he criticises the drawing than when he interprets the moods of color. In all that pertains to form and composition the man of literature and the artist are nearly allied. Both have had an analogous training in outlining their ideas and, indeed, in filling in with the pen's point the details of the picture which they wish to present. In respect to color, however, the artist is sepa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rated by a wide gulf from literary men as a class. The appreciation of delicate tones is a matter of native fitness united to diligence with the brush. It is not so nearly allied to intellectuality as to sensuousness; so that we find that most modern art-critics expend their critical force upon the *drawing* and the *composition* of a picture. Turner, for instance, appeals to them more through his masterly drawing than through his color. They find more satisfaction in engravings and photographs from his pictures than in the pictures themselves; for in these the drawing is separated from the color. Thus, too, the excellences and the fire of Blake's compositions divested of color appeal strongly to the literary mind. We find statesmen and historians gathering collections of engravings and becoming virtuosos in etchings. Modern French landscape art therefore seems slovenly work to men who have trained their eyes to observe excellence in form expressed merely by means of the pen or pencil. It is well known among artists that unless a pupil has a genius for color, excellence in the judgment of fine gradations of tints comes to him only with a gradually developed maturity of mind. If one should set out, for instance, to paint a level field, his various essays would be very instructive. At first he would see only the predominant green, and would feel that the near grass should be stronger in color than the remote. It is only by long study that he becomes conscious of the delicate browns, the grays, and the thousand gradations in what appears to be a simple sweep of color. The color-drawing of that field, so to speak, can only appeal by its general effect to the literary man, who is not a colorist and cannot interpret the work of a great colorist.

Before Ruskin, art-criticism in England was confined mainly to newspapers. In Hazlitt we find a literary art-critic developed from an embryo artist. He wrote as if he belonged to the guild. In his Table-Talk there is a delicious description of the pleasure he took in limning an old lady's face. He revels in the artistic processes by which he caught the tints and shades of the countenance, and says, "One is never tired of painting, because you have to set down not what you know already, but what you have just discovered. In the former case you translate feelings into words; in the latter, names into things." Before a landscape by Poussin he cannot find words to describe his pleasure. That he was an artist transformed into a literary man can be seen by the following advice to his young boy: "Yet if I were to name one pursuit rather than another I should wish you to be a good painter, if such a thing could be hoped. I have failed in this myself, and should wish you to be able to do what I have not, to paint like Claude, or Rembrandt, or Guido, or Vandyke, if it were possible." Among the essays collected by Hazlitt we find one marked with the initials T. T., which contains sentiments which Hazlitt probably subscribed to. In speaking of the pleasure that artists take in technicalities the writer says, "We have alluded particularly to Turner, the ablest landscape-painter now living, whose pictures are, however, too much abstractions of aerial perspective and representations not so properly of the objects of nature as the medium through which they are seen. They are the triumph of the knowledge of the artist, and of the power of the pencil over the barrenness of the subject. They are pictures of the elements of air, earth, and water. The artist delights to go back to the first chaos of the world, or that state of things when the waters were separated from the dry land, and light from darkness, but as yet no living thing nor tree bearing fruit was seen upon the face of the earth; 'all is without form and void.' Some one said of his landscapes that they were pictures of nothing, and very like."

Ruskin has fully atoned for the want of art-criticism in England before his time. He has led people to think about art more than any other writer, ancient or modern. He would have an artist limn rocks with the knowledge of a geologist, plants with the skill of a botanist, and combine philosophical insight with artistic spirit. He is an interesting example of the manner in which art can stimulate the intellectual faculties to such an extent that they can turn upon their foster-mother and demand that she should be learned as well as beautiful. One is carried away by the splendor and picturesque force of the critic's language, and one learns to demand realistic work, and to seek for what is termed truth in art; Ruskin is, in reality, a philosopher who has founded a school of æsthetics upon the methods which men take in expressing their ideas upon canvas. It is delicious to meet an ardent Ruskinite: he resembles a Catholic; his faith is founded upon a rock. He knows he is upon the right road, and is sure that all the world else is wrong. Ruskin's influence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon English art has undoubtedly been very great in so far as he has insisted upon conscientious study.

Among the French writers, Théophile Gautier stands forth as a very tolerant art-critic. Like Hazlitt, he was early attracted towards art. Sainte-Beuve says of him that, having passed from the studio into the Cénacle Littéraire, he often had one foot in one and one in the other. He painted with the pen. In his Voyage en Espagne we are continually struck with his artistic eye, especially in regard to color; he is everywhere alive to its delicate gradations and tints. He is, moreover, most liberal in his art criticisms. "Why," he says, "should we write in the morning that concerning an honest man which we should not say to him at the dinner-table in the evening?" "If one is read by fifty thousand persons, it is no reason why one should be uncourteous and wound-inflicting." Sainte-Beuve says of this remark that it circumscribes the critic, but continues, "Le dirai-je? si le critique perd par là en fermeté et autorité, le talent de l'écrivain gagne en ces précautions tout humaines, et l'on est recompensé en finisses heureuses." Gautier is enamored of English art, from Reynolds to Landseer. His literary instincts appear to have been stimulated by the story-telling character of it. He could find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." The last three words of Shakespeare's line distinguish him from the followers of Ruskin. Gautier has all the delightful tact of a gentleman of his nation. In speaking of Baron Leys, the Belgian artist, he says, "S'il se permit de ressembler à quelqu'un, c'est sans doute à son père, et M. Leys est dans ce cas; chez lui il n'y a pas imitation, mais similitude de tempérament et de race; c'est un peintre du XVI siècle venu deux cents ans plus tard, voilà tout. M. Leys n'est pas un imitateur, mais un semblable." The last sentence is delightful.

This liberality of criticism has very many instances among French men of letters. Alfred de Musset in his notes upon the pictures exhibited in the *salon* of 1836 writes in the most generous spirit, and is always careful to give his impressions as those of himself, and not to state them as resulting from fixed and rigid laws. He says continually "J'aime" or "Je n'aime." He has no reluctance in using even superlative terms. Speaking of a copy upon porcelain which Madame Jaquotot had made of the Virgin with the Veil, he says, "It is as beautiful as Raphael's." Moreover, he claims that a work of art should be judged by two conditions: one, that of pleasing the public; the other, of satisfying connoisseurs. But Taine surpasses them all by his freedom from dogmatism. In his Philosophy of Art we find the following: "The modern method, which I strive to pursue, and which is beginning to be introduced in all the moral sciences, consists in considering human productions, and particularly works of art, as facts and productions of which it is essential to mark the characteristics and seek the causes, and nothing more. Thus understood, science neither pardons nor prescribes; it verifies and explains. It does not say to you, 'Despise Dutch art because it is vulgar, and prize only Italian art;' nor does it say to you, 'Despise Gothic art because it is morbid.' It leaves every one free to follow his own predilections, to prefer that which is germane to one's temperament, and to study with the greatest care that which best corresponds to the development of one's own mind." Goethe in his Essays on Art recognizes the importance of viewing life and art together, and affirms that "he who would write or dispute about art at the present time ought to have some notion of what philosophy has accomplished in our day and is still accomplishing." Indeed, we do not find narrow views on art in any of Goethe's writings; he everywhere recognizes the excellences of different schools of painting.

The French art-critic is, in general, not so cold and fastidious as the English, nor so philosophical. He is wanting also in the ponderous scientific analysis of the German. The sensuousness of art appeals to his temperament more strongly than it does to the Saxon or the Teuton. It will be interesting to see if mobilized Germany, with its strength in philosophy and psychology, can ever surpass France in art. There is a certain belief, call it superstition if you will, that science and mobilization like that of Germany are inimical to high art, and that art is a plant of wild growth.

It is perhaps essential that an art-critic should be dogmatic if he desires to form a school. People are generally led by men of strong convictions. Those of limited calibre who have a strong impulse to study art, arising from a taste for it or from a conviction that such study is essential nowadays for high culture, often substitute the *dicta* which fall from the lips of a dogmatic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

master for their own unsettled opinions in art, and find immense peace of mind.

The chief characteristic of modern art criticism is perhaps its literary and psychological character. The artist's character is dissected, the peculiarities of his moods of production are dwelt upon. It may often happen that he becomes an object of interest to himself. The question whether Turner's eyes were astigmatic or not is of overwhelming interest to the scientific critic. The scientific spirit of the age has had its influence upon English and German art; it would bring all under law and order, forgetting, it may be, that its weights and measures are not always fitted for work in an imaginative domain. The dogmatic, scientific art-critic is unhappy if the laws of perspective are violated. Right is right, and he sees no reason why rigid laws should be violated to produce effect. "Truth is truth, is it not?" he asks, and you are compelled to answer humbly, "Yes." Yet the conviction remains that there is truth sometimes in the apparent violation of a rigid law, although you could not maintain the proposition with a logical and severe critic of the scientific cast of mind. He whips out his pencil in a moment and proves to you by a geometrical proposition that the moon should never be painted so large as we often see it in pictures; and when you suggest the need of exaggeration, to produce effect, he utterly refuses to acknowledge it. He is immensely troubled to account for the manner in which the lights are thrown, and a grand effect cannot withdraw his eyes from an impossible shadow. The grounds of his opinions are tangible, and are entitled to much respect. But the narrowness and barrenness of his methods of criticism are especially repugnant to imaginative minds.

It is amusing to observe how art-criticism can transform people. One reads a violent article in the newspapers against the works of a certain artist, and finds that it is the work of a good-natured man who would not knowingly hurt the feelings of the smallest thing that lives. An art topic has the effect of a religious controversy with him. It is the red flag which excites his animosity. The sweet and pliant temper of a young lady art-student suddenly hardens when the tenets of her teacher are attacked, and the listener is shocked with a sudden surprise, as if he were the steamer which had struck an iceberg. Uncompromising faith is a dangerous adversary when one is not over-sure of his ground. With a look or a gesture the dilettante can bar you out inexorably from the ranks of the cultured; in his company one walks through galleries with abased feelings, and repeats art-criticisms which are handed about and form a part of the floating conversational stock of bookish people. One learns in time not to give way to his feelings. He gathers a stock of expressions which are fashionable in art, and talks learnedly and vaguely about the "values" of a certain picture. He is indeed a brave man who can break away from the tenets of an art-school and proclaim the genius of a young and obscure artist of marked idiosyncrasies.

In the representation of the human figure we have rigid standards. The condition of mind of an art-critic who has deeply studied the representation of the human figure by the ancient Greeks approaches that of a student of science. In this case, what seems dogmatism to the uninitiated is often the fault of their own education. In landscape art, however, there are few standards; and here intolerance in criticism is unpardonable. Every one looks at nature with his own eye. Sombre moods appeal to some, and light and gay moods to others. One sees a certain grotesqueness in the massing of cloud-forms and in groups of trees, which lurks even in the brightest mood of a landscape. Another is shocked by everything short of the most graceful and delicate. In questions of the preponderance of light or shade, of careful definition of outlines or broad nebulous effects in color, there are a thousand different tastes. While there are certain well-recognized principles to which all landscape art must conform, there is also a wide latitude for the display of individual traits.

Finally, the most objectionable form of dogmatism in art-criticism is perhaps that assumed by certain critics who pronounce a picture "irretrievably bad" without giving the grounds of their opinion. This is not criticism; it is an ungentlemanly obtrusion of the conceit of knowledge, the propriety of which may well be questioned.

— A few artists and patrons of painting have lately laid the foundation of a drawing school in Boston, which promises to be the most immediately useful and invigorating measure yet taken in this part of the country for the development of pictorial art. The school is to be placed in the portion of the Museum of Fine Arts now finished, and is to be conducted under auspices and on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principles that impress us as most excellent. The academic mode of organization, which involves so much cumbrous machinery and has so often resulted in obstruction and strife, has been wisely eschewed, and the enterprise is in the hands of a committee of twelve, which has resolved itself into suitable sub-committees. These gentlemen are Messrs. Martin Brimmer, E. C. Cabot, E. W. Hooper, William M. Hunt, John La Farge, Charles G. Loring, F. W. Loring, F. D. Millet, R. S. Peabody, C. C. Perkins, Frank Hill Smith, and W. R. Ware. The school is to be one "of fine art as distinguished from applied art," and its chief object is to give to persons who are proposing to become artists the means of serious professional study. An excellent provision is that the estimates for each year's expenses shall be based upon the amount of money actually in hand at the beginning of the year; enough has now been subscribed for a year's work, and a competent teacher, it is thought, engaged; and the committee have under consideration a plan for forming an association of several hundred members for the permanent support of the school. We need hardly say that to open to native talent the surest way to a healthy growth, some such design as this has long been needed and is absolutely essential. Under the influence of a teacher who has had the rigorous European training, with an energetic life-class, and the supervision of persons of knowledge and taste, we may hope for a systematic coöperation of sentiment and skill which shall yield substantial results. Thoroughness and sincerity can be infused into our art only by means of this kind.

— Last year, at this season, we noticed Mr. J. E. Baker's lithograph portrait of Mr. Longfellow, issued by the publishers of The Atlantic. From the same hand, under the same auspices, we now have before us an excellent likeness of Mr. Bryant, being the second in what will doubtless prove a very popular series of life-size heads of American poets. The subject and the size of the representation offer a severe test to the lithographer's skill; but we think Mr. Baker has met it in the present case with even more skill than was shown in the Longfellow portrait. The light is less diffused than in that, the shade of the background is perhaps a little better managed, the drawing is equally careful, and there is the same impressive resemblance to the original. The lithograph is, of course and of nature, restricted; but making allowance for the difference between printed pictures and those that are without the power of being multiplied, we cannot imagine anything which will so nearly take the place of a fine crayon head as this excellent print. The public may be sure that with this production they will obtain the work of a remarkable draughtsman, as well as an excellent presentment of the venerable and popular poet.

---

## MUSIC.

One of the questions which the growth of music during the last half-century has brought into peculiar prominence is that of large and small concert-halls. Since the various departments of music — the symphony, the opera, the oratorio, and vocal and instrumental chamber-music — have followed such widely divergent paths, this question has assumed greater and greater importance. It may be safely said that almost all music may be completely *heard* in any hall of good acoustic properties, no matter what the size of such a hall may be. Of course this proposition, like all others in art, must not be submitted to the *reductio ad absurdum*, but within reasonable limits (and they are by no means narrow) it is safely to be asserted. But it must be borne in mind that merely being distinctly *heard* is but one of the many conditions that are indispensable for music to produce its full effect upon the hearer. Leaving aside the question of favorable and congenial surroundings, which applies with equal force to the other arts, there is this point in which music essentially differs from its sister arts. So long as we can distinctly see a picture or a statue, so long as the light is of such quantity and quality as to make its outlines and colors easily discernible to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eye, the conditions for our enjoyment of it are fulfilled; but it is not enough for the outlines and colors of music (to use a not too forced metaphor) to be clearly discernible to the ear. When the observer stands in the best place to view a picture, the diminution of his enjoyment that would result from his lessening or increasing the distance between it and himself is caused solely by the undue prominence of unessential details on the one hand, or by the growing indistinctness of outline and light and shade on the other. In either case it is a matter of more or less distinct vision. But the change in our enjoyment of music that results from greater nearness to or distance from the point of departure of the sound has (except in very extreme cases) a far other cause. The best argument that we know of on this subject is in Berlioz's A Travers Chants. Whatever may be thought of Berlioz's genius, or his rank as an artist, there can be no doubt about his having had one of the most delicate ears for all effects of *tone* that ever existed, and his qualifications for discussing subjects relating to *musical sound* are unquestioned. He says: —

"People are always ready to answer, when the question comes up of the sonority of an opera-house or concert-room, that *every note can be heard very well.* But I can also hear very well from my study the cannon that is fired on the esplanade of the Invalides, and yet that noise, which is moreover outside all musical conditions, does not in any way strike, move, or shock my nervous system. Well, it is just this stroke, this emotion, this shock, that sound absolutely must give the organ of hearing in order to act upon it musically, and which we do not receive from even the most powerful masses of voices and instruments, when we listen to them from too great a distance. Some scientists think that the electric fluid cannot traverse a distance greater than a certain number of thousands of leagues; I don't know how true this may be, but I am sure that the musical fluid (I beg leave to thus designate the unknown cause of musical emotion) is without force, heat, or vitality at a certain distance from its point of departure.[1] We *hear*, but we do not *vibrate*. Now, *we must ourselves vibrate* with the instruments and voices, and by them, in order to experience true musical sensations. Nothing is easier to demonstrate. Place a small number of well-organized persons, gifted with some knowledge of music, in a room of moderate size, not too much furnished or carpeted; play worthily before them some true masterpiece, by a true composer, truly inspired, a work quite free from the insufferable conventional beauties that pedagogues and bigoted enthusiasts admire — a simple piano-forte trio, Beethoven's trio in B-flat, for instance; what will happen? The listeners will, little by little, find themselves seized with an unaccustomed agitation, they will experience an intense, profound enjoyment, which will now excite them strongly, now plunge them into a delicious calm, a veritable ecstasy. . . . There you have a musical effect! There you see the listener seized and intoxicated by the art of tones, and raised to an incommensurable height above the common regions of life. . . . Now suppose that in the midst of the same piece, played by the same artists, the room in which it is played could gradually enlarge, and that, in consequence of this progressive enlargement of the room, the audience is, little by little, removed to a greater distance from the performers. Well, suppose our room to have reached the size of an ordinary theatre; our listener, who but the moment before felt his emotions rising, begins to regain his previous tranquillity; he still *hears*, but he hardly *vibrates* any more; he admires the composition, but by reasoning, and no longer from feeling nor in consequence of an irresistible impulse. The room grows still larger, the listener is farther and farther from the musical focus. He is as far distant as he would be if the three performers were grouped together in the middle of the stage of the Opera,[2] and he himself were sitting in one of the first boxes in the balcony, opposite the stage. He still *hears*, not a note escapes him, but he is no longer reached by the *musical fluid*, which cannot reach so far; his agitation is dissipated, he grows cold again, he even experiences a sort of disagreeable anxiety, which is the more painful because he makes greater efforts to fix his attention and not lose the thread of the musical discourse. But his efforts are in vain; insensibility paralyzes them; he begins to be bored, the great master tires him, annoys him, the masterpiece is no longer anything more

[1] It must not be supposed from this that Berlioz was bad physicist enough to discard the undulatory theory in favor of a "musical fluid" as a theory of sound, as Chomet did. He merely uses the term that came first to hand, to denote the *cause of musical emotion.*

[2] The old opera-house in the Rue Le Pelletier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than a little ridiculous noise in his ears, the giant a dwarf, art a deception; he grows impatient, and stops listening."

In the passage just quoted Berlioz merely considers the influence of distance from the point of departure of the sound upon the intensity of the musical impression that the sound produces upon the listener. It stands to reason (as Berlioz goes on to say, though we will not quote his words) that this diminution of musical force is in part to be referred to another cause, namely, to the greater diffusion of the sound in large halls than in small ones. This latter cause will affect the musical impression produced upon any listener in a large hall, no matter at what distance from the performers he may be; even if he sit very near the musical focus, his ear will receive the "musical fluid" much less condensed in a large hall than in a small one. Of course it is a fair subject for debate, how intense it is desirable to have this musical impression, how concentrated the musical fluid should be when it reaches the ear. We are, however, spared the necessity of discussing this point here, from the fact that the principal musicians in both Europe and America are of one opinion on the subject, however much at variance they may be on other points relating to the art of music.

It may be taken for granted that, in general, those compositions for which a large mass of performers (either vocal or instrumental) is required are more suited to large halls than works which require a more modest number of executants. Wagner's prelude to Tristan und Isolde, or Liszt's Tasso, will produce their full effect upon the listener in a hall where a Haydn symphony would lose much of its brilliancy. But here we come to a point concerning which the musical public at large has, it must be admitted, very unmusical ideas. There is no lack of musical persons who will readily admit that a large hall is no proper place for piano-forte sonatas, string quartettes, or other chamber music; if a Rubinstein or a Von Bülow is forced by outside circumstances to give chamber-concerts in large halls, they are glad enough to go to hear him, yet they will at the same time be as ready to appreciate how much they lose from the size of the hall, as any musician can be. But when it is a question of listening to symphonies or concert overtures, the public seems to lose sight of distinctions which are yet of great importance. A symphony is a symphony, it is said, and the largest hall must of necessity suit the largest form of orchestral composition. The fallacy of this doctrine is easily shown. Largeness of form in a composition does not necessarily imply largeness of orchestral means. Compare the scores of the two following compositions, one in the largest symphonic form, and the other in a comparatively small musical form.

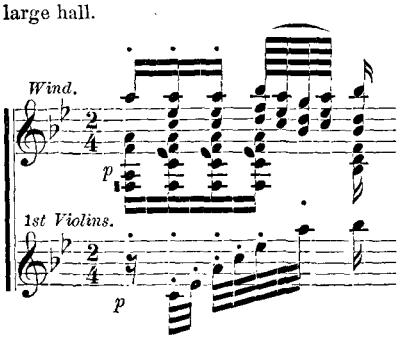
| | Beethoven's Symphony in A major is scored for | Wagner's Prelude to Tristan und Isolde is scored for |
|---|---|---|
| Wood. | 2 Flutes,<br>2 Oboes,<br>2 Clarinets,<br>2 Bassoons | 3 Flutes,<br>2 Oboes,<br>1 English Horn,<br>2 Clarinets,<br>1 Bass Clarinet,<br>3 Bassoons. |
| Brass. | 2 Horns,<br>2 Trumpets | 4 Horns,<br>3 Trumpets,<br>3 Trombones,<br>1 Bass Tuba, |
| | 1 pair of Kettle-drums. | 1 set of Kettle-drums (3). |
| Strings. | | First Violins,<br>Second Violins,<br>Viola,<br>Violoncelli,<br>Basses. |

A fair proportion of the strings to the rest of the orchestra would be: ten violins on a part for the Beethoven symphony, and fifteen violins (at least) on a part for the Wagner piece. Doubling[1] the remaining string-parts in a corresponding ratio, we should have in one case an orchestra of fifty-five performers, and in the other case an orchestra of eighty-seven performers. This is at least a prima facie evidence that Wagner's prelude is suited to a larger hall than Beethoven's symphony. When we compare the masses of brass instruments in the two scores, this difference is all the more striking. Of course it is possible to put a larger force of strings upon the symphony; this is often done; but it must be remembered that this will destroy the dynamic balance of the score. If we are to have as large a mass of strings in the symphony as in the Wagner piece, the wind-parts (with the possible exception of the trumpets) will be covered up. The orchestra of the Royal Opera in Berlin is the only one we know of in which the flutes and reeds in classical scores are so arranged as to counterbalance a large mass of strings in strong passages. Each pair of wooden wind instruments is reënforced by a second pair (*ripieni*) which play only in the *tutti*

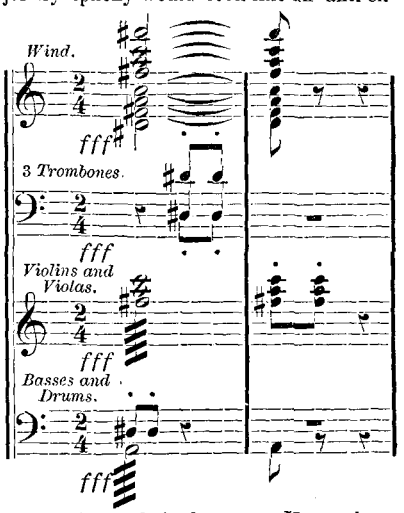
[1] We use the term "doubling" here and afterwards in its musical, not in its mathematical sense, to denote increasing the number of performers on a single instrumental part.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passages.[1] If this method were adopted in all large orchestras, the question of playing classical orchestral works in large halls would be solved satisfactorily at once; but it is not. In America, where we have the largest concert-halls, it is very rarely that we have even a large body of strings. We continually hear works given by orchestras of fifty or sixty performers in halls that would require an orchestra of very unusual size. The reader will notice that we have hinted that the usual four pairs of wooden wind instruments are unable to cope with a large mass of strings *in strong passages*. This brings us to a very delicate point, which is too little noticed. The strings, especially the violins, are the part of an orchestra which most loses in intensity of tone by being heard in a large hall; or, as Berlioz would say, the musical fluid generated by the strings loses its power at the shortest distance from its point of departure. Thus it happens that, although the dynamic balance of the strings and reeds in an orchestra of fifty-five performers,[2] playing at its mean degree of loudness (that is, mezzo-forte) may be perfect in a small or moderate-sized hall, this equilibrium will be destroyed in a large hall. The violins lose the telling quality of their tone before the wind instruments do. Many delicate passages for the strings are thus covered up by the wind. We have listened attentively, often score in hand, to Beethoven's Eighth Symphony (in F major), but we have never yet even *heard* the violins in the following passage, when the symphony was given in a large hall.




This is but one of many similar passages. An increase in the number of violins would undoubtedly set this right. The strings in an orchestra can play as piano as need be, and in all the degrees of loudness, ranging from the softest pianissimo to mezzo-forte; no mass of strings, no matter how large, need cover up even a single flute. But when we pass beyond the mezzo-forte to forte and fortissimo this mutual dynamic relation of the instruments changes. Although the quality of tone of the violins is, of itself, inferior in penetrating power to that of many other instruments, the accent that can be obtained by a strong stroke of the bow upon stringed instruments is unrivaled in intensity except by the instruments of percussion. This stirring force of accent gives the strings a commanding power of tone in strong passages, which one would hardly expect from instruments that can be so readily subdued to a scarcely audible pianissimo. To any one unacquainted with this power the following passage in Schubert's C major Symphony would look like an anti-climax, as it stands in the score. Yet we have heard these last chords on the strings, as played by Mr. Thomas's orchestra (with certainly not more than ten violins on a part), come out with the most startling effect. Reasoning from the examples here given, we find that an orchestra which is suited to a small hall not only loses it specific intensity of effect (the force of its musical fluid) in a large hall, but also that the dynamic equilibrium of its compo-




[1] This was the case in 1842, and we suppose the custom has been kept up. And even here this strengthening of the flutes and reeds was not done for the purpose of counterbalancing a large mass of strings in classical works, but to counteract the very strong bodies of brass instruments in the scores of Meyerbeer's and Spontini's operas. The effect, however, in classical works was very satisfactory.

[2] Vide supra.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nent instruments is often shaken. Taking an orchestra of from fifty to sixty performers as the standard for the performance of classical works in small or moderate-sized halls, when the same works are given in large halls the number of executants should be increased in the ratio of the cubic contents of the two halls. This does not refer to orchestral works of the present day, in which the greater brilliancy of instrumentation fits them for performance in large halls with no larger orchestra than would result from a sufficient doubling of the string parts (only in some few cases of the flutes and reeds) to counterbalance the mass of brass instruments with a single player on each part. The very full scores of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, with their large masses of brass instruments, find their proper sphere in large halls. With a body of strings sufficient to counterbalance this brass, they cannot fail to produce their full effect. But when orchestral works of the classic period are transplanted from the smaller halls for which they were intended by the composers, into large concert-halls, a mere increase in the number of strings is not enough; every part should be doubled in a corresponding ratio. Were it possible for us to get at the exact statistics of the dimensions of some of the most noted concert-rooms in Europe (such as the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, the concert-room of the Schauspielhaus in Berlin, or the hall of the Paris Conservatoire), we could furnish the curious reader with an array of figures that would prove beyond a doubt that the number of executants necessary for a correspondingly effective performance of classical orchestral works in our large halls far exceeds the limits of any orchestral means we have habitually at command in this country. But these statistics we have found, after much fruitless searching, to be beyond our present reach. We only know that the halls we have mentioned are very much smaller than the large music-halls in which we hear (or try to hear) orchestral works in this country; so much smaller, in fact, as to make any idea of compensating for the difference by increasing our orchestras little better than chimerical.

— We wish that singers who are tired of songs of the Arditi, Blumenthal, or Arthur Sullivan stamp may get as much enjoyment as we have from a pair of little lyric compositions by J. Massenet, of Paris. The Poème d'Avril[1] and the Poème du Souvenir[2] are two sets of love-songs to words selected from Armand Silvestre's poem, Mignonne. It is too faint praise to say that they are the most perfect things of their kind that we have yet seen from the pen of a Frenchman. We have not forgotten what charming songs Charles Gounod has at times written, and are willing to believe that Berlioz's La Captive (did we but know it) might greatly raise French song-writing in our estimation. But Schubert, Schumann, and Franz have given such overwhelming evidence of the infinite superiority of the German *Lied* that, with very few scattered exceptions, all that has been done in France in this direction sinks into comparative insignificance. Yet these songs of M. Massenet would seem to prove that Germany, although still *facile princeps*, is no longer to have the absolute monopoly of this class of music. M. Massenet is indeed as like Robert Franz as it is possible for a very French Frenchman to be like a thoroughly Teutonic German. We know nearly nothing of anything else that M. Massenet has written, though the fame of his Marie Madeleine and its Paris triumph has certainly reached this side of the water; but these two *poèmes* of his are decidedly the work of no common music-maker. It takes more than mere knack to write such music; the man who wrote the Poème du Souvenir has earned his right to the name of composer — a name that many men go by, but which they for the most part deserve as the individual who sings the praises of patent soap and ready-made clothing in printed verse deserves the name of poet. Describing beautiful music in prose is a lamentably ungainly business at best; so we will attempt no such thing here. All we can rationally do is to heartily recommend M. Massenet's little works to the class of singers for whom they were evidently intended.

— We see with great pleasure that Mr. Carl Prüfer is reprinting several of Carl Maria von Weber's piano-forte compositions from Franz Liszt's admirable German edition.[1] Those who have read Lenz's little pamphlet on modern piano-forte virtuosos

[1] *Poème d'Avril.* (Tiré de Mignonne.) Poésies d'ARMAND SILVESTRE, mises en musique par J. MASSENET. Op. 14. Paris: G. Hartmann.

[2] *Poème du Souvenir.* Scènes d'ARMAND SILVESTRE, mises en musique par J. MASSENET. Paris: G. Hartmann.

[1] *C. M. v. Weber's Polacca in E-flat, Op.* 21, *and other piano-forte works.* Fingered by F. LISZT Boston: Carl Prüfer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will remember how the great Hungarian pianist first made acquaintance with Von Weber's piano-forte works. Indeed, Herr Lenz is at no pains to disguise the fact that he himself acted as master of ceremonies on that auspicious occasion. Von Weber, like Schubert and some few other composers, seems to have taken all his noted admirers by storm; their admiration for his genius sprang up in a single night; witness Hector Berlioz's idolizing love for Von Weber's works, which began after his first hearing of the Freischütz (or as much of the Freischütz as the reverent listener could pick out from M. Castil-Blaze's Robin des Bois), and ended only with his own life. Liszt's passion for the great romanticist was no less sudden, and just as lasting. As the king of pianists, Liszt evidently felt himself authorized to tell the world one thing about Von Weber's piano-forte works, which indeed other pianists had not failed to recognize, namely, that they were often very clumsily written for the instrument, however beautiful they might be. In fact, we find, in comparing Von Weber's piano-forte compositions with his orchestral writing, that the great composer was by no means so familiar with the resources of the instrument as he was with those of the orchestra. His piano-forte works abound in passages where inordinate difficulty of execution is accompanied by no corresponding brilliancy of effect; where the performer's fingers are pressed beyond all reasonable limits of human endurance, thus robbing the performance of much of its energy. The effect of many passages in actual performance falls far short of the brilliancy suggested by the printed notes. Von Weber was somewhat of a come-outer in piano-forte writing. His compositions in general aimed at a very different class of effects from those of his great German predecessors; they were as thoroughly original and new as were his operas and overtures. But, although when he had an orchestra at command he could easily and naturally realize his most daring conceptions, in his piano-forte writing we find him often groping after effects, the means to realize which were not in his power. It needed the technique of a Liszt or a Henselt to bring them into actual life; and by technique we do not mean, in this instance, the mere physical power of performing difficult feats on the key-board, but the technical knowledge of the resources of the instrument, and the capabilities of the human hand, by which a piano-forte writer is enabled to adapt his musical ideas to the nature of the piano-forte, and produce the most brilliant effects with the minimum of physical exertion. In Liszt's edition of Von Weber's piano-forte works, the editor has translated, as it were, these awkward passages into a more effective piano-forte language. He has in no wise tampered with Von Weber's original version; the notes are printed just as the composer wrote them, but Liszt's emendations are printed in parallel lines in smaller type, so that the performer can choose which version to follow. Liszt has also given sufficiently full directions as to fingering and the use of the pedal. Mr. Prüfer's reprint is very elegantly engraved and printed, and cannot be too highly recommended to all who would have Von Weber's piano-forte works in the most practicable shape. The misprints in the edition are very few, which is a rare virtue. The numbers already published are the Polacca in E-flat, Op. 21, The Rondo (Perpetuum Mobile) from the sonata Op. 62, the Invitation to the Waltz, and the Polacca in E major, Op. 72.

—Mr. Prüfer has also published a very handsomely printed collection of small piano-forte pieces of medium difficulty by Lange, Lichner, Behr, Spindler, and writers of that stamp.[1] The twenty numbers of the collection are sold either separately or bound in one volume with red board covers, like the Leipzig Breitkoff und Härtel editions.

[1] *Pianists' Favorites of Modern Compositions* Boston: Carl Prüfer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED